REGULAR ISSUE OF
THE OUTLOOK FOR 30 MAY, 1896

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The Outlook

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE NUMBER

SEVENTH ANNUAL RECREATION NUMBER 1896

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
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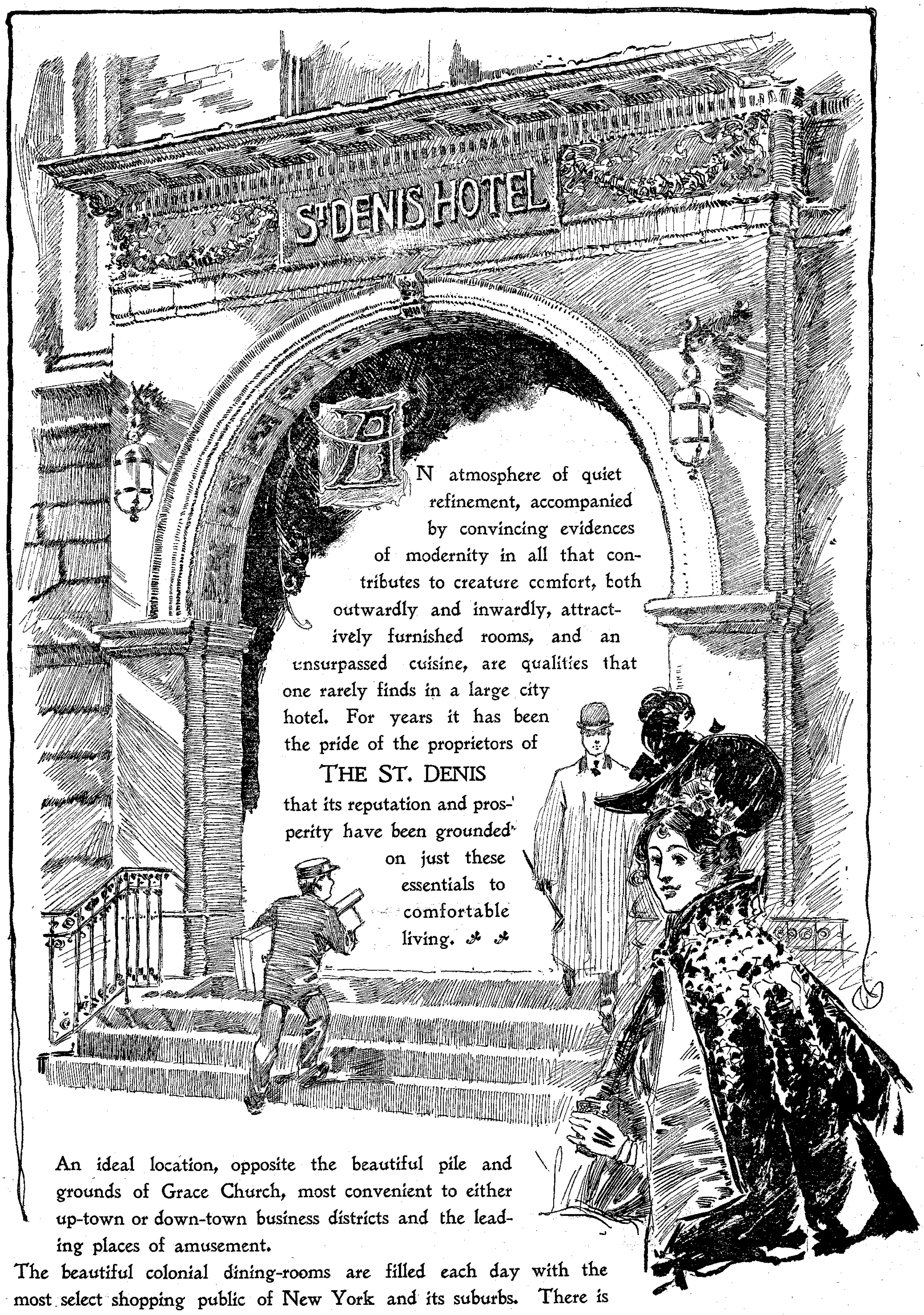

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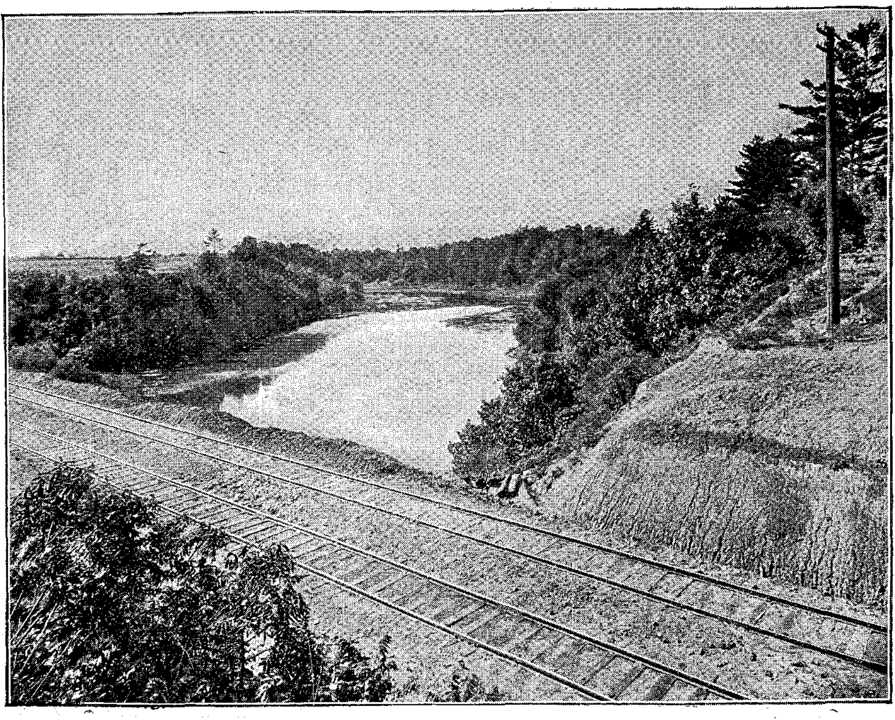

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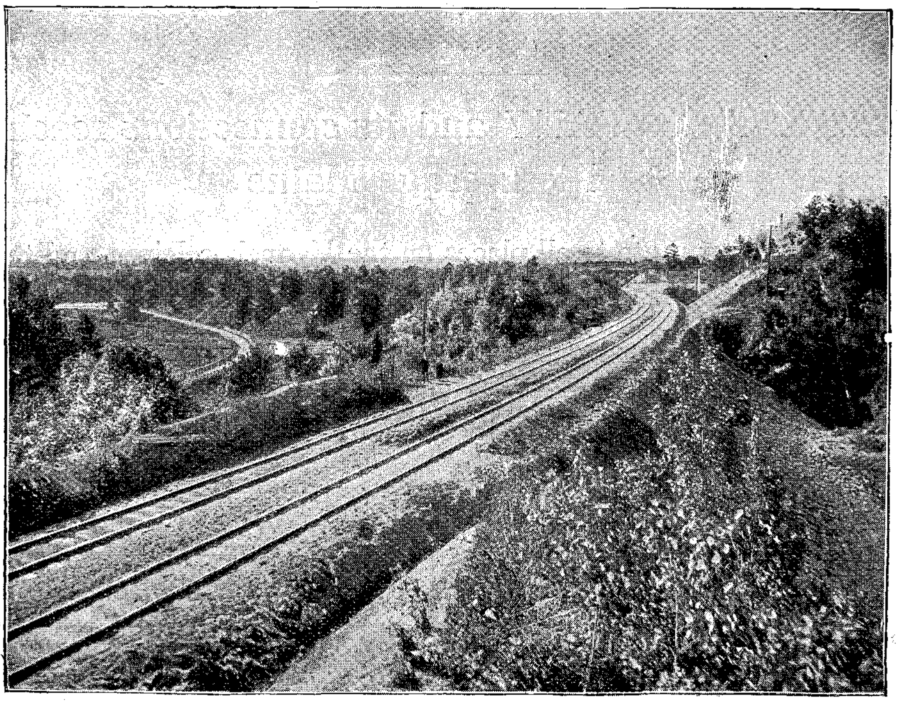

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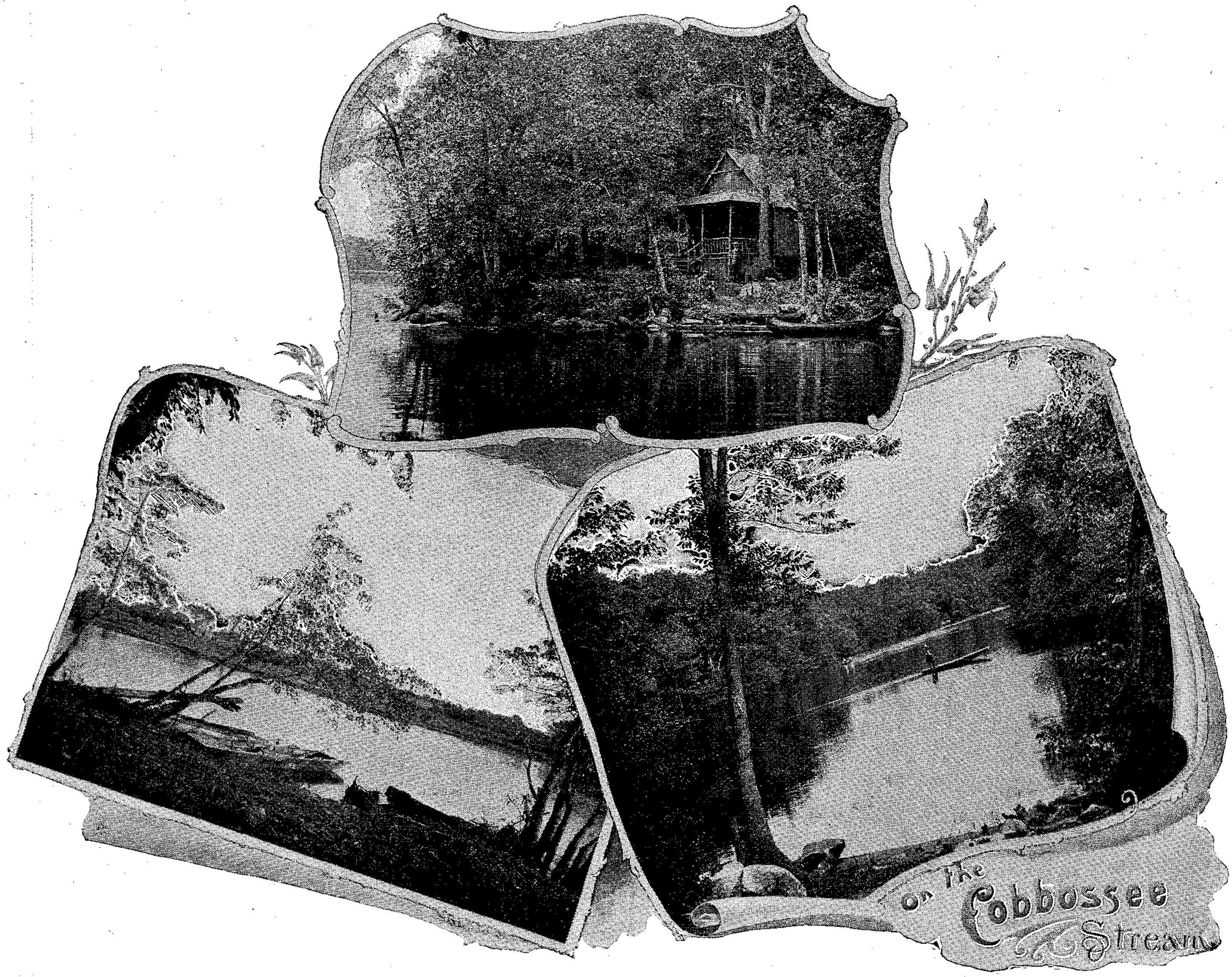

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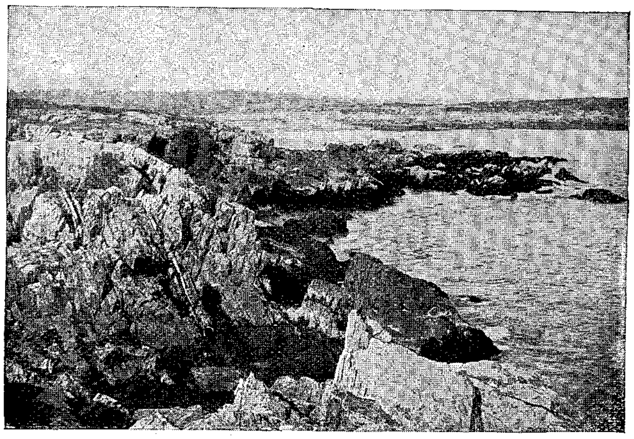

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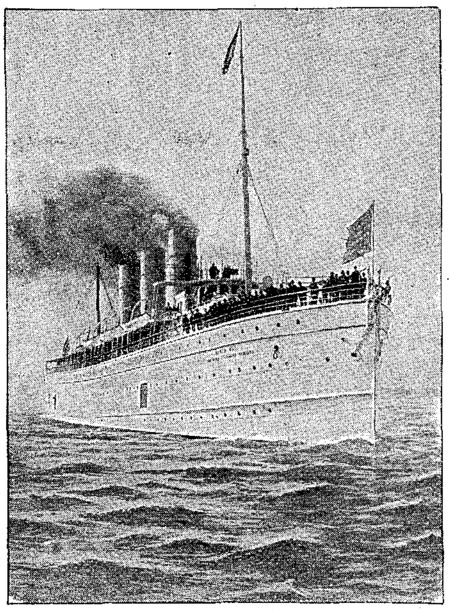

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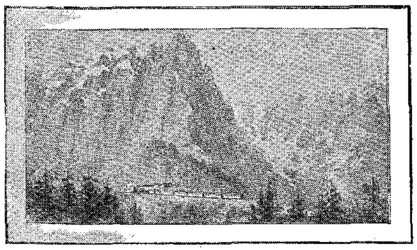

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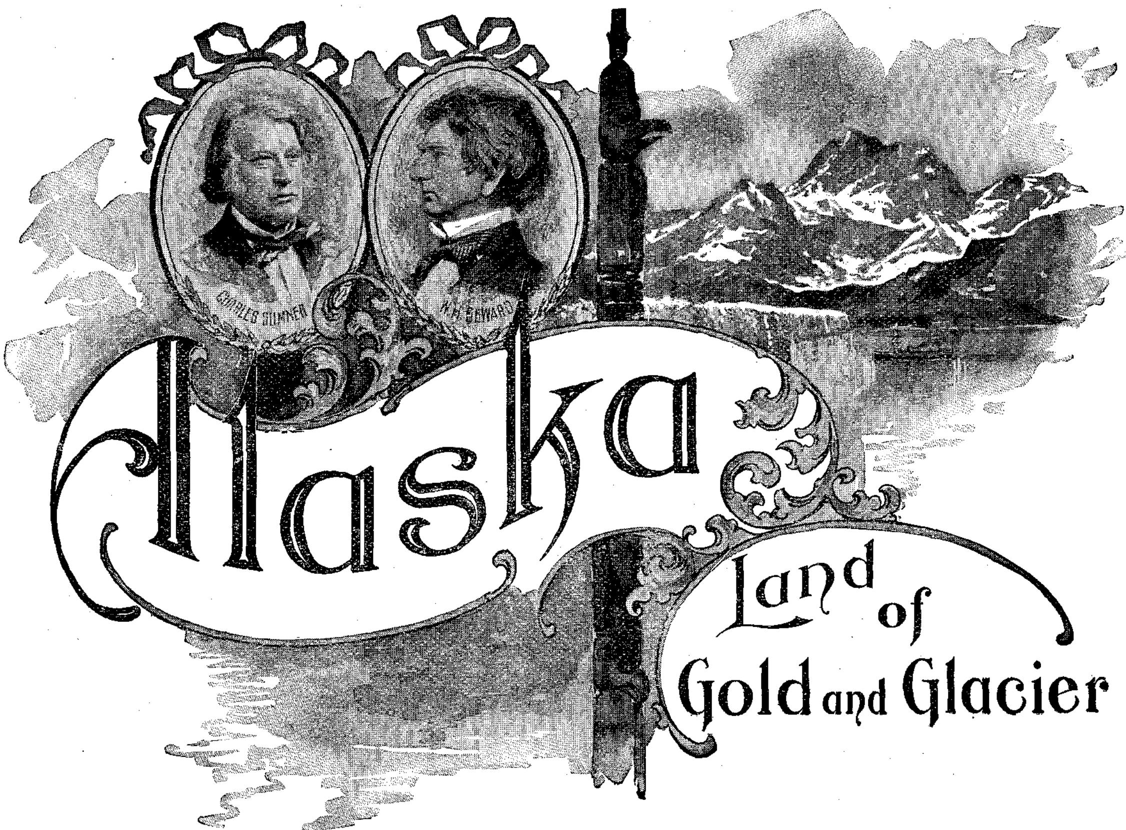

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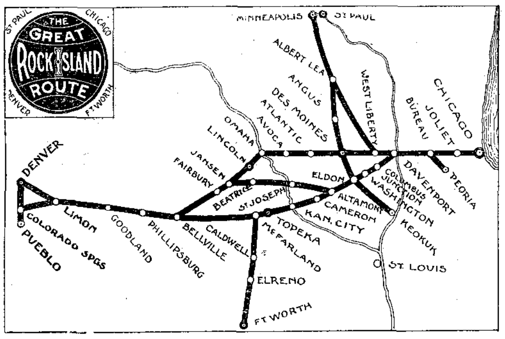
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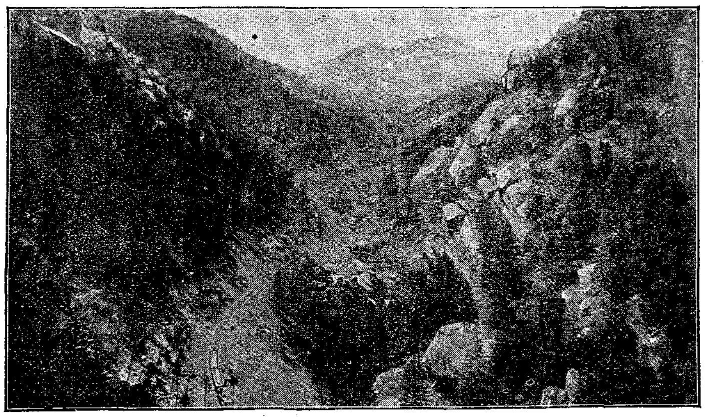
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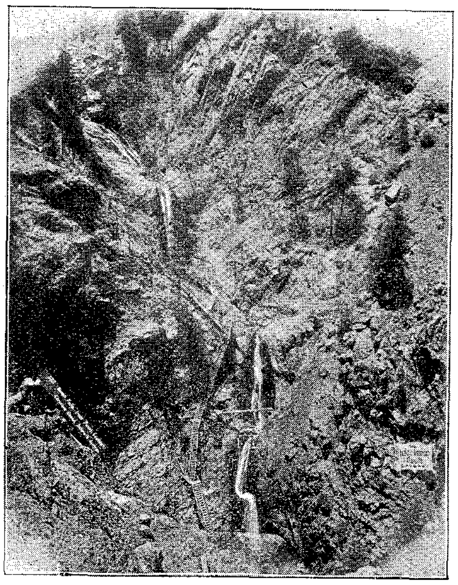
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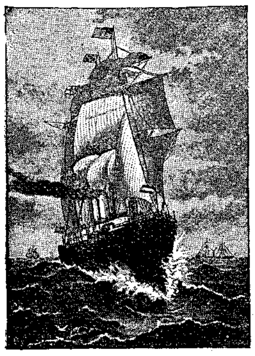
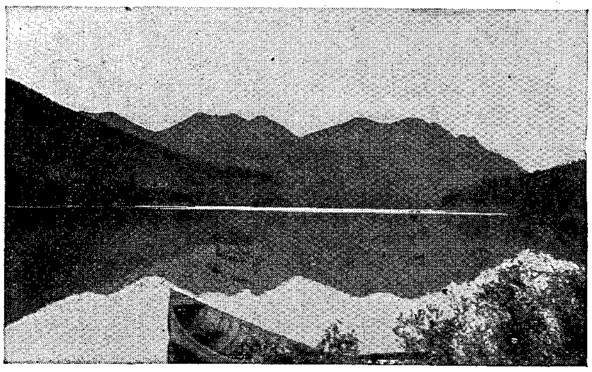
THE ART OF TRAVELING

Raymond & Whitcomb's Tours to all Parts of the World



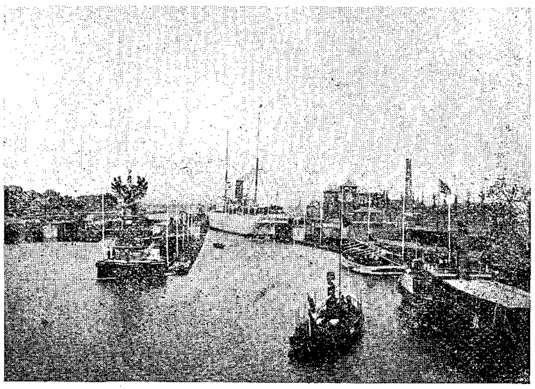
Estimates have frequently been made of the amount of money invested in the transportation lines of America and their equipment. The figures are startling and appalling. They eclipse the public debt by millions, and, so far as the average man or woman is concerned, are incomprehensible, because of their very magnitude. This great investment has been made to meet public requirements, because we are a nation of travelers. Not only are our own resorts filled every summer to overflowing, but every nook and corner of Europe is invaded, and the uttermost parts of the earth are explored. Railroads and steamship lines have vied with each other in the race for public approval and popularity. Millions of dollars have been expended in the effort to make travel in itself agreeable, and to rob it of its unpleasant features.

But while railroad companies can provide luxurious cars, can run their trains upon record-breaking schedules, they are precluded, from the very necessities of the case, from assuming charge of the arrangements and details of the entire trip, thus making it possible for the traveler to devote the whole time to pleasure. The company provides the means, but it is left to the passenger himself to attend to the methods of making the journey an agreeable one.



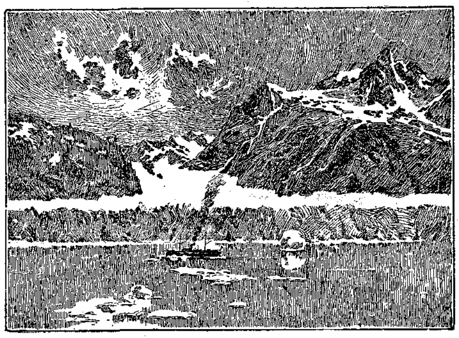
Lake Placid, Adirondacks

It is just this point which has been so admirably solved by Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb that their names have become indissolubly associated with the luxury of travel. They have, by their perfect system of personal attention, so robbed travel of all its unpleasant features and cares as to leave the tourist nothing to do but seek pleasure unhampered by details and unannoyed by perplexities.



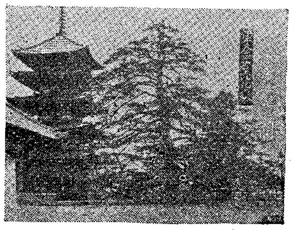
The Entrance to the Kiel Canal

And yet there is nothing of the "personally conducted" features so obnoxious to the majority of persons, about their tours. The traveler with one of their parties does practically as he pleases, goes and comes as he wishes, and is not hampered by objectionable requirements. It is true that he has fellow-travelers; so he does if he goes by himself, for there will surely be others on the train or boat. But in one case he is sure to find all his companions agreeable, in the other it is not so certain. In one instance, too, he has to look out for his own baggage and rooms upon arrival at his destination. In the other these things are arranged for him, and before he has reached his hotel he knows just the number of his room and is shown to it at once, his baggage following immediately without any attention from him.



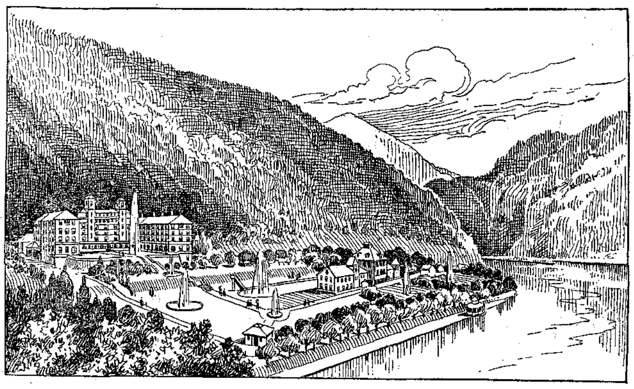
In Muir Glacier Bay, Alaska

And so it is about every little detail of the trip. The traveler need concern himself about none of the petty arrangements such as connections, which consume so much time and are a vexation to the soul. Raymond & Whitcomb parties travel in luxurious special trains, made up of the finest sleepers and dining cars, the schedules being arranged so as to pass through the most interesting sections of the journey by daylight. Competent officials and trained servants and porters accompany each party, from the start to the finish of the journey, and every wish and want of the members is anticipated and provided for. The single ticket which Raymond & Whitcomb issue covers all expenses of the trip, including railroad fare, hotel bills, and meals en route, even if it is across the continent and on to Alaska, China, and Japan. The various tours of the Company embrace practically all parts of the United States where excursions are seasonable, as well as Europe and the Orient.



In Picturesque Japan

In winter there are a dozen or more tours to Southern California, Mexico, and Florida, and in summer an almost limitless number to Europe, the Yellowstone Park, Colorado, the Pacific Coast, Alaska and the Trans-Pacific countries, as well as to the principal tourist resorts of the United States. Individual tickets are sold, and unprejudiced information regarding all routes and localities will be given to any one who is unable to adjust his special needs and times to the fixed dates of their tours. Pamphlets regarding these tours, to any locality, giving full information as to route, cost, etc., will be mailed to any one requesting it from Raymond & Whitcomb's New York office, 31 East 14th Street, or 296 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., or 1005 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



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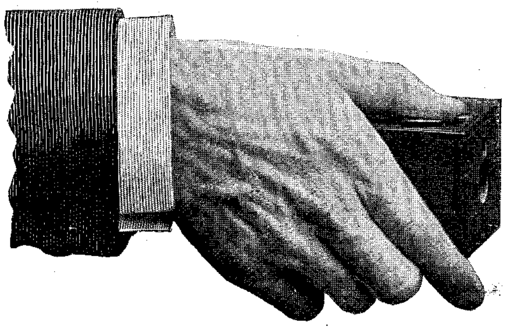

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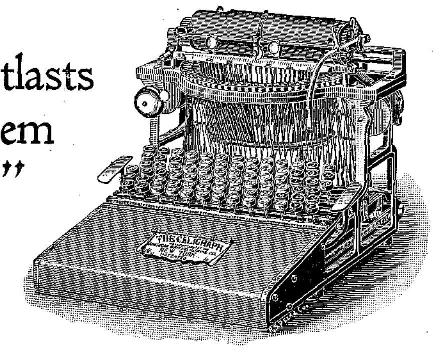

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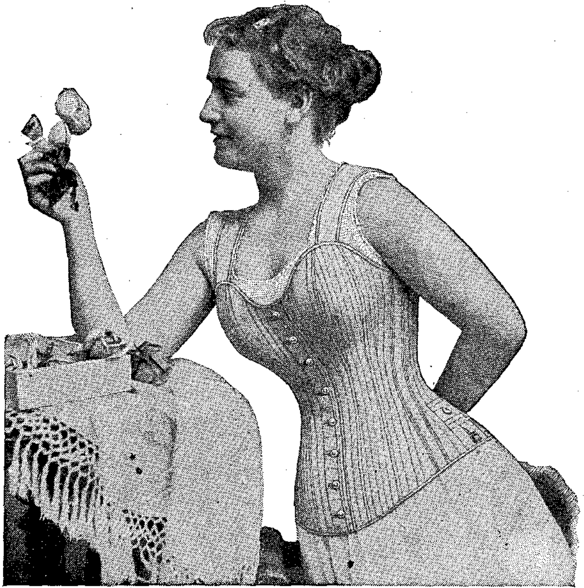

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The Outlook

A·Family·Paper

Volume 53 Saturday, 30 May, 1896 Number 22

DEMOCRATIC Conventions have now been held in eighteen States. In ten of these—Alabama, Colorado, Iowa, Mississippi, Missouri, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Washington, and Wyoming—platforms have been adopted demanding the free coinage of silver at the present ratio. In seven—Michigan, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and South Dakota—platforms have been adopted opposing this measure. In the remaining State—Nebraska—two Conventions have been held, the Bryan faction demanding the free coinage of silver, and the Administration faction demanding the maintenance of the gold standard. As regards States, therefore, the free-coinage element is decidedly in the majority; but as regards delegates the contest is as close as ever occurs. The Washington Convention, which declared for free coinage, failed to instruct its delegates, and five out of the eight are now counted upon by the Administration forces to vote with them. If these delegates are to be placed in the gold column, and the gold delegation from Nebraska is seated by the National Committee, there is, thus far, it is generally estimated, an exact tie between the two factions. Each has secured 167 votes. Of last week's Conventions, that in New Hamsphire declared for the gold standard, and a tariff affording "incidental protection" to manufacturers; that in South Carolina declared for the free coinage of silver, an income tax, and a constitutional amendment to make the United States judiciary elective, and lessen its power to overthrow legislation; those in Iowa and Wyoming declared for the free coinage of silver and an income tax; and that in South Dakota for the use of silver, but against its free coinage at the old ratio. In South Dakota a free-silver declaration was confidently expected, but nearly every uninstructed delegate voted against silver, and several silver counties were represented in the Convention by Federal officeholders armed with "proxies" from the delegates chosen. In Iowa the recollection of last year's Convention led nearly every silver county to instruct its delegates and forbid representation by "proxy." The majority for free coinage was nearly three to one. The question as to which faction will control at Chicago now seems to turn upon the vote of Illinois, and the present prospects are that two opposing delegations will be elected from that State. Altogether, Senator Blackburn's prophecy that two Democratic National Conventions will be held seems not unlikely of fulfillment.

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If the reports in the daily press are to be trusted, the Administration, in its eagerness to commit the Democratic party to a gold standard, is violating not only fundamental civil service reform principles, but the repeated pledges of the President. In the Michigan Convention, though nearly every county had adopted resolutions in favor of the free coinage of silver, the Federal office-holders were present in such force that they were able to elect an anti-silver delegation to Chicago. In the South Dakota Convention the same result was secured by the same means. It is reported that a number of delegates who had been instructed by their counties to vote for free silver, and had been elected on an implied pledge that they would so vote, repudiated both instruction and pledge in adopting the platform, which explicitly declared itself "not in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one." The Outlook is not in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one. So far as it is possible for us to foresee the future, such free coinage of silver, it seems probable, would result in silver monometallism for this country, and the immediate perils, if not the ultimate disaster, involved in such a financial revolution would be very great. But the evils inflicted upon a country by financial blunders are not comparable with the evils inflicted by political immorality. The danger to American institutions involved in the use of the political patronage of the Federal Administration to determine the action of primary and nominating conventions is far greater than the peril involved in any financial legislation whatever. It would be better for the country to be commercially bankrupted than for it to surrender the right of local self-government and substitute therefor government dictated by a central authority at Washington, however disguised in democratic forms. Imperialism frankly acknowledged is better than a false pretense of democracy concealing real political dictation.

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The Western newspapers are devoting more and more attention to the silver question. The interest seems to be least in the cities, but even there some of the great dailies are now reporting in full speeches on both sides of the controversy. Last week, for example, the Chicago "Times-Herald" (anti-silver) published a verbatim report of a speech an hour and a half long by Governor Altgeld in favor of free coinage. The same paper, in reporting the Iowa Democratic Convention, devoted fully three columns to the anti-silver speech of the temporary chairman, and about two columns to the free-coinage speech of the permanent chairman. In a similar way the Omaha "World-Herald" (free coinage) published in full a joint debate between ex-Congressman Bryan and Mr. Rosewater, of the Omaha "Bee." The report runs as follows: "Mr. Bryan's Opening" (two columns); "Mr. Rosewater's Opening" (two columns); "Mr. Bryan's Second" (two columns); "Mr. Rosewater's Second" (two columns); "Mr. Bryan's First Ten Minutes" (one column); "Mr. Rosewater's First Ten Minutes" (one column); "Mr. Bryan's Second" (one column); "Mr. Rosewater's Second" (one column); "Mr. Bryan's Third" (one column); "Mr. Rosewater's Fifteen Minutes" (one column); "Mr. Bryan's First Five Minutes" (a half-column); "Mr. Rosewater's First Five Minutes" (a half-column); "Mr. Bryan's Second" (a half-column); "Mr. Rosewater's Second" (a half-column); "Mr. Bryan's Third" (a half-column); "Mr. Rosewater's Closing" (a half-column); "Mr. Bryan's Closing" (a half-column). An immense audience listened to this succession of speeches with the most zealous attention, and the "World-Herald" seems to believe that a much larger audience of readers will follow it from beginning to end. Not since the days of joint debates on the slavery question has the West been so stirred as it is at this time.

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The bill prohibiting the further immigration of illiterates passed the House of Representatives last week by a vote of 195 to 26. The bill applies only to men, but the immigration of illiterate women whose husbands can both read and write or who are still unmarried is comparatively small. Children under sixteen and parents of persons already residing in the United States are properly exempted from the operation of the law. Before passage the bill was amended so as to prevent persons residing in Canada from engaging in manual labor in this country while retaining their Canadian residence. This amendment was conceived purely in a protective spirit, and may provoke retaliation from the Canadian Government. The original measure was chiefly urged in the interests of a higher grade of citizenship, although the interests of American labor were also kept in the foreground. Men who reject absolutely the idea that labor can be protected by the shutting out of imported goods almost uniformly took the position that it can be protected by the shutting out of imported labor. Imported goods, they held, are simply the payment for the goods we export; to shut them out, therefore, is simply to prevent our laborers from making beneficial exchanges with laborers abroad. The importation of labor, on the other hand, involves no exchange with other countries. It simply adds to the American supply of labor and intensifies the competition for employment. So long as there were vacant lands to furnish employment to the immigrants this tendency was not felt, but since the immigrants have more and more largely settled in the cities the effect of their competition has been more and more keenly realized. The support of the measure that has just passed the House came for a long time chiefly from the trades-unions. These bodies urged the educational test, because it is the uneducated immigrants who are the hardest to organize and the last to insist upon the American standard of living. This test appealed naturally to those who believe that the quality of American citizenship is threatened by the recent invasion from the east of Europe, and the two forces united secured the passage of the measure. The weakness of the opposition seems little less than amazing when we remember how few persons favored this legislation when presented less than ten years ago.

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The United States Supreme Court has decided that the sugar bounty appropriation must be paid. It will be remembered that Comptroller of the Treasury Bowler refused to pay the appropriation on the ground that Congress, according to a previous decision of the Supreme Court (Loan Association vs. Topeka) had no constitutional power to tax the mass of citizens for the enrichment of a particular class. The Court, in overruling him, refuses to decide whether the original bounty legislation was valid or not, but declares that the Government was under a certain moral obligation to pay the bounty to those who had proceeded with the manufacture of sugar in reliance upon an act "recognized by the officers of the Government as valid." "It is true," says the Court, "that in general an unconstitutional act of Congress is the same as if there were no act. That is a very different principle, however, from that which we think governs this case. The persons for whose benefit the appropriation was made are not asserting the existence of a legal and valid debt against the United States, which is at the same time based upon an unconstitutional act of Congress." On the contrary, they merely assert that "their claims, while they were not of a legal character, were nevertheless of so meritorious and equitable a nature as to authorize the Nation, through its Congress, to appropriate money to pay them."

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Municipal rapid transit in this city has received a severe blow in the decision of the Appellate branch of the Supreme Court that the Commissioners are not authorized to proceed with the construction of a road upon the plans agreed to by them and approved by the body of experts to whom the Court had referred it. The Court unanimously takes the position that the proposed road, instead of costing $50,000,000 or less, as estimated by the Rapid Transit Commission after a prolonged investigation, would be likely to cost more nearly $100,000,000, and force the city to exceed its constitutional debt-limit, or suspend all other public improvements. The fact that the engineers to whom the Court submitted the plans declared that they could give no opinion regarding the road's cost is held by the Court to be a conclusive reason why the Commissioners should not be permitted to proceed. Of course this decision is a disappointment to the great body of the people in New York. When the Chamber of Commerce Bill, placing the proposed work in the hands of an exceptionally strong body of business men, passed the Legislature, and the principle of municipal ownership was indorsed by the voters by such an overwhelming majority, a rapid-transit system owned by the public and operated for the public was deemed assured. When the present plans were agreed upon by the Commissioners, the work was regarded as well under way. The halt suddenly called by the Court seems at first to involve the waste of all the effort of the past, and to make almost hopeless further effort in the future. When, however, the exact position of the Court, and the possibility of a change of plan or a change of legislation, are considered, those who care for municipal ownership of municipal franchises feel that the contest must not be abandoned. This feeling is naturally strongest among the trades-unions, whose central body on Sunday passed resolutions calling upon the Commissioners to remain at their posts until a way should be found to carry out the will of the people. The same sentiment is also strong among all those who look upon cheap rapid transit as furnishing the only practicable solution to the overcrowding in the tenement-houses, and the evils attendant thereon. When the Rapid Transit Commission met on Monday of this week, there was a general disposition to give up entirely. Fortunately, however, in view of the importance of the work and the possibility of changed legislation, the Commissioners decided not to resign at present. It is earnestly to be hoped that the Commissioners will keep on with their work. If they find that the present plans cannot be modified so as to meet the objections of the Court, and that the cheaper deep-tunnel system of London and Glasgow cannot be advantageously adopted, we hope they will press for the legislative changes necessary to secure for the public the ownership of its rapid-transit system.

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The newspaper appreciations of the work of the late Henry C. Bunner have revealed an intelligence which would have given satisfaction to so thorough an artist as the author of "The Story of a New York House" and "Our Aromatic Uncle." Mr. Bunner had literary gifts of the most genuine kind, and he used them with the most artistic conscience. His humor, which was pervasive, light, and true; his sympathy with life, which was quick, generous, and real; his imagination, which was delicate and constructive; and his common sense, which was never confused by his feeling for beauty nor his enjoyment of humor, give his work, in connection with its artistic quality, not only charm but staying power. In prose and in verse his touch was light, graceful, and true. Even the trifles which came from his pen were finished. "The Way to Arcady," which opened his first collection of verse, admirably represents his delicate quality and his fine poetic feeling. His contribution to our literature was slight in bulk but admirable in quality. He was a workman reverential of his art and respectful to his readers in a time when a good many writers, by their slovenliness, show reverence neither for their art nor for their readers. As a man he was direct, honest, and frank. He hated shams, he admired competency, and he had a fine ideal of patriotism—a kind of patriotism which makes a man the irreconcilable enemy of all that is mean, base, and cheap in the public life of his country.

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We heartily commend the suggestion of Dr. Robert R. Booth, the retiring Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly. "I venture," he says, "to submit the inquiry, irregular though it be at this point in our proceedings, whether it would not be possible to secure during the present meeting of the Assembly some kind of brotherly conference which might avail to throw light upon our present perplexities, and afford some clear indications as to what is desired in the way of an extension of Presbyterian liberty. It may be a dream, it may be a delusion; but, speaking as it were for the last time in such a place of public authority, I appeal to the sound Christian sense of this venerable Assembly to take some proper measures to ascertain what it is that divides us, and what is required for the abatement of strife and the reconciliation of parties at variance." It does seem a little extraordinary that the Moderator of a Christian Assembly, in this year of grace 1896, should think that a brotherly conference to settle controversies in a Christian Church could be regarded by anybody as a dream or a delusion. For eighteen centuries Christ's instructions have been before his disciples, and they are perfectly explicit. If a controversy arises in the church, he says in substance, let the contestants meet together and endeavor to settle the controversy amicably. If they fail, then let them submit the question to some third party in whom both have confidence, and abide by his decision. If this fails, then, and only then, does an appeal lie to the church. The attempt to settle a church controversy by a majority vote in a church meeting is always an un-Christian attempt, unless it follows an earnest and serious endeavor to settle the controversy by mutual agreement, or by the judgment of some disinterested tribunal. It is rather interesting and somewhat curious that a proposition for arbitration—for in another part of this address Dr. Booth suggests "that arbitration of differences which we have so highly approved as a method in international controversies"—should have first been urged upon the world by industrial organizations, then seriously taken up by laymen as a means of settling international controversies, and at last, in a hesitating and questioning spirit, suggested to the Christian Church from whose Master this method emanated.

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A National interest attaches to the celebration last week by the town of Andover of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its settlement. This pleasant New England town has had an immensely wide educational influence through its Theological Seminary, its Phillips Academy, and its Abbot Academy. It is, moreover, essentially typical of New England life and New England institutions. Historically the town played an important part in the colonial and revolutionary days. Yet, as the orator of the day, Mr. Albert Poor, remarked, her true distinction lies in her educational renown. Andover has been a center of learning and scholarship, and for generations has exercised a dignifying influence on the culture of the country at large. We congratulate the town and its people on the honorable record of the past, and wish for it an increasing usefulness in the future. The anniversary exercises last week were enthusiastic and patriotic; they included, besides the oration referred to above, addresses by Governor Wolcott, Dr. Donald, Congressman Knox, and others, the reading of a poem written by Annie Sawyer Downs, the singing of patriotic songs by the school-children, and the presentation of historical tableaux.

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The long-continued costly and brilliant ceremonies which had been going on in Moscow for the past two weeks culminated on Tuesday of this in the actual coronation of the Czar and his Empress. The coronation, which is in progress as we write, will no doubt be remembered as the most elaborate and spectacular public ceremony of our times. The cost of the week's festivities has been estimated at from ten to fifteen million dollars. The crown to be used is valued at over a million roubles, and the scepter (containing the famous Orloff diamond) is still more valuable. The religious ceremonies are elaborate and impressive, the decorations and illuminations extraordinary, the fêtes and festivals for the common people lavish. There seems to be no serious fear of Nihilistic plots interfering with the general rejoicing, as it is believed that the Nihilists are still inclined to watch, for the present, the policy of the new Czar for signs of liberal political tendencies. Nevertheless, most extensive precautions have been taken to prevent possible attempts at assassination on the part of single fanatics or men of unbalanced mind who are always excited by such occasions of display. Generally speaking, the common people of Russia are intensely loyal, and have enough of childlike simplicity to be immensely pleased by the mediæval and almost semi-barbaric magnificence of the coronation week. Meanwhile the nations of the world are watching Russia's every move to learn her future policy in the great game of diplomacy in which she is surely to play a leading part.

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The reorganization of the English Liberal party is aided by the practical disappearance of the Irish Home Rule question. It is the melancholy fate of the Irish, whenever they are within measurable distance of the things for which they have been working, to defeat their own purposes by a sudden outburst of irresponsibility. Those who are most friendly to the race can easily understand the doubt which the Englishmen entertain of their ability to govern themselves. It is not many months since Home Rule was almost within reach of Ireland, but when the agitation had arrived at its most critical stage the Irish leader suffered a calamitous moral collapse in the face of the whole world. There was a fierce and fatal division in the Irish ranks, Mr. Gladstone, the first English statesman who had attempted to do for Ireland what Ireland needed according to her own interpretation of her needs, was fiercely assailed, and the cause of Home Rule disappeared in an undignified and disgraceful squabble. Home Rule for Ireland has, by the action of the Irish themselves, been indefinitely postponed. The Liberals are naturally incensed by the support which the Irish members of the House of Commons are giving to the Education Bill, but even before this support was given Home Rule had ceased to be anything more than a ghost hanging about the outskirts of the Liberal programme. The golden moment which saw Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell working hand in hand for a common object, one of the first of English statesmen and the greatest of Irish leaders combining their forces, has passed, and such a happy conjunction of fortunate conditions is not likely to occur again in the life of the present generation.

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The sentence to fifteen years' imprisonment to which the condemnation to death of the leaders of the South African Reform Committee has been commuted is generally regarded as unduly severe. The present action was taken, it is reported, against the advice of President Kruger by a vote of a majority of the Transvaal Council. The prisoners of minor importance will either be released at once or compelled to serve out prison sentences of from three months to a year in duration. It is said that the prisons are wretchedly managed and that some of the leaders sentenced for fifteen years would be most unlikely to survive to the end of that time; on the other hand, the British Colonial Office has received a telegram from President Kruger saying that the jail regulations would be immediately modified so as to increase the comfort of the Reform Committee prisoners. A further reduction of the punishment is thought possible. Mr. Chamberlain, in an address at the annual banquet of the South African Company, confessed that he was disappointed by the decision of the Transvaal Government regarding the sentence of the leaders of the Reform Committee, especially because he had always trusted in President Kruger's magnanimity, believing that he was never animated by vindictive feeling against men who, whatever their errors, had by their energy and enterprise created the Transvaal's prosperity. Of the Government's policy, Mr. Chamberlain only said, rather enigmatically, that it would not be changed.

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The campaign of the Canadian general elections is now in progress. Parliament has been dissolved, and polling takes place on June 23. The main issues are tariff reform and the Manitoba school question. The former involves either the retention or the overthrow of the present protective system; the latter, remedial legislation compelling Manitoba to restore the system of separate schools abolished by the Legislature of that Province in 1890. In regard to the latter issue, a recent restatement of opposing attitudes and intentions by the leaders on both sides has deepened the interest of the contest. The policy of the Conservative party, which favors remedial legislation, is now directed by the new Premier, Sir Charles Tupper, whose speeches on opening the campaign give no uncertain sound, and are without the faintest tinge of compromise. The Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal leader, advocates the appointment of a commission whose impartial investigation of facts may be expected to point a way out of the difficulty and facilitate the removal of the vexatious question from politics. Sir Charles Tupper insists vigorously that the question is really not one of separate schools so much as the carrying into effect of the provisions of the constitution under which the educational rights of Roman Catholic minorities were guaranteed protection. Mr. Laurier's position is that, according to the judgment of the Imperial Privy Council in 1892, no educational right or privilege was taken away by the Manitoba Public Schools Act of 1890, and that the subsequent judgment by the same tribunal in 1895 did not touch that point, but gave the Dominion Government the right of interfering, if it should choose to do so, upon an appeal to it by the Catholic minority—the judgment not indicating any particular line of action, in fact not recommending any action at all. There was no necessity of bringing the question into Dominion politics, and it might have been referred back to Manitoba for settlement with quite as well founded a hope of peace and satisfaction as may be based on any threat of coercion.

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A significant feature of the contest is the direct intervention of the Roman Church. Archbishop Langevin has been making vigorous efforts to influence the voters, and, presumptively under his influence, a " Bishops' Mandate," signed by all the Roman Catholic Bishops in the Province of Quebec, has been issued instructing Roman Catholics that it is their duty to vote for the Conservative Government which is pledged to restore to the hierarchy their separate schools. It remains to be seen whether clerical interference like this will be effective. Not long ago, in the county of Charlevoix, in the same Province, a similar episcopal interference was rebuked by the return of the Liberal candidate. In Ontario the Roman Catholic clergy have thus far given no sign of meddling with the civic rights and duties of their parishioners. There is greater probability of such interference in Nova Scotia, where a notable instance of some time ago caused much excited comment. It should not be forgotten that, even should the verdict of the elections be in favor of remedial legislation (though this may be looked upon as improbable), new embarrassments would quickly succeed the old. For, independently of the question whether Manitoba *ought* to be coerced, there is another far more perplexing, namely, how *can* she be coerced? The Province controls the machinery of educational administration within her own limits. Can the Dominion, against the wish of the Province, effectually put that machinery in operation? Or can the Dominion set up its own administration of educational affairs in the Province and collect the funds for the support of separate schools? Greater than all legal or technical difficulties of interpretation or compromise is the paramount one of enforcing upon this strongly opposed Province a system of public education which has been found antiquated and unsatisfactory by a very large majority of the people.

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The Italian campaign in Abyssinia has been ended by the surrender, on the part of the Abyssinians, of the Italian prisoners in their hands, and by the abandonment, on the part of the Italians, of Adigrat and the return of the troops to the Eritrean Colony, the territory on the Red Sea occupied since 1885, and from which the recent advance into Abyssinia was made. This territory extends from the sea to the base of the mountains of Abyssinia. In an evil hour, and under the temptation of the evil spirit of Jingoism, the Italians attempted to climb those mountains and invade the territory of a brave and warlike people. They have spent millions of money, sacrificed thousands of lives, and they have now retreated to the point whence they set out, with a very considerable national loss of prestige. A handful of savages have beaten a member of the Triple Alliance, have added greatly to the burdens of her people, have inflicted a serious blow to her military prestige, and have caused the overthrow of the Ministry of the most powerful statesman in Italy. Abyssinia has demonstrated her fighting ability; as for her cause, it was just and righteous from the start. Italy withdraws to the little green strip on the coast of the Red Sea, having paid well for her experience, and perhaps learned a lesson from it. Meanwhile, Abyssinia will have a breathing-space, but probably only a breathing-space, for sooner or later Africa will be divided between the Great Powers. The amended Budget recently submitted by the Italian Minister of Finance shows a better condition than was anticipated. A new loan at 4½ per cent. of 140,000,000 francs was subscribed for twenty-two times over, which is the best possible evidence that Italy still has faith in her Government. The Budget shows no anticipation of a deficit, and it is possible that the stoppage of the expenditures in Abyssinia may help the Ministers out in their attempt to deal with the financial situation.

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There is no question but that the late French Ministry owed its downfall in no small degree to the opposition to the income tax, and yet the income tax, as The Outlook reminded its readers at the time, is by no means a revolutionary measure. On the contrary, it has been adopted by such conservative countries as England and Germany, and is not considered in either country any more oppressive than other forms of taxation. It has seemed singular, therefore, to many observers that the income tax should have been regarded in France by Moderate Republicans and Conservatives of all types as a kind of badge of communism—a thing to be feared and opposed as revolutionary in its character. The Paris correspondent of the London "Times" throws some light on the situation. In his judgment, the income tax would not have excited the opposition which has arrayed so many influential groups against it, if it had not been felt by the classes upon whom it would have fallen most heavily that it was being pushed, not as a measure of financial relief or of financial justice, but as a political bait for the multitude. Small incomes were exempted under the proposed measure, and the burden of the tax was laid, with obvious intention, exclusively upon the few rich men. According to this observer, if it had been introduced as a part of a financial reform, and had rested upon all classes, the rich people would have cheerfully borne their share; but the attempt to saddle, without discrimination, the burden exclusively upon the rich and to lift it entirely off the poor gave the measure a demagogic character, and naturally excited the most intense opposition. The new Ministry has so far given an impression of quiet courage which augurs well for the future, but no one anticipates for it a long lease of life. Under the present conditions no French Ministry is likely to be able to keep in office long enough to impose a fixed policy upon the country.

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The new Shah of Persia has succeeded to the throne of his father without any revolution as yet, very much to the relief of the European diplomats. In fact, the acquiescence of the new Shah's brothers indicates the decline of vitality of which Persia has given so many evidences in late years. The eldest of these brothers is regarded by those who know him as one of the ablest and most energetic men in Persia. He is a man who would naturally be the center of any kind of revolt against the new Shah. Another brother is Minister of War. Probably one fact which gives steadiness to the situation in Persia is the fear of foreign interference. The Persians understand perfectly that Russia regards herself as a sort of residuary legatee, and they are not disposed to inaugurate a family quarrel at the risk of losing the family property. Whenever the opportunity comes, and Russia takes that step, she will stand face to face with England in the Far East. The "Spectator" points out in a recent number the fact that Russia and England are fronting each other at all points. Russia wants Constantinople, and England defends Turkey. She wants large concessions in China, and she has secured them, but England is protesting at every step. She wants Persia, but when she attempts to enforce her claim she will be met by English antagonism of the most pronounced kind. Under these circumstances, Russian watchfulness of English policy and Russian sensitiveness to English advance movements can hardly be wondered at. Sooner or later the two great Powers which have practically divided the East between them will have to settle the question of the primacy.

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Madame Clara Wieck Schumann, the widow of Robert Schumann, died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, on Thursday of last week, in her seventy-seventh year. She was a remarkable musician herself, but her chief celebrity is due to the fact that she kept the present generation in living touch with one of the greatest musical spirits the world has yet known—Robert Schumann. She was born in Leipsic, and at a very early age displayed a genius which her father very wisely determined to train rather than to exhibit. She became while still very young a professional pianist of high standing and achievement, and leaves behind her the generally acknowledged reputation of being the greatest female pianist that has ever lived. She married Schumann when she was only about twenty-one, and was a support and stay to her husband in the struggles he endured while winning recognition as a musical master, and later she was his devoted nurse and attendant in the mental disease from which he finally died in 1856. Madame Schumann was not only a pianist but a student and composer. Her interpretation of her husband's compositions was her chief musical aim during her long widowhood, and although her own accomplishments and abilities were of the highest order, her name will always be inseparably associated with his.

"Au Large"

These words, which Dr. van Dyke has so finely interpreted in that out-of-door classic "Little Rivers," have a magical music on the lips of the French Canadian guides and *voyageurs*. They signify the parting from the old, familiar, every-day surroundings, and the setting out with wind and tide for quest, adventure, and discovery. There is a world of poetry in the very sound of the words, so subtly suggestive—to the ear as well as to the mind—of escape from the bondage of custom, tradition, and commonplace, and of the fresh fields beyond the horizon, and the new experiences which await the adventurer. From the beginning of time healthy men have had the passion for wandering, for experience, for knowledge of life; a passion which has meant, not restlessness and incapacity to deal strongly and continuously with fixed conditions, but energy of will, vitality of nature, a deep-seated desire for growth, enlargement, and power. In the earliest myths the wanderer is a familiar and striking figure. He is no idler among busy men; no loiterer along the roads where others fail; he is, rather, an incarnation of the soul of man, with its divine thirst for fullness of life. He fares far and wide, seeing many countries, undergoing many hardships, meeting many men, drinking the cup of experience from many hands. He represents the greatness and range of human desire, the illimitable capacity of the human soul.

In this noble sense all men of mind and heart are adventurers; they stand loyally to their tasks, they are heroic workers; but the song of the sea is always in their ears, with its suggestion of space and danger and freedom; and the great world beyond the hills, with its mighty energies, its passionate aspirations, its magnificent opportunities, is always in their thoughts. A strong man steadies himself by steadfast devotion to the work of the day and to the relations in which he finds himself; but he gives his soul the freedom of the world, and his imagination the range of art and nature and experience; and so he keeps himself fresh in feeling, in spite of the routine of daily tasks, and original and creative in spirit in spite of conventionalities and the dead level of opinion about him. Every man must do his work and keep his freedom also; every man must care for his body, but he must keep his soul alive also. There is, for those who have learned the secret, no real schism in the order of life; a man may live wisely and well, at the same moment, in the little community where his home is and in the great world which lies about all communities. Over the toughest bit of stubborn soil heaven spreads its infinite blue, and over the most solitary worker in the loneliness of the night-watches the stars shine. Infinity is about us on all sides.

The release of the soul is peculiarly the service which nature offers us in this season of fresh and fragrant beauty. The morning whispers its "*au large*" at every window as it lies on a renewed and blossoming world. "Come out of yourself," it seems to say; "drop your books, your hobbies, your anxieties, and become once more a free man; wander in the fields, loiter in the woods, consult the stars." He is wise who accepts this invitation and drops his burden and becomes a child once more in open-eyed wonder and open-hearted delight. For no man is so great as when he forgets himself, nor so useful as when he brings to his tasks and his duties a fresh mind and a joyful heart.

A Great Opportunity

It has been intimated that New York City may perhaps be able to secure the services of Dr. D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University, as Superintendent of Public Instruction in the city of New York. This constitutes a possible great opportunity for New York.

New York is the commercial metropolis of the United States, and is likely to remain so for many years to come. No city can ever be to the United States what Paris is to France, or London is to Great Britain; but no other city can be so much an object-lesson for good or for evil to America as New York. But while it has been the commercial metropolis, it has not been an intellectual or moral leader. Its press is no model for other cities; its government has been a warning, not an inspiration; its public schools have been far inferior to those of other cities possessing smaller population and less wealth. New York has been a great money-making center—that and little more. During the last decade there have not been wanting signs of a moral and intellectual awakening. It has made a vigorous and, on the whole, successful attempt at municipal reform. It is becoming, if it has not already become, a literary center. No city in the world issues from its presses a periodical literature which rivals in various excellence the monthly magazines edited and published in New York. The enlargement of the New York University and its removal to University Heights, the still greater enlargement of Columbia College and its natural development into a true university, and the corresponding though less rapid and notable development of the Polytechnic and the Packer Institutes in Brooklyn, give promise of a true educational life in the higher realm worthy of a great city. It will be long before New York has a public library to compare with the libraries of Chicago or the Public Library of Boston, but the Tilden bequest and the recent amalgamation of the Lenox, Astor, and Tilden endowments gives assurance of a provision in the next century generous beyond anything dreamed of in the past. The Pavey School Bill makes possible a reorganized school system, and the election of Daniel C. Gilman as the executive head of that system, provided he were given an untrammeled liberty and a cordial support, would insure a wise reorganization and a capable and efficient personnel. Without such a system thus officered and equipped, neither great universities nor a great public library can adequately serve the civic life of the city.

The public-school system of America has grown up in a series of independent local experiments. There has been thus far a distinct advantage in this fact. To this system has been contributed the best intellectual life of many minds. If it is somewhat heterogeneous, it is not narrow; if it is somewhat crude, it is not so bound by its own traditions as to be incapable of further growth. But the time has fully come for an endeavor, on a large scale and under an able leader, to take up the results of experiments throughout the country, and, in the light of them and making full use of them, to organize a public system of education which shall be to the country in its primary and secondary grade the object-lesson which such universities as Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Cornell, Oberlin and Ann Arbor, have been and are in the collegiate grade. New York City is the city in which to undertake this work. It is the most cosmopolitan city on the continent. Boston is Yankee, Baltimore is Southern, Chicago is Western, New York is of no section. It is the most heterogeneous in its population, the most complex in the variety of its problems. It is at once American and foreign, Eastern, Western, and Southern, Roman Catholic and Protestant, Jewish and Gentile. It embraces the homes of wealth and poverty, culture and ignorance, and all the combinations which they afford, including wealth without culture and culture without wealth. It is the only city on the continent which has no local character of its own, because it is a collection of cities, each with its own distinctive character. This is its intellectual and social disadvantage, but is also its opportunity; this makes it a microcosm within which all educational problems are presented; permits it, by solving them, to proffer a solution valuable as an object-lesson to any American community from ocean to ocean.

And Dr. Gilman is, of all men on the continent, the man to undertake this work. He is not only an eminent educator, he is even more eminent as an organizer of educational life. He has proved his executive genius in the public schools of New Haven, in the University of California, and in Johns Hopkins University. He is a creator of educational institutions. It is not improbable that the question—if there can be a question—of his election will be decided before this editorial reaches the eyes of most of our readers. He ought to be elected unanimously, and by acclamation. That election ought to be urged if necessary, and, if prior urging is not necessary, indorsed, by such a spontaneous public meeting as will leave him in no doubt as to the support which will be given him if he accepts. And he should be given a free field, a large liberty, and a cordial support in the difficult task laid upon him—difficult under the best conditions—of organizing in the metropolis a metropolitan system of education worthy of the city, and worthy to be a model for all other American cities.

Flitting

Isaac Watts to the contrary notwithstanding, the busy bee is a dangerous exemplar for the Christian to follow. Flitting from flower to flower is not the exercise most conducive to growth. If the flitter were as eager to get the sweets from the flowers among which he flits, and as patient to digest them into honey, the bee might possibly serve as a suggestion, if not as a model. But, unfortunately, this the flitters are not wont to do. They are more curious than industrious, and more eager to get than assiduous to utilize.

There are not a few in our day who flit from church to church; who go wherever they can hear the last new preacher or the last new soprano; who crowd the aisles of one church on one Sunday, of another church on the next Sunday, and are possibly on their bicycles or reading the last sensational Sunday newspaper at home on the third Sunday. If they are not given the best seats in the sanctuary, they grumble at the inhospitality of the churches; if a contribution-box is passed, they drop a penny in, and wonder that the churches are always begging; and they go away from the church flattering themselves that they have rendered a distinguished service to the church and its preacher by honoring the one with their presence and the other with their attention. Such Christians grow as little as a plant that should be transplanted into a new pot every week. The soul is not like the aerial moss which thrives on the moisture in the air, and grows as it travels on the wings of the wind. It must be rooted if it is to be built up.

Of a similar fashion are men and women who flit from creed to creed. The Athenians survive in America, and they spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing. That a conviction is old and tried, that it has passed through the fire of controversy unscathed, that it has come out assayed and proved, is to dub it uninteresting; and it is not truth but interest that the flitters seek after. Whatever is traditional they count as false; whatever is new—or they imagine to be new—has an irresistible attraction for them. Such men are like Pilate, of whom Bacon says, "He asked, What is truth? and went out without waiting for an answer."

In the olden time men were educated in creeds and believed them, not because they were true, but because they were traditional. The danger in our time is exactly the reverse: the danger of being educated in questioning and so to believe nothing which is traditional. The world wants not doubts and indecisions in business or politics; as little are they wanted in religion. The mind should have two compartments: an open one to receive the truth, a closed one to retain it. It is quite as important to hold fast that which is good as it is to prove all things. Men should question, not for the intellectual fascination of questioning, but for the solid satisfaction of securing a definite answer. The skepticism which leads only to an interrogation-mark leads nowhere. A positive conviction should be the object of all inquiry. It is far better to be a whole-hearted Roman Catholic than a half-hearted Protestant, or to be a Unitarian with intelligent convictions than a Trinitarian and not know what Trinitarianism is. It is better to believe in anything which has spiritual truth in it, than it is to question everything. Put a tree in poor soil and it will grow a little. Transplant a tree every morning from one good soil to another good soil, and it will not grow at all. We are to build our faith as men build a house. Settle one foundation truth; when that is settled, refuse to question it; build the next faith on that; thus lay a course of convictions, each on its predecessor, and lay them in cement. Refuse to let others' questionings or your own unsettle them.

For instance:

The Gospel of Mark tells the story of a wonderful life, paints the portrait of a wonderful character. The life is a noble one, worthy of imitation; the character is a noble one, inspiring to every noble soul who reads it. This is what manhood ought to be, may be. This is an indisputable fact; a granite foundation.

This life and character presents an object for reverence and love. History furnishes no higher object. It is a revelation of an ideal, a disclosure in history of what humanity worships whenever and wherever it is perceived. This is a second indisputable fact; another granite foundation. And these are facts whether the story is fact or fiction, history or myth. In either case the life and character is an ideal humanity and a manifestation of divinity. These facts settled, on these further building is possible. To build on these is to begin a building on Christ. And any building is better than perpetual locomotion from tent to tent, put up to-day and taken down to-morrow.

From the Center

"Men give me credit for genius," said Alexander Hamilton. "All the genius I have lies just in this: when I have a subject in hand, I study it profoundly, day and night. It is part of me; I explore it in all its bearings; my mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make people are pleased to call the fruit of genius; it is the fruit of labor and thought." These words disclose one of the secrets of the impression which a mind dealing with a subject with which it has filled itself always makes. Hamilton was a man of genius in spite of his disavowal; but genius cannot supply the place of information nor render unnecessary the thorough work which must precede mastery of any subject. A trained eye can always detect in print the difference between a treatment of a subject based on a thorough and profound study, and a treatment based on a rapid consultation of the encyclopædias. Many men have the power of picking up information rapidly, but the difficulty with this method is that the information so collected does not, to use Hamilton's phrase, "pervade the mind." It is only when a subject is mastered by exploration in every direction and by long meditation that the mind becomes imbued with its peculiar quality, is able to divine what it does not see at a glance, and in the end presents it from a fresh and individual point of view. The intellectual difference between men is much more important along the line of quality than along the line of mere information. There are a great many fairly well informed people who have practically nothing to say on any important subject; they know a good deal, but they have not mastered the subject, nor have they really entered into it. On the other hand, there are those whose information is comparatively limited, and yet who make positive contributions to a subject whenever they discuss it. There are those who touch everything on the rim, and there are those who see everything from the center. The first are always superficial, no matter how large their information; the second are always fundamental, no matter how limited their definite knowledge.

Thrilling Moments

Little Stories told by Rev. Henry van Dyke, D.D., General A. W. Greely, Poultney Bigelow, Charles F. Lummis, Joseph H. Sears, Kirk Munroe, Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., Walter Camp, Ernest Ingersoll, Thomas W. Knox, Charles Ledyard Norton

With Illustrations by Dan Beard

A Fisher's Crisis

By Henry van Dyke

Every honest angler ought to go a-fishing now and then, if for no other reason, at least in order that he may get local color for his fish stories. The man who is faithful to this duty will find himself abundantly rewarded. His memory will be enriched and his imagination invigorated. He will deepen his sense of the realities of life and the possibilities of art, and be in a position to gauge the piscatorial anecdotes of other men. It was on one of these profitable expeditions that I fell in with the moment which, upon the whole, I consider the most thrilling of my life as an angler—that is to say, up to this point; for you know a true angler always hopes for something better than he has yet caught.

Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke

It was the last day of the ouananiche fishing in the season of 189–; a crystal morning in September, and all the little bushes which God created for no other purpose than to beautify burned lands were blazing crimson over the hills. Paul and Ferdinand and I had walked four tangled miles through the brush, and scrambled down a fierce gorge to a famous pool—*la Place de Pêche à Beivin* on the Unpronounceable River—with large expectations and our fishing-rods unbroken. But the river was wild and high; the water was out over the rocks; and casting a fly was almost impossible. Paul climbed painfully and despondently down the stream a little way; Ferdinand solaced himself as usual with blueberries; and I was about to sit down and read a chapter of the "Amateur Angler in Dove Dale," when my mournful eye caught the transient gleam of a broad fish's tail just below the foam at the head of the pool. I said nothing to the others, for fear they might be disappointed, but silently resolved that, if it seemed good to an all-wise Providence, that fish should be the last of the year's catch.

The place was some distance away, and almost inaccessible. Cluttering over the slippery rocks, I found myself face to face with a perpendicular cliff rising from deep water. A crevice ran along it for some distance, and by this I edged along, hoping that the little shrubs to which I clung might be well rooted, until I came within leaping distance of a long log, balanced like a seesaw on a ledge of rock in the river. I made the jump; struck the log fairly; felt it settle down and turn; and ran along it just in time to reach the ledge before the log rolled into the current. If I had stayed on it the hundredth part of a second longer, this story would never have been told.

It was easy enough to get from the ledge to the place where the fish had risen. He was evidently lying in a swift narrow channel between two sunken rocks. I sent the flies over him as daintily as possible, again and again. But he would not stir. I tried a change of flies; a Professor, a Brown Hen, an Abbey, a Coachman, a Fairy—

> From grave to gay, from lively to severe;

and, last of all, the lure which the guides believe no well-bred ouananiche can resist, "un Jocque Scotte, qui coutait cinquante sous à Quebec." Everything in my book was despised by that supercilious salmon. It was abominable—the last day of the season, and the biggest fish, too!

At that instant I heard behind me a voice of hope: the *kri-kri-kri-kree* of a belated grasshopper. He was fugacious, that sole survivor of his insect race, and agile beyond belief. I slapped at him on the rocks with my hat; but he was not there. I grabbed after him in huckleberry bushes; and found my hand filled with nothing but leaves. At last, just as he was poised on the edge of the stream, gathering his legs for a long flight to the other shore, I crept up behind him, trembling with emotion, and made one final, desperate clutch—successful!

When the fish saw that grasshopper, delicately attached to a slender leader, floating down stream towards him, he was surprised. He had thought that the grasshopper season was closed. The temptation was too much for him. He rose with alacrity; and in a moment I knew that I was fast to the best ouananiche of the year, a six-pounder, in a furious current, with a four-and-a-quarter-ounce rod, only ninety feet of line, and no net.

"Ferdinand! Hola, Ferdinand! Apporte la nette—une belle des belles! Dépêche-toi! Vite!"

The rocky gorge rang with the shouts. Ferdinand came plunging and crashing through the thicket. How long that quarter of an hour seemed while he was making his way around back of the precipice! The fish was darting and leaping all over the pool. The line was almost run out. Ten more whirls of the reel and he would be gone. It was the last chance; and a very little one. But just then he turned, and began to yield to the pressure of the rod. By the time he was reeled in, there was the panting, eager little Frenchman with the net close beside me.

"Carefully, now, very carefully! Take him head first. No slips!"

Ferdinand was on his mettle and ready to do his prettiest. There is no better master of the netsman's difficult art in all the woods of Canada. A gentle approach, a swift scoop, a sudden lift—and the handle of the net broke short off, just above the head. The ring went drifting down the stream with the exhausted fish inside of it. Lost!

But Ferdinand had a lightning stroke of inspiration. He seized a long, crooked stick from a pile of driftwood, leaped into the water up to his middle, reached the net with one last stretch, and hauled it in, fish and all. There he lay in a safe corner among the rocks, smooth and beautiful as old silver, the ultimate ouananiche. It was a thrilling moment.

"But which was the *most* thrilling moment?" says my Lady Greygown, as she looks over my shoulder. "You have told about several moments; and what I want to know is just where the deepest thrill came in."

She is right. She always is. Thinking the whole affair over, philosophically, I see that it all hangs together. The crude and hasty observer might suppose that the crisis of excitement was at the tilting of the log, or the rising of the fish, or the breaking of the net. But reason tells me that the real crisis, the turning-point of the whole adventure, was when the grasshopper stood poised on the edge of the stream, with his legs tucked under him for flight. Everything depended on the comparative speed of the reflex action of his neural ganglia and mine, at that particular instant. I was not conscious of it at the time. But looking back upon it now, I realize that this was certainly my most thrilling moment.

A man does not understand the real zest of fishing (nor of living) unless he feels the excitement and the importance of getting bait.

On the Matterhorn

By the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D.

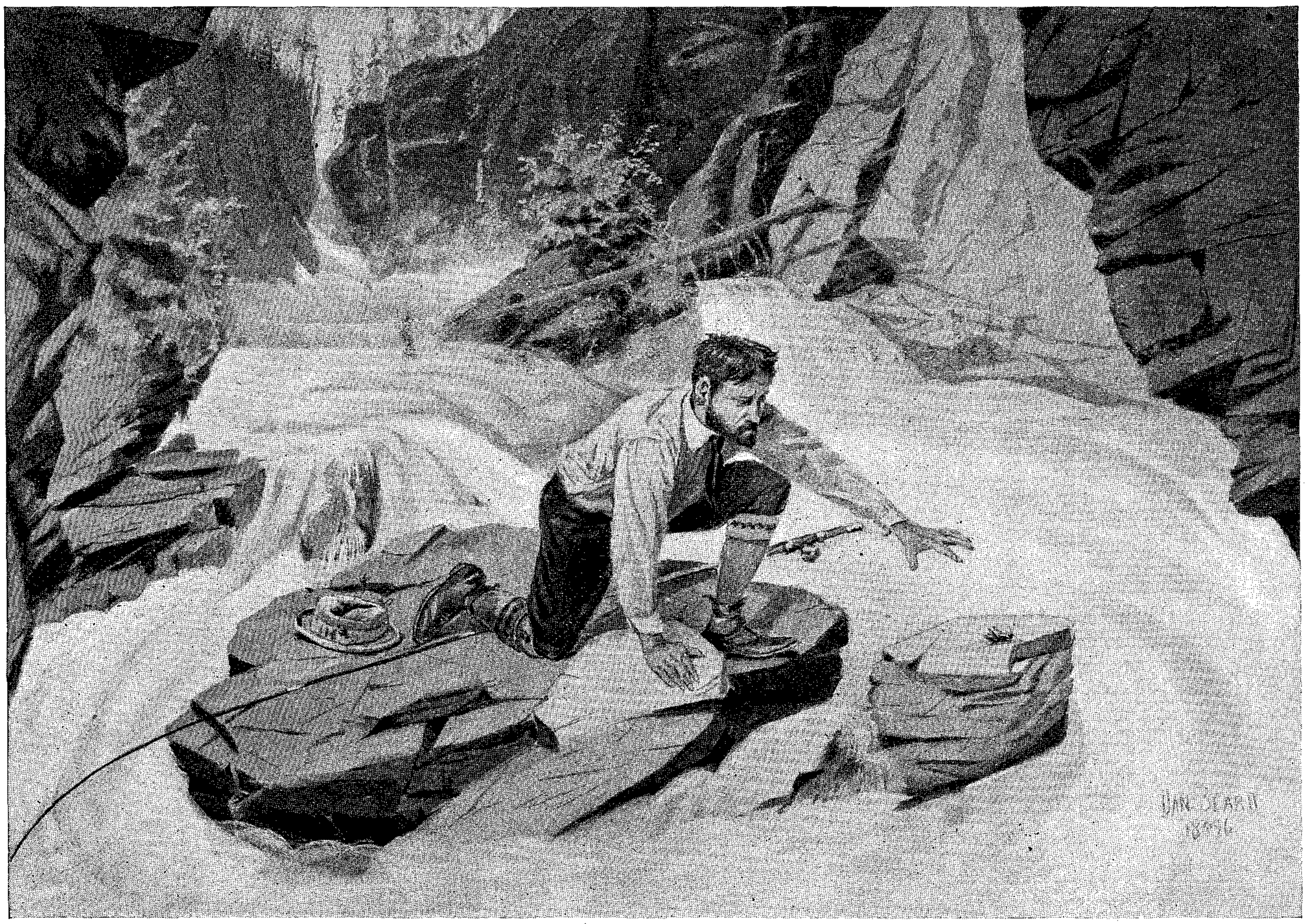
Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst

High work among the Alps is so full of crises and thrilling situations that it is difficult to make a single selection from among them all and christen it the supreme moment. As my mind, however, retraces its Swiss experiences, I find that it is exceedingly apt to gravitate toward the Matterhorn, and to a brief season of inimitable magnificence experienced on its upper slope on the morning of August 12, 1890.

My two guides and I had spent the night at a rude stone hut 5,000 feet above Zermatt and twice that altitude above the sea. We turned in early, and the hours dragged along cold and heavily. There grew up around us a quiet that was almost tangible, save as it was interrupted from time to time by a swift and cruel gust that blew across the cold face of the mountain, or by a crack of the ice, or a rolling stone dislodged by a moving glacier.

At one o'clock we were stirred from our cold nests of hay, and, peering out into the weird and solemn world around us, beheld the sky literally afire with glowing constellations. There is no such place on earth to scan the stars as from the tops and slopes of the high mountains. They glisten like diamonds through the thin, crisp air. The ordinary effect was at this time also vastly heightened by the fact that the sky was scored by the burning track of the August meteors. The enjoyment and memory of such scenes is worth more than all the picture-galleries of Europe. Art cannot touch them. Words of description sound hollow and sacrilegious.

We toiled out through the night and up over the rocks, closely tippeted, and with our steps directed by the light of a flickering candle carried by the forward guide. In the course of a couple of hours the stars began to fade a little. The eastern horizon away out in the direction of Austria was touched with a tinge of dawn. A new quality began



A CRITICAL MOMENT

to steal into the air. Even our bodies participated in the exhilaration of coming day. The valleys were still asleep. We three seemed alone in all the great and wonderful world. Even as I write this I can see again around me the yawning chasms, the paling stars, the wide fields of white, the somber shoulders of the massive Matterhorn, and the great amphitheater of mountains whose higher slopes were beginning to be tipped with purple and crimson. Imagination must supply the touches impossible to words. As the dawn crept slowly on, it seemed as though the world were being inundated by rolling billows of light, that silently chased one another across the landscape, pouring in between the mountains and slipping down their slopes and creating among all the hills little inland seas of brightness and transparency. And then ensued the supreme moment out toward which my heart had been going in almost aching expectancy, when a rim of gold flashed athwart the scintillant slope of Allalinhorn; and as the growing sun kindled into flame the few still clouds that hovered about the day's eastern gate, you would have supposed the Almighty was acting over again the old Creation Day when he said, "Let there be light; and there was light."

A War Experience

By General A. W. Greely

Youth is the age of thrilling emotions, and my thoughts turn at once to an episode of December 13, 1862, when the Army of the Potomac under Burnside crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. A boy of eighteen, scarcely recovered from wounds at Antietam, I had marched with the advance, serving as orderly sergeant, Company B, Nineteenth Massachusetts Infantry, in Howard's division. The construction of pontoon bridges being prevented by Confederate sharpshooters, as a "forlorn hope" the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts crossed the river in pontoons, and I reached the south shore in the fifth boat. About forty men, under Captain Mahoney, rushed into the city as far as was possible, and were told to hold the enemy in check at any cost until the bridge was built. More than a third of our small command were killed or wounded before the order to withdraw to cover was given. It was hard to leave our disabled, before whom a Southern prison surely opened, but as our army had a foothold and our position was clearly untenable, the order was imperative. A brave soldier and stanch friend, George Dew, and myself were the last two to go, tarrying a moment to say good-by to our wounded comrades and fire a last shot, knowing full well that a gauntlet of fire lay between us and safety. Dew started some ten yards ahead, and we followed the main thoroughfare in order to turn down the next cross street to the river. Noting the retreat, the Confederates pushed forward, and, appearing at points that commanded the street, commenced firing rapidly at the squad in front of us. Dew and I now realized the extreme danger our delay had placed us in, and that escape under constant fire was barely possible. Suddenly a Confederate soldier emerged from a yard some fifty feet in front, and, not seeing us, fired and killed a man of our regiment at the very corner of the street ahead. Our rifles were unloaded, the cross street unattainable, and capture at least in prospect. Just then Dew espied a chance for escape down a yard, where the unsheltered path ended at a brick wall that promised safety. As we turned from the street we passed the body of Chaplain Fuller, formerly Sixteenth Massachusetts, who crossed as a volunteer in the same boat with us. Meanwhile our Confederate foeman, with his eye fixed on us, was reloading his gun—fortunately a muzzle-loader. We felt that the race down the path was one against death. Could we pass the wall before the gun was reloaded, and if not, who would fall? With a burst of speed born of desperation, I drew ahead of Dew, and, tossing my rifle over the wall, gave a leap and rolled head-first to the ground beyond. While I was in the air I heard the crack of a gun, the buzzing of a bullet, and a cry from Dew, "I am hit." Gathering myself up, half stunned, and clambering to the top, I helped my seriously wounded comrade over the wall, just in time to avoid another bullet from the gun of our persistent enemy.

General A. W. Greely

A Close Shave at Sea

By Joseph H. Sears

Joseph H. Sears

We were running across the end of the Irish Channel, making our way through the fog and rain into the British Channel. It must have been ten o'clock at night, and the thickness of the fog was something frightful. The Hooper was five hundred feet long, and carried five hundred live oxen, two thousand sheep, and several thousand tons of cargo. Her crew consisted of one hundred and twenty-five men, and there was one passenger—myself. Another fifty seconds had passed, and, standing on the bridge, I was in the act of pulling a whistle-cord to blow the other ten seconds, as I had been doing every minute for two hours, when the chief officer grasped my arm and held it.

Away off to starboard came a thin, squeaky whistle. It sounded like a feeble child not ten feet away. Then it came again, only louder. The captain sprang to the engine-room telegraph, and in a moment the thud of our engines ceased. Every sailor on board stood still, too. So did the oxen and sheep. So did everything; and we blew again. After our blast had finished echoing around in the fog, we heard the toot of our friends off abreast of us, and then a little later far astern. After that we went on sounding, whistling, listening, and giving opinions only when asked, and then in whispers. So for another hour.

Fifty seconds had just passed, and I was for the four thousandth time about to blow, when away off abreast on the port side came another high squeak. The time, the direction, the kind of whistle, were noted, and we kept on. One minute passed, and we whistled. Another, and we blew again. A third, and then— But at the fourth a loud, long blast blew off abreast of us in about the same direction, so near that it seemed we must see something. A moment later high above us three ghostly masts appeared nearly in a line.

Captain Murrell sprang to the telegraph, and almost instantly I could feel the quiver run through the ship telling that the engines were being reversed at full speed. Half a dozen sharp commands, calling all hands except the watch aft to clear away the boats, was all that was said. Then a long hull loomed up out of the fog.

"She'll strike us right amidships," said Mr. Costello, close at my ear.

Then the Captain cried out to her, "Port your helm! You go full speed ahead! We're full speed astern!"

Not a sound in reply.

"No, she'll catch us right abaft the cathead," whispered Mr. Costello.

I grasped the rail of the bridge with both hands, from an inane idea that the shock might throw me down. Then I distinctly remember laughing, Heaven knows why! I did not pass over all the events of my life. I did not think at all. I simply gurgled and watched her crawl upon us.

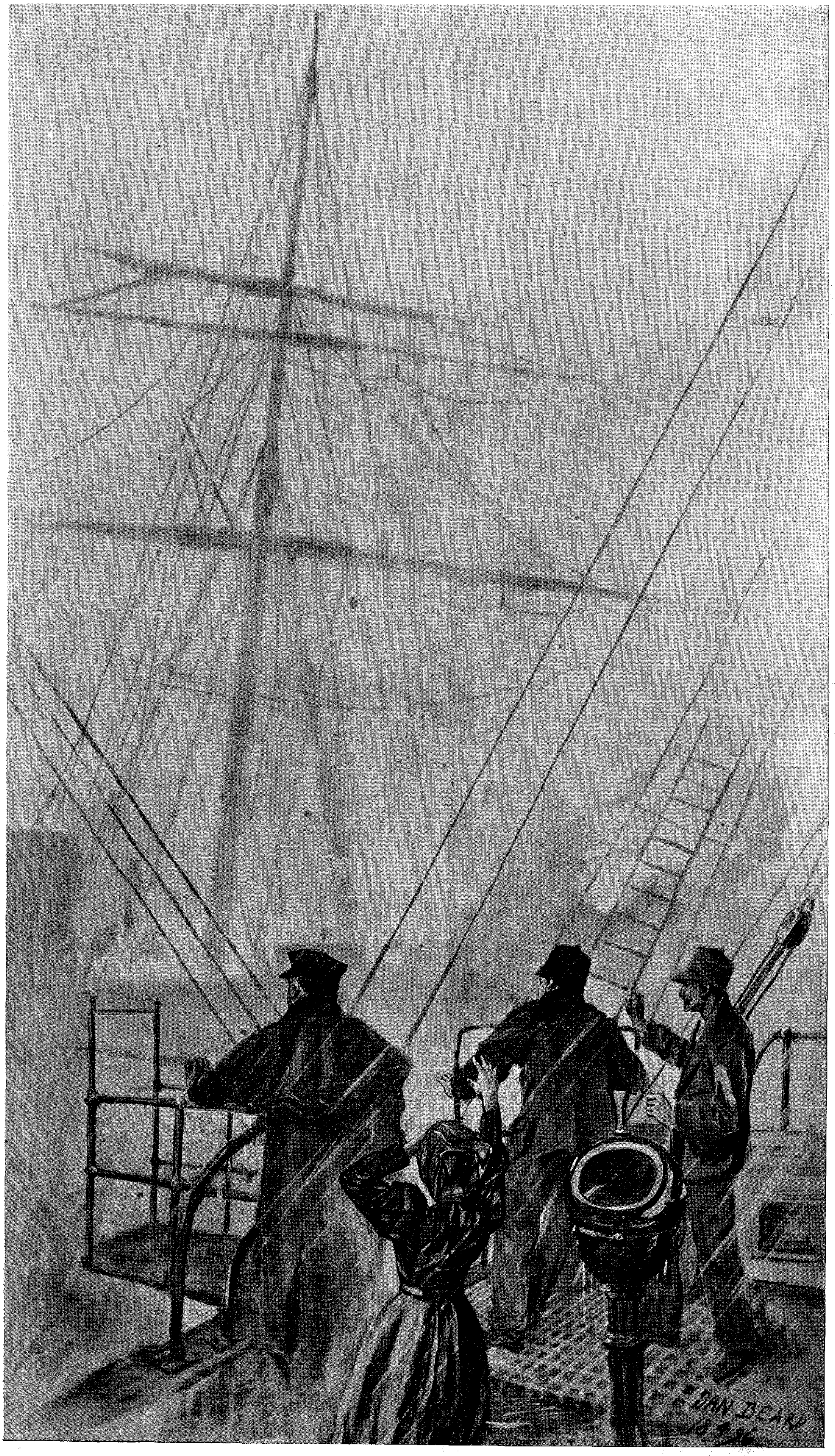
"We'll catch her on the starboard bow," murmured Mr. Costello, as the long craft pulled across our bows. No, right amidships! God help her—"

"All-l-l-l's clear by fiv-v-v-ve feet!" came a voice out of the fog from for'ard.

The chief officer turned to the Captain, who was wiping his forehead. "A close shave, sir!"

"It was the mercy of God, Costello!" said the Captain.

Instantly the crews of both vessels began to shriek curses at each other, and I turned round at a sound to see the Captain's wife on her knees on the bridge in the fog and rain, with her hands stretched high above her head, while


DAN BEARD
1896

"A CLOSE SHAVE, SIR!"

the quartermaster, who had turned away from his wheel, stood facing her with his head bare.

To save my life I could not help that same queer, gurgling laugh again.

Winning a Football Goal

By Walter Camp

Walter Camp

Rain! How it rained! As we looked out of the hotel windows it seemed like one steady, unceasing downpour that would never end. We were all cooped up in a large room, supposed to be resting, preparatory to our football game with Harvard to be played that afternoon at the Boston ball-grounds.

"Let it rain," said L——, one of our big forwards. "What do we care! We've had practice enough in the mud, goodness knows!" evidently reverting in his mind to the November rains when the coaches sent us out daily, much to the disgust of the players, and especially to that of big L——. "It makes the game too much anybody's," growled our full-back. "Takes all the science out of it—one muff of a slippery ball and they're over your line for a touch-down."

But the rain kept on, and at two o'clock we were driving out to the grounds, and in a half-hour were lined up for the kick-off on a gridiron that looked like a lake surrounded by a thousand umbrellas. How we splashed and plowed through that mud and water for forty-five minutes, and then went into the dressing-room without either side having scored! As I looked the men over I could scarcely recognize them through the layers of mud. A few moments of exhortation from the coaches on the disgrace of not winning, and declaring that a tie was a defeat, and we all trooped out for the second three-quarters.

Our team had been generally accounted the stronger of the two, and we had certainly not expected to encounter any such desperate resistance. The more we called upon our men the more the Harvard team seemed to respond. The second half was more than two-thirds over, and we were as far from victory as ever. We had the echoes of the coaches' words regarding the disgrace of a tie still ringing in our ears. Watson and I were the half-backs, and we had been "sent" until we were ready to drop. Each had gone past the point where a bruise or even fatigue could be felt, but we were also far beyond anything like dash in our play.

During a moment's pause for one of the players to recover from a hard knock the referee came over and called out to the captains, "Five minutes to play!" Think of it! only five minutes, and the game we had so confidently counted upon winning would be ended in a tie! We were at their thirty-yard line, but we had been there several times before and had failed to get the ball over. I looked at Watson, and I saw that the run was all out of him, as I knew it was out of me. Then I determined to try a last resort, and I called Watson and our quarter together. There was a little mound a few feet to the right and four or five yards behind where the ball was resting, that stood up comparatively dry in the lake of mud. "Give us each a try at running, and we'll carry it as far as we can," said I. "Then, if we don't make it, I'll try a drop off that little spot," continued I to myself. We gained three yards in the two tries, and I gave the signal for the ball to come back to me for a drop. I was all but hopeless, and yet as I fell back behind the little mound the goal looked big. In another instant the ball was snapped, and our quarter turned and sent it heavily back at me. I remember to this day how like lead it felt as it came into my outstretched hands, and I had just time to think that I must let it get up off the ground on the top, or I should send it low, as it was so wet and heavy. I remember wondering, too, in the same second, if my forwards would hold long enough to give me the time; and before that thought had had time to really form I had let the ball go and my leg was swinging to the kick. I felt my toe fairly sink into the wet ball, but it rose nicely, clearing the heads and hands of the opposing rushers. Then, as it traveled on, it seemed to be going straight for the middle of the goal, but it would never get there! There was too much sag to the heavy ball! And just as I was giving up hope it reached the bar and cleared it by so narrow a margin that I couldn't see the daylight between! But it was enough: it was a goal, and the game was won. So jubilant were we, and so much did the change of spirits affect both us and our opponents, that we actually got the ball to their line again in the remaining few minutes; but, although the touch-down was allowed, we had no time to kick the goal, as in those days time was called at the exact minute, and no allowance made for kicking goals. I believe that was the most thrilling moment I have ever experienced in a game—that moment when I watched the ball just slip over the bar.

An Adventure in New Mexico

By Charles F. Lummis

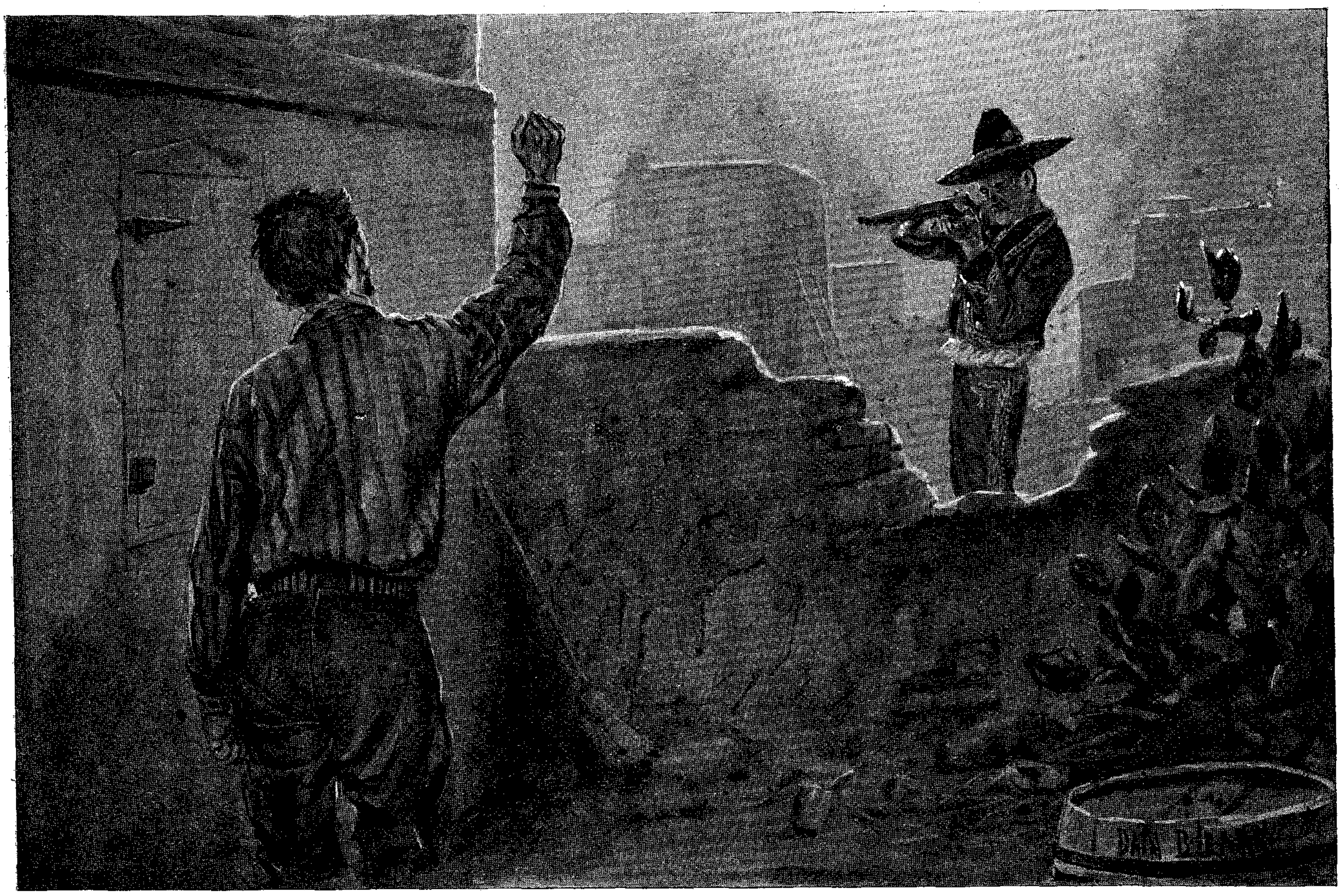
Charles F. Lummis

"My most thrilling moment?" That is a difficult distinction to be made. So much depends upon the sort of thrill which is to be taken as the unit of measure. A sudden scuffle with our Gray Friend is not necessarily thrilling—then. Often there is no time for your mind to talk with you at all—if I may so put it. There needs all its suppleness and executive ability to be setting the muscles about their business; and only after the crisis is past can you sit down with your soul and find out what it all meant. Even in the slow, tense chess-game with danger, one often falls into the humor of it quite as a matter of course—pondering little except the next move, until the subsequent reaction.

Foolhardiness is the last thing I would sanction; but these curious studies in the soul's temper and sinew seem to me the most extraordinary pleasures within reach of the physical man, and therefore worthy of prudent pursuit. It has nowise dulled my respect for Death that I have come to count him, not an enemy, but a rival; not a mystery, but merely the difference between the turn of my wrist as I bid it turn and as it may turn if I have, after all, been somewhere at fault in its "bringing up." To me he is no more a fiend, but the pale last landlord—whose face and humor I would know better before we draw the irrevocable lease.

Perhaps the most insight of him has been through the meetings that were by appointment. Perhaps not. It is hard to judge. But generally it is easier to say what most thrilled me than what was most thrilling. Certainly no crisis ever so electrified my own consciousness (at the time) as some things dangerless have done. The thrill of death is not half so great as the thrill of life. Doubtless the most exciting moments I have known were those in which I witnessed my partial resurrection from the dead—the sudden return of speech after long dumbness, and the stupendous sight of a moving hand—the hand which in forty-three months had never known the quaver of a muscle nor the twinge of a nerve. But these were episodes interesting chiefly to myself.

Hunting takes more brains than any other outdoor sport, and pays larger dividends of thrill. Manfully and decently followed, it is also one of the most beneficial. It is good for self-control in patience (for it has a tedious side), and for self-control in the crisis. Not always; but I have found the last reckoning with a bull moose or a bull elk or a cinnamon bear or a cornered mountain lion



"TWO LOADS OF BUCKSHOT AT TWENTY YARDS"

about as exigent of the man in one as the thrill-seeker could reasonably ask.

Nevertheless, we go at it wrong-end-to. We hunt, not for discipline, but for excitement; and for genuine excitement hunting isn't a circumstance to being hunted. Aside from chance turning of the tables by wild game, I have known by more than a year something of what the game feels.

There was an honest District Attorney in the Second Judicial District of New Mexico, and he said one day:

"Very likely you know better than I how many murders there have been in Valencia County? Over a hundred, they tell me, and never a murderer legally punished. Now, there is the Barrett case, the most infamous and cowardly crime I ever heard of. Everybody seems to know who committed it—but what can I do? No one will stand by me. Everybody knows, and nobody will testify."

That pricked me, for I knew he knew what an Albuquerque life-insurance agent would say to his application for a policy if he were to introduce such innovations to his office; and I said:

"My dear fellow, if you really wish to follow Barrett, it shall never be said that you could find no one to help you. Go and premeditate a 'white' jury. I'll round up all the evidence you want."

Which was done. Enough to have hanged two assassins—somewhere else. Of course it did no good, except perhaps to teach Jackson the value of resignation. By a queer sarcasm of fate, I have the letter in which the murderer's father announces to his *hijo idolatrado* that "there is no more care. I have this jury composed."

All this supplemented Barrett. Gentle old Dumas Provencher was the penultimate of the murdered; and several of us learned what it felt like to have a secret price on our heads. We can understand the other side of still-hunting.

Several ambushes were set for me on lonely trails that year. Some I foresaw, and in some they were sorry marksmen, or had the "buck-fever." At best, a rifle is unfit for assassination.

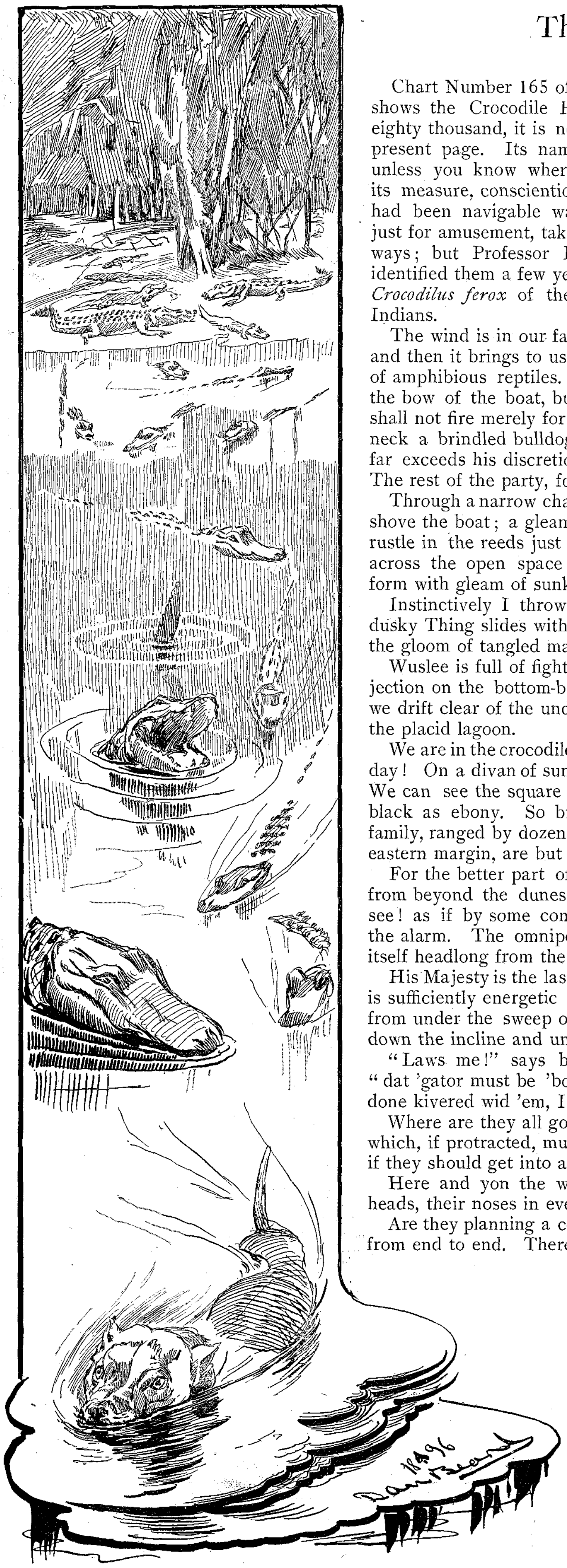
At midnight of St. Valentine's Day, seven years ago, I stepped outside my bachelor adobe in the pueblo of Isleta to breathe the frosty moonlight a moment before bed. Just as my one live arm stretched overhead to supplement a yawn, the most beautifully perfect silhouette I have ever seen upreared from behind a wall sixty feet away, and hunched a shoulder along something that shimmered. Even as I saw two pink spurts, and heard a double roar, and felt a swarm of bumblebees, I was down in a wallow of blood. It was two loads of buckshot at twenty yards. I do not believe in miracles, but I never knew God to permit a scoundrel as steady nerves as a man's.

Now here is one of the curious things about thrills—consistent all through my own experience at least. That first moment was not particularly exciting. Before that sudden figure was half-way erect I knew its meaning as well as I do now. One thinks swiftly enough; but the sole fact that I could do nothing acted as a sedative. What use to butt one's head against the wall? It had come. So, even as the shotgun jumped to a level, a dry laugh was trying to quench my yawn—not in time, luckily, or I should have lost a jaw. It was too good a joke on me. More than a year of alertness—and now the gentleman had picked my one unready minute. It was good enough for me! This, you understand, was when I knew I was to be killed before I could lift a finger.

But upon the ground the surprise of feeling stung me. I could not be dead, or I should not know that the blood in my throat choked me and that other warm stickiness spread in my shirt. I rolled to an elbow and looked—and marveled that things are so slow beside the mind. The silhouette was just turning to run.

Then there *was* a thrill, of the wildest and deepest. But it may not be one to confess in cold blood—and bottled blood. So enough is said with saying that if I ran after my murderer till my eyes began to glaze, he ran with better legs, and was never caught; that friends stanched my leaks with ice-water; and that she who has seen me through other straits as narrow—and finally concluded that one so reluctant to be killed was worth marrying—nursed me back to life. Mr. Jackson came down post-haste to see me, and incidentally dug a dozen buckshot out of my door as keepsakes. We could not see that the hint diminished his zeal; but he had already been found too dangerous, and his office was officially gagged and handcuffed. So he presently removed to Oklahoma, where I sincerely hope he has been able to hang some one.

Los Angeles, Cal.



IN THE CROCODILE'S LAIR

The Crocodile at Home

By Charles Ledyard Norton

Chart Number 165 of the Coast Survey is the only map that I know which shows the Crocodile Pond. Drawn on the Government scale of one to eighty thousand, it is not more than half as large as a lower-case *o* on this present page. Its name is not printed on the chart, and you cannot find it unless you know where to look. But Uncle Sam's careful surveyors took its measure, conscientiously, years ago, and plotted it as accurately as if it had been navigable water. Probably they shot a few of the big saurians just for amusement, taking them for the common alligators of Florida waterways; but Professor Hornaday, now director-elect of the Zoölogical Park, identified them a few years later as a distinct species, quite a superior race—*Crocodilus ferox* of the scientists; the "mad alligator" of the Everglade Indians.

The wind is in our faces as we near the outlet of this secluded pond. Now and then it brings to us a faintly sickening odor of musk, the favorite perfume of amphibious reptiles. I am seated forward with a rifle across my knees in the bow of the boat, but this is merely a friendly call, and it is agreed that I shall not fire merely for fun. The Chief sits just behind me, holding by the neck a brindled bulldog whose bite is worse than his bark, and whose valor far exceeds his discretion. "Wuslee" is his name—Seminole for "big dog." The rest of the party, four in all, are astern.

Through a narrow channel among the distorted mangrove roots we stealthily shove the boat; a gleam of open water appears, and at the instant there is a rustle in the reeds just ahead and to one side; a swift, powerful rush, and across the open space directly in my line of vision there dashes a lithe gray form with gleam of sunken eye and savage flash of white teeth.

Instinctively I throw up the rifle, but remember the truce in time, and the dusky Thing slides with a swish of muddy water into the gloom of tangled mangroves.

Colonel C. L. Norton

Wuslee is full of fight, but he is choked into subjection on the bottom-boards, and with a final push we drift clear of the undergrowth and float out upon the placid lagoon.

We are in the crocodile's lair, and it is his reception-day! On a divan of sunny sand his Majesty reposes. We can see the square scales upon his broad back, black as ebony. So big is he that his numerous family, ranged by dozens and scores along the sandy eastern margin, are but pygmies beside him.

For the better part of a minute we drift unheeded. The thunder of surf from beyond the dunes is the only sound that disturbs the solitude. But see! as if by some common telepathic instinct, the hideous legion catches the alarm. The omnipotent fear of man has fallen upon it, and it launches itself headlong from the shore, as if by order of a commandant.

His Majesty is the last to awaken; royalty sleeps sound; but his awakening is sufficiently energetic to make up for the delay. The sand flies in sheets from under the sweep of his mighty tail as he straightens himself and drives down the incline and under the protecting shield of his watery fastness.

"Laws me!" says black Billy, turning ash-color, and shipping his oars, "dat 'gator must be 'bout fifty foot long! De whole bottom o' dis yer pond done kivered wid 'em, I reckon."

Where are they all going? They take to the water on converging lines which, if protracted, must bring them together under our very keel. What if they should get into a family quarrel there?

Here and yon the water boils suggestively. Here and yon are grizzly heads, their noses in every case pointed in our direction.

Are they planning a combined attack? What is that? The frail boat quivers from end to end. There is a rubbing and bumping underneath, but the water is thick with mud. I can make out nothing to shoot at, so reserve my fire.

This is nervous business. The crocodiles are in no hospitable mood. They are *ferox*, and resent our intrusion. We stamp and pound on the boat to frighten them.

"Don't shout!" says the Chief; "that draws them."

Billy is tugging heavily at his oars, and the clumsy boat surges forward at her best speed.

And now Wuslee makes the mistake of his life. Elevating his muzzle, he emits a defiant roar that rings across the water. Like the whistle of Roderick Dhu, it acts as a summons.

The lagoon is instantly alive with grim heads sweeping in curves toward a common center.

That center is Wuslee, for the Chief has slung him overboard with might and main, and he strikes the water ten feet away. We do not look to see what becomes of him. We have still twenty yards to go—ten yards, five! Hurrah! and I leap ashore with the painter, and, digging my heels into the sand, hold the boat fast while the others scramble out and tumble over me without waiting for any order of social precedence.

And Wuslee?—poor Wuslee!

Oh, he swam ashore, too, in a leisurely way, shook himself, sniffed suspiciously at the freshly disturbed sand, and then, turning about, freely offered in a loud voice to fight any crocodile that dared come ashore. The rest of us were guiltily glad that he did not suspect why he was thrown overboard.

And *Crocodilus ferox?* Well, for some inscrutable reason he had been seized with a panic and was no longer in evidence.

Between Sharks and Breakers

By Poultney Bigelow

Poultney Bigelow

We were camped in a snug little bay on the north side of St. Thomas, which, as every one knows, is a rocky little island of the West Indies belonging to Denmark. The sea was blue as blue could be; the savage mountains rose straight up behind us as though jammed up out of the bottom of the sea. I was sound asleep in my sailing canoe Caribee when Uncle Ned rapped upon her sides and called out:

"'Spec' we'd better get started, sah; de wedder looks squally!"

Now Uncle Ned was a negro well known in St. Thomas for his courage and skill in small boats; and when he heard that I intended a canoe cruise around the island, he begged me to take him along. So I gave him two dollars, with which he bought provisions for a whole week, and within an hour from the time we met our boats were under weigh. My canoe was fifteen feet long, thirty inches wide, twelve inches from deck to bottom-board; had folding centerboard and drop rudder, two masts, and leg-o'-mutton sails. I slept aboard, and carried abundant stores and clothing for a whole season's cruising.

Uncle Ned had a fishing-boat of his own, and took a friend along for the sake of company.

"If I drown," I sang out to him, "I'll wait for you to come fish me out!"

"Better not drown," he sang back; "de sharks am too hungry dese yere days!"

The first part of the voyage went well enough. Caribee sailed over the big Atlantic rollers as gracefully as an antelope bounds in and out of the high prairie grass, and Uncle Ned was soon left far behind, for though he did well enough in beating, he could not come near my canoe when the wind was aft.

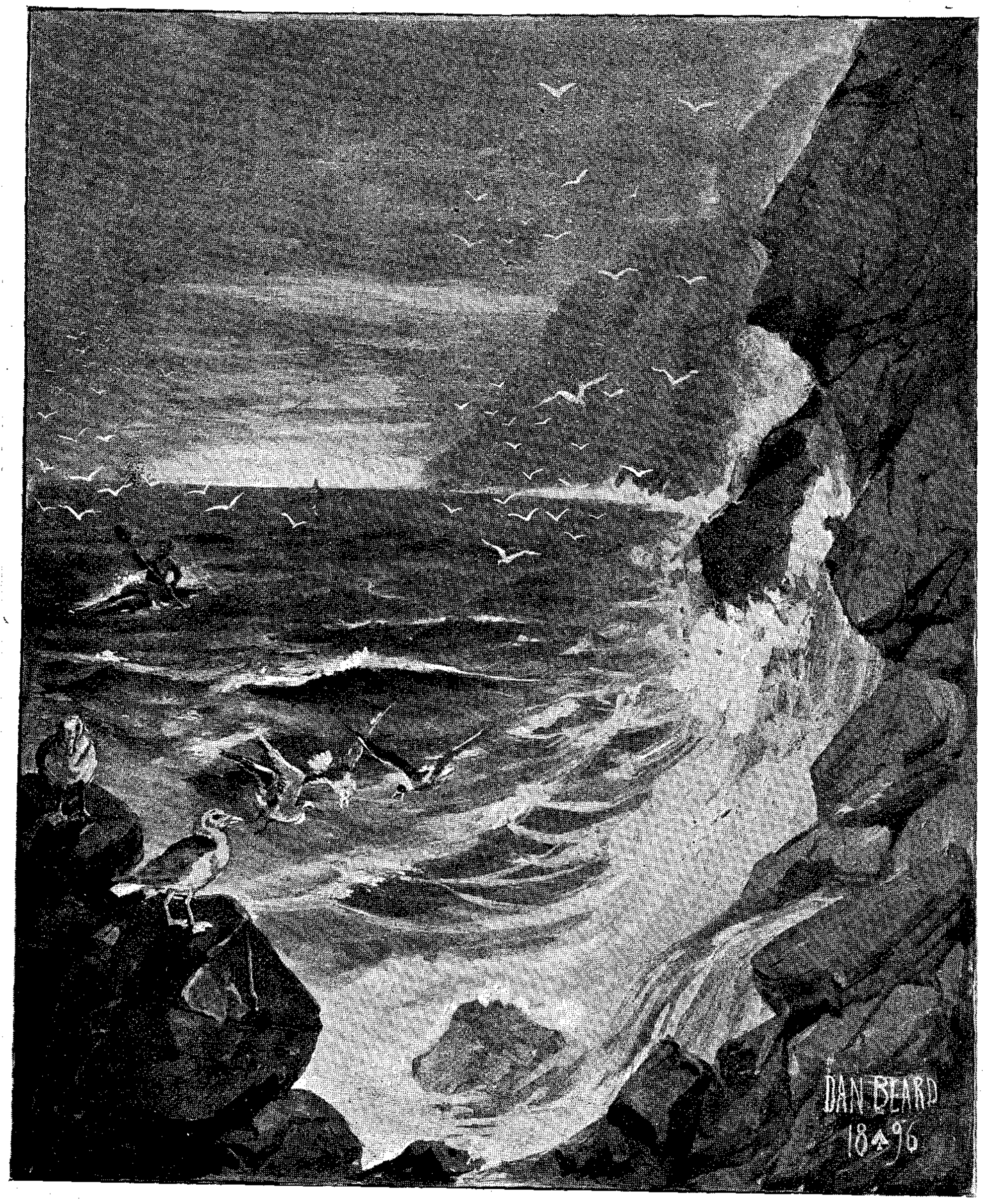
But the last day was squally, as I soon discovered; and the squalls dead aft. It was lively work jumping from one side to the other as the little boom flew from side to side in the heavy seas. The bursts of wind came screeching down through the gullies of the mountain, and gave scant notice of their approach. I held on to my mainsheet until I thought the little sail would crack into shreds; and the tight little boat yawed about in the broken water as though trying to shake me out of her. Canoes have souls and think a great deal, but they cannot always make themselves understood. Caribee on this occasion meant to say:

"Do shorten sail, or I shall have to upset!"

But I could not do as she wished. I was experimenting with a new kind of boom attachment very strongly recommended to me by a canoe friend whom I will not here mention. It worked beautifully in a smooth sea and gentle breeze. Off St. Thomas, in a gale of wind, it was worse than useless—I cursed the day when I was beguiled into this novelty.

Suddenly bang came a puff which I dodged, but bang came a second which I missed, and before I could see how it happened Caribee was bottom side up, I was swimming with my double paddle in one hand, and the Atlantic Ocean seemed alive with every variety of article known to canoeists. Never before did I realize how many small things one canoe could conceal—hats, shoes, stockings, bread, bottles, shirts, spool of cotton, many pieces of clothing, bits of paper and several books and maps, and many more things that I cannot remember.

All my life spread itself before me like the figures in one of Edison's kinetoscopes; each year galloped past in the fraction of a second; and through it all I saw an imaginary shark with jaws like a cellar door ready to eat me up. Uncle Ned's parting words seemed to have been wise ones, and I could see no escape from either the sharks or the equally savage surf which smashed itself upon the rocks close to me. The sails of Uncle Ned's boat were far down on the horizon; he could not possibly know of my plight, and the sea



BETWEEN SHARKS AND BREAKERS

was flouncing up and down so furiously that I could not manage to get into my canoe. For I had not merely to contend with the swell rolling in from the Atlantic: Caribee had drifted so close to the rocks that there was a reflection of broken waves much akin to the water at Hell Gate when wind and tide meet.

So I sprang upon the bottom of Caribee and made up my mind to make what I could of the one chance left me—namely, to keep away the sharks until Uncle Ned should reach me, and that seemed to be a matter of many, many hours.

I trailed my long double paddle out between my legs, and kept wriggling it in the hope of frightening the monsters away. Every now and then I fancied I saw a spiteful black eye leering up through the angry waters—or something that looked like the horrid teeth of this heartless beast. But each time that I thrashed the waters furiously, these hideous sights disappeared, and I commenced to feel as though, after all, sharks were great cowards.

I had caught a big shark once in the Indian Ocean, when it required twelve able-bodied seamen to haul him aboard, and from that day on I had preserved a profound respect for this devilish fish.

But as fast as I recovered from my shark-feelings I lost heart at the way the wind and waves were forcing me closer to the black rocks, whose sides went hundreds of feet straight up out of the sea, and offered no chance of escape to the mariner who might be hurled ashore.

It was growing dark, and I commenced to wonder what would happen when I should lose the power to thrash about on my upturned Caribee, when suddenly out of the gloom rose up the sails of Uncle Ned, and a voice full of fear—"'Fore de Lawd—wha is you?" I shouted, and by my voice he bore down straight upon me, and caught my painter as he swept onward. He dared not jibe or come about, but kept straight on, dragging me and Caribee so violently that I feared another calamity.

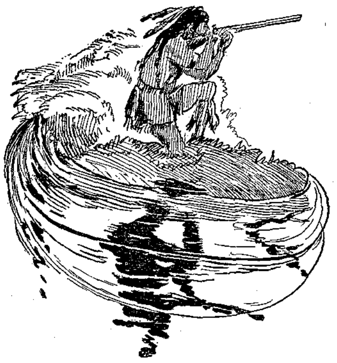
Uncle Ned pulled me in over the side; Caribee was quickly righted; then I stowed her sails, baled her out, and when we arrived at the extreme western point of St. Thomas, which was close to us, I jumped once more into my precious canoe and paddled away for the harbor lights, none the worse for my bath amongst sharks and breakers.

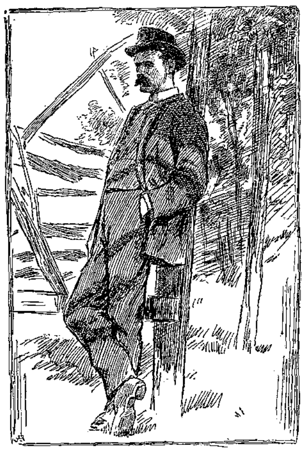
Next day I was off on board the Brazil Mail, and left Uncle Ned with a reputation for gallantry at sea unequaled in the annals of West Indian chivalry.

In the Utes' Country

By Ernest Ingersoll

Thrilling moments are as various as human nerves and emotions. I heard a philosopher discourse for two hours once to demonstrate that all life was nothing but divers quivers. The phrase commonly applies to physical peril, but then the sensation is more likely to attack the spectator than the principal of the scene. Sometimes you may be both observed and observer, as once when I sat in a railroad train on a high bridge in the midst of a sudden hurricane. The bridge trembled, the cars tottered under the push of the gale, and few thought any of us would ever get ashore. I was one day riding on the pilot of a locomotive going fifty miles an hour when we rounded a curve, to find a car on the track a few rods in front of us; the future looked unpleasant to the man under the headlight! Pleasure and pain play on the same keyboard of nerves. One can experience much the same sensations as overtook me on that pilot from the sight of the mellow mingling and shifting of sunset lights flushing and paling upon a mountain peak when they usher in the night with a chorus of color. One day, twenty or more years ago, when the Colorado Rockies were still "Indian country," a party of us in Government work started to explore their southern fastnesses. In Middle Park we were halted by the Utes, who were assembled in considerable numbers. They were determined that we should not proceed, and "had a good mind" to annihilate us on the spot. We were equally resolved to overcome their objections and go ahead. The greatest circumspection was needed lest some spark should ignite the powder of war scattered thickly about us. I, for one, ran at top speed away from a malignant old squaw who chased me with a knife while the red mob applauded. On the second afternoon the crucial pow-wow was in progress in old Peah's teepee. The muffled dum-dum-dum of war-drums resounded here and there from other lodges, where eager young braves were making public opinion. One of the geologists and myself, to while away the time, began to measure the flow of Grand River, by sounding its depth and estimating its velocity. Marvin had gone up-stream a short distance and started a piece of wood which I was to time as it passed a certain point. I had squatted down, the better to observe this small float, when something caused me to glance up. Squarely opposite me, fifty yards away, knelt a powerful Indian, in paint and feathers, glancing along the barrel of a rifle pointed straight into my eyes. "Had the negotiations failed?" was my first thought, followed by I know not what others. But I kept them to myself, and, rising slowly to my feet, drew my revolver from my belt, and steadily brought it down to an aim as good as his. A moment later the redskin lowered his rifle and stalked away. We had to throw in a new chip; and it was some time before the ants ceased to travel up and down our spines, as the Poles say.


"Something caused me to stand up"


Ernest Ingersoll

Between the Pony and the Buffalo

By Thomas W. Knox[1]

Thomas W. Knox

My most thrilling moment was a good while ago, in the year 1860, when I was crossing the great plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, before the days of the railway. The wagon train was then the favorite mode of travel, and I was one of a party that had adopted that style of locomotion. Near Fort Kearney several of us embraced the opportunity to buy Indian ponies, being stimulated to do so by the report that buffalo were abundant a hundred miles or so further on. The ponies were said to have been trained in buffalo-hunting, and this circumstance gave them an additional value in our eyes. My finances did not justify my owning an entire horse, and I had to content myself with a half-interest in a pony, a friend of mine owning the other half.

As we neared the buffalo country the excitement grew, and when at last we actually saw a herd in the broad valley of the Platte River all our party were in a condition of feverish heat. It was late in the afternoon when we sighted the buffalo four or five miles away, and we went into camp shortly afterwards. Some of us wanted to go in pursuit of the animals at that hour, and would have done so had not the train-master issued orders to the contrary. We consoled ourselves by laying plans and making preparations for the morrow, so as to get an early start. My friend who shared the ownership of the pony with me proposed that we "toss" for the first buffalo hunt; I assented, and won the toss, to his evident chagrin and my great delight.

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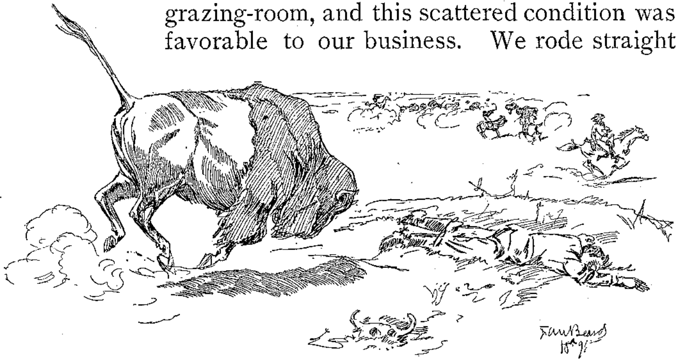
[1] This sketch was written for The Outlook by Mr. Knox a short time before his death, which took place on January 6 last.

Well, the hunting-party got off soon after breakfast, and went in the direction of the herd, which, disturbed by our proximity, had moved three or four miles further up the valley. We took an easy pace, so as to have our horses fresh, and when within a mile of the game we halted to take breath, tighten girths, get our weapons ready, and, in fact, make all preparations to "go in." I was armed with a navy revolver—an excellent weapon for buffalo-hunting—and had in addition a cavalry revolver for use when the navy one was exhausted. Fixed ammunition was not much in vogue on the plains at that time, and nearly all firearms were loaded with loose powder and ball—an operation not at all easy to perform while on the back of a horse in pursuit of a herd of buffalo.

When all was ready, we mounted again and were off. The herd, which was composed of thousands of animals, was a good deal scattered to give its members grazing-room, and this scattered condition was favorable to our business. We rode straight among the buffalo, and each man singled out the object of his attack. I selected a young bull, turned my pony in his direction, and then dropped the reins on his neck, as I had been told to do by an experienced hunter.


"I came to the ground"

The pony took me alongside the buffalo, and not more than two yards away. I raised my revolver and fired, as nearly as I could guess, at the creature's heart.

The pony jumped sideways to avoid the charge which the buffalo generally makes when he has been hit by a bullet. I ought to have been clinging firmly to his sides with my knees, but I wasn't. I lost my seat, and as the pony made his sideway jump I fell from the saddle and came to the ground between my steed and the young buffalo bull!

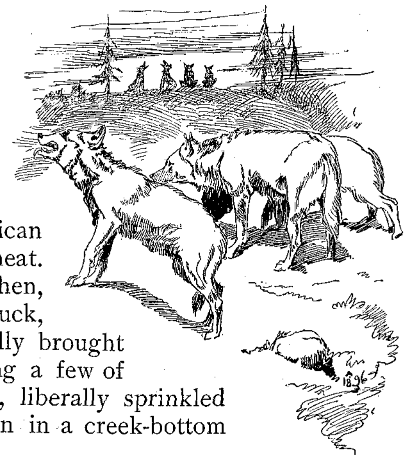
That was a thrilling moment, and in less than a second I lived my entire life over again. Everything I had ever done seemed to pass in review, especially those events on which I did not look with pride. I expected to be pierced by the horns and trampled by the hoofs of that infuriated beast, and could already feel his hot breath in my face. I closed my eyes to receive the shock and literally prepare for death.

The shock did not come, and I opened my eyes again. Looking around, I saw that the buffalo had regarded the pony as his assailant, and not the rider. He was pursuing the riderless animal, which was running in the direction of the herd, probably with the intention of gaining the other horses. I stood up and fired my revolver in the air, but nobody gave it the least attention till the hunt was over. Then somebody caught my horse and picked me up on the return to camp.

An Arizona Thrill

By Kirk Munroe

It was midwinter in the park-like pine forests of northeastern Arizona, and the nights were bitterly cold. Blankets were scarce and thin, but the prowling wolves that disturbed our shivering slumbers with their howlings were provided with thick fur robes that would keep us very warm if we only had them. We were a small party making a preliminary survey for the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, and our mission was so urgent that we found little time for hunting. Earnestly did my "bunky" Sam Wells and I discuss plans for securing one or more wolf robes; and finally, on discovering a small quantity of strychnine among our medical stores, we decided to adopt the one suggested by Serédro, our Mexican guide, and try poisoned meat. Our opportunity came when, by a bit of phenomenal luck, an elk was unexpectedly brought to bag, and that evening a few of the larger bits of offal, liberally sprinkled with poison, were strewn in a creek-bottom half a mile from camp.


The howling wolves had on thick coats of fur

In the early morning Wells and I, impatient to learn the result of our experiment, started off ahead of the slower-moving Serédro, who was pottering with numbed fingers over his gun. To our intense disappointment there were no dead wolves in the creek-bottom, though every bit of our poisoned meat had disappeared, and we decided to make a long circuit in opposite directions in hopes of finding either our game or our bait. As I completed my portion of this circuit and again approached the creek, much lower down, I discovered a thin column of smoke directly ahead. A minute later I was peering from a willow thicket at a score of Indians gathered near a small fire over which a couple of squaws were cooking some meat, and I knew at once who they were.

The powerful tribe of Navajos had recently been subdued, driven from their country (which was the one we were then traversing), crowded on a wretchedly small and inadequate reservation in eastern New Mexico, and there, according to the usual brutal policy of our Government, left to starve as speedily as might be. Rendered desperate by their condition, several small bands had broken away and returned to their former haunts. We had been warned at Wingate to avoid these bands, as any collision with them in their present reckless mood would certainly precipitate another Indian war.

Kirk Munroe

Remembering this, I was about to withdraw from so dangerous a vicinity as quietly as possible, when, to my dismay, I recognized in a little pile of meat near the fire several pieces on which I had rubbed strychnine only the evening before. At that moment one of the hungry squaws seized a bit of the half-cooked meat and raised it to her mouth. With a loud cry I rushed foward, snatched the deadly morsel from her, and flung it far to one side, where it was instantly seized and gulped down by a famished dog.

At my appearance the Indian men sprang to their feet and advanced toward me with angry faces, drawn knives, and leveled lances. They had no guns, for all firearms had been taken from them on the reservation, but they were sufficiently well armed for the purpose in hand. That moment was certainly one of the most thrilling of my life, and would doubtless have proved my last on earth had I attempted either to fight or run. Fortunately, I was spared the alternative; for, ere a decision was forced, there came a ringing shout, and in another instant Sam Wells, closely followed by Serédro, appeared on the scene. A few words explained the situation to them, and a few more from Serédro in the Navajo tongue explained it to the angry Indians. At the same time the Mexican's remarks were forcibly illustrated by the death-struggles of the unfortunate dog which had swallowed the poisoned meat; and an hour later a treaty of peace was concluded over a hearty breakfast furnished to the starving savages at our camp. Here they were found to possess a number of wolf-skins which they would gladly exchange for provisions, and one of these, which I still retain, serves as a reminder to this day of my first and last attempt at poisoning wolves.

Photography on the Heights

Switzerland—Greenland—The Far Northwest

Photographing in the High Alps

By Marie Gozzaldi

Delightful work, isn't it? Yes, and often disappointing too, and that is the reason that I turn to-day from camera and printing-frame to pen and ink. What is the use of piles of spoiled plates and three years' experience if one does not make some "footprints in the sands of time," that a brother seeing may avoid? As I look out on the mountain peaks that surround my chalet, I hear in imagination the click of innumerable kodaks, and see the black cloth of more ambitious cameras, and my heart grows sick as I think of the bitter disappointments lying in wait for the novice when all these plates and films are developed; and the worst of it is, the lovely views are gone never to come again.

The first great mistake that all make up here is over-exposure. It is incredible till one has proved it, the difference in the clearness of the light on the mountains as compared with the valleys. At three thousand feet a very slight exposure is sufficient; it is impossible to say how much, as it depends on the lens. But with my lens I find that one-half the usual time is enough.

Let us suppose that the mischief has been done, the plate has been over-exposed. Don't despair! There is still hope of saving it. You must develop with hydrokinone. I know professionals laugh at this developer, just as Turner used to at oil-painting—call it a plaything "fit for ladies." Still I must say I have had wonderful results from it. If you are doubtful of having the right exposure, make your bath weak: if the picture comes too fast, pour in a few drops of bromide of potassium, ten per cent.; if it does not come, pour off this bath and try a stronger solution of hydrokinone.

Beware of distant mountains; they are sure to come out low and disappointing. Don't try them unless you have a wide-angle lens, and then use a disk of yellow glass that can be screwed on. Put in your smallest stop (diaphragm) and use your most rapid plates. With the yellow glass you must expose longer than without, and the sky is never quite so bright, but it subdues the foreground and brings out the distance.

If a distant mountain must be taken, I find it helps to have a tall tree in the foreground or middle distance that comes against the peak; this serves as a kind of measuring-stick, and keeps the mountain its proper height. A glimpse between trees is often more satisfactory, besides being more picturesque, than a panoramic view.

MOUNTAINS OF CANTON BERNE, FROM THE RHONE VALLEY

After the plate is finished come the difficulties of printing, and here patience is necessary. Perhaps when the print comes from the frame it looks well, but the snow mountains fade out in the fixing-bath. Here I find a brush dipped in vermilion, ground with a little gum arabic, useful. With it just touch the tips of the snow mountains on the gelatine side, using it very dry, and keeping the outlines sharp and square, or before you know it your mountains will turn into clouds. The foreground may be masked by covering with paper or varnish on the glass side. Such negatives must never be printed in the sun.

My first photographic summer was spent at Faido, a little town on the St. Gothard, made familiar to many readers by Butler's charming book "High Alps and Sanctuaries." There I confined myself to *genre* pictures, religious processions, groups, etc. Here I first made the acquaintance of iconogen as a developer. Besides our party, there were two other amateur photographers there; one, a delicate little Milanese chemist, since gone to a better country. His chief fad was a fear of light. He always developed in the dark-room with the pan covered. Once he actually shut himself into a wardrobe to develop; at other times he got under the bedclothes; and on his wedding journey he borrowed his wife's white chuddah to cover the pan with; the result can be better imagined than described!

THE LITTLE CHAPEL IN THE WOODS, ABOVE SION, VALAIS

Built 1797

(This photograph "took itself," the cap having fallen off)

The other photographer was a Roman, a large, heavy-featured man with a tremendous voice, who had his camera for an inseparable companion. He it was who introduced me to iconogen. He had no patience in developing, and when in town always took his plates to a photographer, thus losing what to my thinking is the greatest pleasure of all, the gradual appearing of the picture. As there was no professional near, he soon pressed me into service to mix his chemicals and develop for him. I laugh when I think of that time; it was the blind leading the blind; and if any photographs came out it was a wonder. We used to mix a gallon of iconogen at once, and when the picture would not come he would get angry and bellow "*Io lo butta!*" which was his way of saying, "I shall throw it out the window!" When he came back there another summer the landlady wouldn't let him have a room at any price, so many had been our spills.

There was a wedding there that summer, and the Roman offered to "take" the wedding party. A room was secured for him in the priest's house opposite the church door, and there he set up his camera pointing out the window. The priest was in the chancel, the little boys who formed the choir were seated decorously outside, the guests were waiting in the front pews, a crowd of villagers in the back. The hotel omnibus and the one carriage of the place, that served to bring the wedding party, stopped at the door. All was expectancy. Suddenly a word of command rang out sharp and clear; dismay filled the guests; the priest rose to his feet; the small boys stampeded with a great clatter, as did also the villagers. What had happened? Could it be that the bridegroom had been arrested on the very threshold of the church? (Politics ran high, and we were on the verge of an *émeute.*) Nothing of the sort; it was only that Roman! He had obliged the happy pair to turn and face him at the door to be photographed, instead of waiting until they came out after the ceremony, as every one expected he would. I must confess he generally got good photographs when some one else developed.

The next summer I took to photographing the peasants, and from the amusing experiences it is hard to choose the funniest. The news soon spread like wildfire that we were at home one afternoon in the week, and that cabinet pictures, groups or single figures, would be taken for ten cents a copy, smaller portraits for five cents. Peasants came from far and near, the weak and the aged on mules; the space in front of our chalet looked like the outskirts of a country fair. The lads and lassies carried on mild flirtations while awaiting their turns. Sometimes they came in the morning, brought their dinners, and ate in the woods near, so as to be on hand early.

One old man told me he had brought all his family *to be telegraphed.* The girls brought their best Sunday costumes with them, and made a dressing-room of the woodshed, where they trimmed their hats. One old peasant woman begged the loan of a lace collar, and when she found I had none, she prayed for a string of beads! Even had I had them they would have ill accorded with her homespun gown and coarse chemise.

They thought that "the painter" could do everything; several asked to be made beautiful; some wanted to be young; one thought that she would look much better if she had not held her head so high, and begged me, almost with tears, to paint her looking down, and she would take two copies, and pay me in fresh raspberries. "You will now, dear, won't you? Just looking down a little bit!" I was paid in all kinds of wares, eggs and butter being the favorites.

One copy of nearly every group was destined for the Americas; son or brother, uncle or aunt, had written for a photograph, and this was a chance not to be missed of getting a bargain. The work, besides being interesting in itself, brought us into touch with the people, and gave us a chance to study human nature as yet unspoiled by civilization; so that I count the summer I spent as a photographer among my profitable seasons, though the gains in filthy lucre were not large.

Photography on the Greenland Ice-Cap

By R. E. Peary, U.S.N.

There is probably no place on the surface of the earth where it is more difficult to pursue the art of photography than on the Sermiksoak, the "Great Ice" of interior Greenland.

A description of the photographer's environments is necessary for a clear understanding of his difficulties. Imagine a large, irregular island of continental size, with a range of ragged mountains from two to ten thousand feet in height rising along the shores throughout its entire circumference. Then imagine the entire area inclosed by this bounding mountain chain to be buried beneath the accumulated snow-precipitation of centuries, in a latitude where it does not rain and where there is practically no melting of the fallen snow, all of the valleys being filled completely by this accumulation, which, still increasing, has risen high above the summits of the highest mountains, till every indication of the underlying topography has disappeared, and the interior of Greenland has become simply a great plain of snow elevated from one to two miles above the surface of the sea, and at the edges rounding down like a flat dome to the inner sides of the coast mountains.

It is, in fact, a huge white glistening shield, some twelve or fourteen hundred miles in length and five hundred miles in width, resting on the supporting coast mountains.

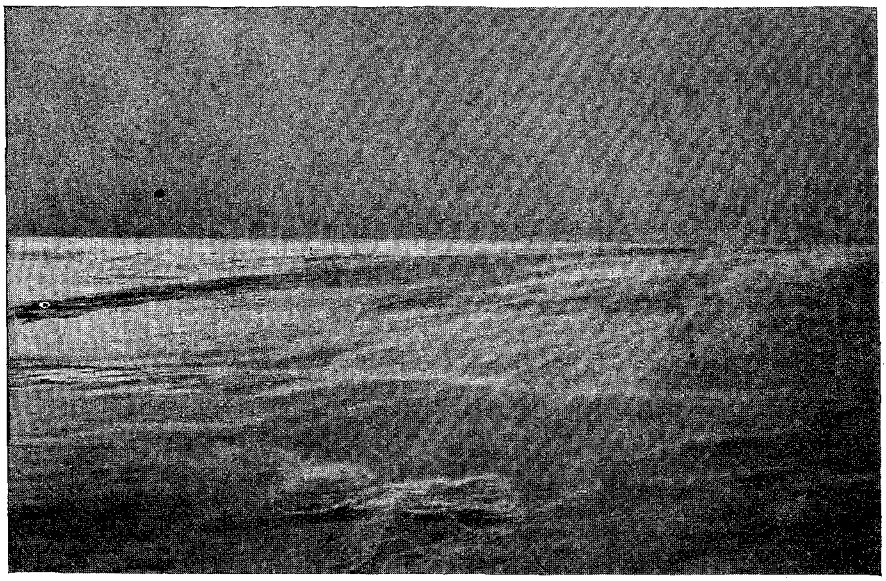
Questions as to the characteristics of this unique terrestrial feature—among others, whether this enormous deposit of snow and ice is increasing or decreasing, or remaining practically stationary—are of special interest to geologists and glacialists.

It might seem, at first thought, from a statement made above, that the "Great Ice" was constantly increasing in depth; but there are causes at work inimical to such increase, and only investigations carried on through a period of years can determine whether the resultant of these causes is greater or less than, or just balances, the annual precipitation.

Principal among these causes are the glaciers and the winds. The former, which protrude through every deep valley in the coast mountains, discharge into the sea during the year an enormous bulk of ice from the lower strata of the "Great Ice" of the interior, in the shape of numerous fleets of icebergs.

The latter cause, however, is the only one affecting the subject under consideration. The wind is never quiescent on the "Great Ice." Day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out, this wind is sweeping down from the frozen heart of the "Great Ice" to the coast mountains, bearing with it the fine drift of snow. During gentle breezes this drift is of almost impalpable fineness, and extends but a foot or two above the surface. As the wind increases in force the particles of snow become coarser and the drift rises above a man's head; while in the savage blizzards of this frozen Sahara, this drift is a roaring, blinding, suffocating Niagara of snow, rising a hundred feet or more into the air—a drift which almost instantly buries any quiescent object, and in which it is almost impossible for the traveler to breathe.

This wind and its accompanying drift can be likened to



THE ARCTIC SAHARA OF THE "GREAT ICE"
(Before a blizzard)

a torrent of water rushing down the slopes of the "Great Ice" and following the most direct slope to the land, which, once reached, it goes rushing over the mountain summits, some of it sinking in whirlpools and eddies into the valleys, but much of it being carried on to the coast cliffs, over which it goes swirling into the sea or on to the sea ice. So constant and pronounced is this tendency of the wind to follow the most direct line to the land, that I could always determine the direction of the nearest land by the direction of the wind. This drifting snow is as penetrating as water.

There is no doubt in my mind that in the middle of the great Arctic night, in the center of this "Great Ice," a mile and a half or two miles into the frozen air that sweeps around the pole, separated from any possible effect from the earth's radiated heat by a blanket of ice and snow a mile or more in thickness, and distant fully two hundred and fifty miles from the possible ameliorating effect of the Arctic Sea, there is to be found the fiercest degree of cold of any spot upon the surface of the globe.

Four times has the writer crossed the northern part of this frozen dome of Greenland, the distance being nearly six hundred miles from the coast mountains. While making these journeys it is necessary to use the mariner's compass constantly and navigate the sledges by solar observations, as a ship is navigated at sea.

A second and very important peculiarity of the ice-cap as bearing upon photography is the intensity of the light. My journeys across the "Great Ice" have been made during the Arctic summer—that is, during the time that the sun is constantly above the horizon throughout the twenty-four hours, for a period of four months or more. The Arctic sun, in pleasant weather, is as brilliant as the sun of any southern latitude, and when this brilliancy is increased by reflection from an interminable and absolutely unrelieved glistening white surface of snow, lifted into the highly rarefied and perfectly pure upper strata of the Arctic atmosphere, the intensity of light is something that can be realized only by one who has actually seen it.

ON THE RETURN MARCH ACROSS THE "GREAT ICE"

7,000 to 8,000 feet above the level of the sea

The pungent quality of this blinding glare is such that the strongest eye can endure it unaided for only a few hours. A man placed in the center of the "Great Ice" in midsummer would be as completely helpless at the end of a day as a blind kitten.

The traveler upon the "Great Ice" must keep his eyes constantly protected by goggles of heavy smoked glass, and even with this we frequently, when in camp and trying to sleep, were obliged to protect our eyes still further by a strip of fur tied across them to exclude the light which would otherwise penetrate the closed lids.

When, as frequently occurs, the traveler is shrouded in the clouds which sweep across this elevated plateau, the light, though less intense and of a different character, is even more trying to the eyes; the presence of the cloud results in such an equable distribution of the light, and so completely destroys all shadows and shade effects, that there results, in addition to the direct strain upon the eyes, a peculiar reflex mental strain.

One seems to be suspended and traveling in infinite gray space; the eyes are open and one feels the ability to see, and yet the range of vision does not seem to penetrate more than a few feet; the light in the zenith is precisely the same as that between one's feet, and the peculiar effect is noticed of being able to see one's feet and to feel the surface upon which one is treading and yet be unable to see it, the snow absorbing the perfectly diffused light which filters through the cloud, and, in the absence of all shadow, becoming indistinguishable from the cloud itself.

At such times one has only to advance a hundred feet or so from the rest of the party to experience the peculiar paradox of being in the broadest of broad daylight and in the full possession of all the senses and yet unable to see anything.

The third condition seriously affecting the work of photography on the "Great Ice" is that of the low temperatures. The low temperatures experienced on the inland ice would to most minds seem naturally to come at the head of the disagreeable features connected with photography, but I have intentionally placed them third on the list; for while temperatures of —40 and —60 degrees are fraught with terror to the ordinary mind, and, indeed, would be serious under ordinary conditions and with ordinary clothing, to the well man, properly fed and properly clothed in the impervious furs which alone are suitable for Arctic work, the effect of these temperatures is by no means pronounced, and does not seriously interfere with ordinary movements or occupations. The effect, however, of temperatures of —50 degrees and lower upon materials is very striking. The toughest of wood subjected to these temperatures becomes almost as brittle as glass, and the harder woods at these low temperatures begin (as the expression goes) to "burn" the skin in the way that is familiar in the case of metal. All mechanism in metal is affected by the excessive contraction, and the effect is seen at once in the sluggish action of such mechanism, and sometimes by its utter refusal to work.

Finally, the exigencies of inland ice-travel are such that not an extra ounce in weight or an extra cubic inch of space can be permitted in those things which go to make up what are known as the "constants" of sledge-weights—*i.e.*, things like the camera, the sextant, the sledge itself, etc., which must be carried from start to finish of the journey, and which do not diminish in weight from day to day, as do the provisions.

From what has already been said, it will be seen that the photographic equipment for work upon the "Great Ice" must combine the minima of weight and bulk and the maxima of simplicity of mechanism and effectiveness. The constant sweep of the wind, the ever-present possibility of a sudden rush of a half-starved dog, combined with the yielding character of the surface, render a tripod and time-exposures impracticable; while the rough usage to which the sledge and its load are subjected puts glass plates out of the question. The equipment, then, figures down to that camera which shall be lightest and most compact, which shall be effective and instantaneous in its action, and which shall use film negatives only.

In my trip of 1891 I carried two ordinary No. 4 kodaks, each charged with a roll of one hundred film negatives. These negatives were developed with the utmost care by Rau, of Philadelphia, while I stood beside him with my notes, giving him verbal information as to the precise conditions under which each exposure was made.

As a result of this careful treatment very satisfactory results were obtained, and an encouraging percentage of good pictures turned out, in spite of the fact that this was my first experience in photography.

In my 1895 journey I carried again the No. 4 kodak, which in respect to size, weight, and convenience for this particular work I did not think could be improved upon; but on this trip I had a special camera with modifications suggested by my previous experience—namely, metal parts constructed of aluminum, and a roll-holder carrying two hundred and fifty instead of one hundred negatives. In place of the second camera of the previous journey I carried simply an auxiliary roll-holder ready loaded with two hundred and fifty negatives; thus, with a trifle more than half the weight of my first photographic equipment, I had a capacity of two and one-half times the number of negatives.

Mechanically this camera was all that could be desired; but, unfortunately, either as a result of the low temperatures to which they were subjected, the quality of the films, or the length of time elapsing between their manufacture and their development, the negatives did not turn out as satisfactorily as on the previous journey, and the percentage of good pictures was considerably smaller.

The subjects available for the camera during the traverse of the "Great Ice" are necessarily limited; they comprise the members of the party, the dogs, the sledges, and the infinite expanse of wind-swept snow. The drifting snow and the intense light render a satisfactory result with the last-named subject almost an impossibility, though on one or two rare occasions a good representation of the surface of the Arctic Sahara was obtained.

There is a certain sameness about the members of the party which makes any considerable number of photographs of them not particularly desirable, and the interesting subjects for the camera figure down practically to the dogs—the faithful, noble, powerful brutes upon whom the brunt of the work falls. In my pictures I have them in all positions and under all conditions; now straining at the drag-ropes as they pull the sledges across the white frozen waste; now eager and alert at meal-times; now with drooping heads and tails as fierce head-winds drove the drifting snow in their faces; now almost completely buried in the drift, as they usually were at every camp; and now (but only on rare occasions this) sleeping comfortably in the brilliant sunlight, undisturbed by the rushing winds or drifting snow.

The care of the camera when not in use is of the utmost importance. The drifting snow, as I have already stated, is as penetrating as water, so during the march the camera must be inclosed in a water-tight bag, or at the end of the march it will be useless until after long and vexatious labor. No box will suffice, for the snow will find its way through the finest cracks; nothing but a bag tied tightly at the mouth will give satisfactory results. Then it must be carefully stowed upon the sled to prevent injury by the jolting or even capsizing of the sledge among the marble-like waves or *sastrugi*.

Arrived at camp, the camera must be taken into the tent and placed under one's head, in order to avoid any chance of rough inspection by a loose and predatory dog.

When the moment comes to take a picture, the opening of the camera must be shielded with the fur mitten from the drifting snow, else in an instant the lens and finder will be thickly coated. Then, when a momentary lull in the wind and snow occurs, the shot must be taken as best it can, and, if time permits, a second and a third, for in numbers only is there safety.

MOUNT ADAMS FROM SHADOW LAKE

During all this time care must be taken not to touch with bare hands any metal part of the camera, unless, as is quite likely to be the case, fingers and thumbs have already, by repeated thoughtlessness, been burned and calloused into insensibility by repeated contact with the freezing metal.

With the Mazama Club on Mount Adams

By W. D. Lyman

What? Where? First, the Mazama Club—Wild Goat Club (Spanish for wild goat); headquarters, Portland, Oregon; purposes, exploration of snow-peaks, especially those of the Pacific Northwest; the collection of scientific knowledge concerning the same, and the encouragement of annual expeditions to them. Organized on Mount Hood, Oregon, in July, 1894.

MOUNT ADAMS FROM TROUT LAKE

Second, Where? Mount Adams is in the State of Washington, forty miles north of the Columbia Gorge, where that "Achilles of Rivers" has cleft the Cascade

Mountains in sunder to make himself a way to the sea. Mount Adams is about one hundred and twenty miles northeast of Portland. It is the second in height of those fire-hearted, ice-robed volcanoes which sentinel the stupendous margin of uplift with which our continent fronts the greatest ocean.

Mount Adams was selected in 1895 for the general "meet and climb" of the Club. Arrangements were made for smaller parties to climb nearly all the snow-peaks of Oregon and Washington, and these parties were all to be provided with heliographing instruments in the hope that regular signals might be carried from peak to peak across the six hundred miles betwixt the northern boundary and Shasta, the great peak of northern California. Indeed, the plan at first embraced the magnificent conception of continuous flashes southward along the high Sierras until they lost themselves amid the deserts of Lower California—a zigzag chain of sun-lightning along wires of air, at an average elevation of twelve thousand feet, from British to Mexican border !

MOUNT ADAMS FROM THE SOUTHWEST, WITH THE KLICKITAT GLACIER ON THE LEFT

The mountain trips of the Mazama Club, and especially the heliographing project, excited a greater popular interest in our physical geography than has ever before been felt. In fact, it may be set down as the greatest claim to credit of our musically named club that it has awakened the people of these coasts to the wondrous possibilities of these mountains for scientist, sportsman, artist, and tourist. We have not hitherto half appreciated our heritage.

If, now, the amiable reader, before he sets forth with the "Wild Goats" to tread the snow kingdoms, will kindly glance at a map, he will get a clearer conception than is otherwise possible of the journey that is to be taken. He will see the great Cascade range running parallel with the coast-line across the entire breadth of the States of Oregon and Washington. This range is practically a section of the Saint Elias Alps of Alaska and of the Sierras of California, though the continuity is more or less broken. Along the range are lifted at intervals gigantic peaks of basalt, monuments of a volcanic age, all even now in various degrees of volcanic activity. These peaks range in elevation from about ten thousand feet to fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four—the last being the height of Rainier or Tacoma. The other peaks of Washington are Baker, Shuksan, Index, Stuart, Saint Helen's, and Adams; while in the sister State across the Columbia are Hood, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Diamond, Scott, and Pitt. Among these mountains are numerous lakes, and the head-waters of many rivers cluster about them. The map does not show the innumerable springs, glades, falls, cañons, caves, lava-beds, and glaciers distributed throughout that vast strip of elevation, five hundred miles long and sixty miles wide.

The tenth of July was set for the ascent of these peaks. Parties went to the various ones from the towns nearest, while the general gathering on Adams was composed of representatives from a dozen or more places, the great majority being from Portland. A steamboat ride of ninety miles up the Columbia to White Salmon, Washington (itself one of the grandest scenic routes in America), brought the Portlanders to the beginning of a thirty-mile stage-ride to Trout Lake, a pond rather in size, but beautiful in surroundings, and full of trout, gamy and toothsome. There the party or parties rested, rendezvoused, ate, gazed, and greeted new arrivals.

Trout Lake is not disfigured with hotels, guides, railway stations. It rejoices in a magnificent view of the great mountain, cloud-like and etherealized in the pure upper air and in the rich pine-grass, with long sweeps of verdure amid the park-like vistas of giant evergreens. Besides the piscatorial and scenic charms of Trout Lake and Creek, the whole region is rendered interesting by the caves for miles about. The entire region is a perfect honeycomb of lava. Most of these caves are small, the largest thus far discovered being about a mile long, but it seems to have extensions connected by narrow shafts, and, with fuller examination, may sometime be found to rival the great cave of Kentucky. The lava formations in this cave, moss-like, grape-like, wreath-like, delicate tracery left by the hot fingers of volcano-sculptors, are numberless and beautiful. Some of the smaller caves are called "ice-caves," for in them may be found great pavements of ice and glittering stalactites and stalagmites, which, with a torch on the farther side, seem like illuminated organ-pipes. In July wild strawberries grow in profusion about the mouths of these caves, while multitudes of gorgeous wild flowers hang over, as if to catch the cold air which issues in gusts from the frosty receptacle. By the time we have visited the lake and caves, eaten fish from the former and made ice-cream with ice from the latter, the time has arrived for transferring baggage from wagons to pack-trains, and travelers from seats to feet, or, in some cases, to saddles. Trout Lake is practically at the foot of the mountain, though the lower benches are very gradual in ascent, and the distance, up, up, up, is about sixteen miles to the snow-line, and thence to the summit six or seven more.

Camp had already been selected on a sightly knoll, and there for three days the hungry pedestrians gathered after their walks through the enchanted glades and lawns with which nature has wrapped around the majesty of the mountain. It was beautiful and pleasant to look down the long descent and see the weary plodders slowly toiling up to the goal, or to hear the tinkling bell of the cayuse pack-train and then see it winding laboriously up through the shining balsams.

By the evening of July 9, eighty-three persons were gathered in the various flower-bordered and grassy glades that surround the camp. Preachers, lawyers, teachers, photographers, and business men were in the company. Nearly half the number were women—clad, of course, like sensible people, in bloomers or abbreviated skirts.

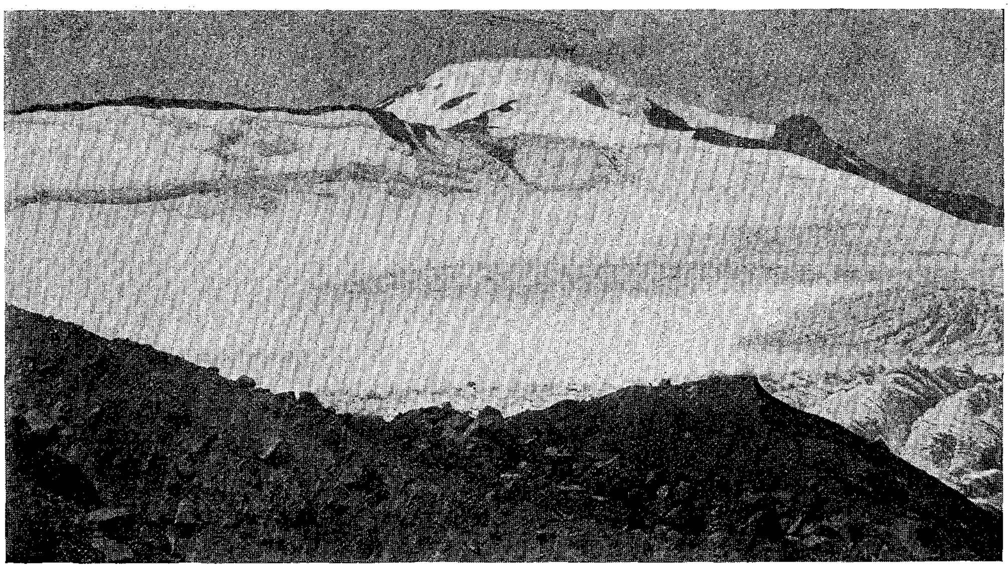
In this "meet" were some of the most noted of the "high climbers" of the Northwest. The "meet" promised to be felicitous and interesting beyond precedent, and so it was but for one untoward circumstance. On the 8th, the experienced ones, looking out over the vast plains of the Columbia Basin, as they palpitated in the summer heat, detected signs of an approaching "northeaster," and, sure enough, that night it came, raging and howling as if to punish the audacious climbers for daring to invade the solemn recesses of the "thunder-birds" which the Indians say inhabit this mountain, and which they think swoop down on invaders of their domain and create storms and thunder. On the 8th, 9th, and the morning of the 10th, this simoom swept from Montana to the sea, withering the grain-fields below and bearing all the loose dust and smoke across five hundred miles to the summits of the highest peaks. To the dismay of the climbers, the whole vast landscape, which just before had lain clear and luminous below their eyrie, vanished in haze. One great object of the trip, the grand and varied view, was lost.

Nevertheless, at three o'clock on the morning of the appointed day the bugle sounded, lights began to twinkle, hurried breakfasts were swallowed, Alpine "toggery" donned, and by six o'clock over forty persons were away for the beetling snow-fields above, and about half of them reached the summit. But we will just here detach ourselves from this party and join a smaller one which, under the guidance of the writer, decided to defer the ascent a day in the hope of clearer skies, and to visit instead the two great glaciers on the southern flank of the mountain. With boots spiked and eyes goggled and alpenstocks in hand, we set forth through the groves of sub-alpine fir and mountain pine which are perpetually contending with the ice-king for supremacy, through the "Avalanche Valley," where the desolated forest and eroded hill-points tell of tons of snow in furious descent in some recent winter; across foaming streams, which gush from beneath fantastically sculptured ramparts of snow; up shining snow-fields, around dizzy promontories of basalt, where the stunted trees writhe in the bitter wind, yet, with claw-like roots worming into the crevices, defy frost and blast; then across an icy shoulder of rock, where toes and fingers, as well as staff, are needed to prevent a slide far below—and then we find ourselves, six miles and four hours from camp, just above the green crevasses and the rainbow-ringed ice-wells of the Mazama Glacier, thus now christened in honor of the Club.

But now, to the dismay of some of the company and the delight of others, we find that we have a snow-bank at an angle of about fifty degrees to descend. Either that or a weary climb of half an hour. For pure exhilaration, commend me to coasting on a snow-peak. The guide braces himself against his alpenstock, leans back till his head almost touches, spreads his feet apart, commits himself to Providence and gravitation, and lets go. Whiz! At the bottom, just short of the rocks! Encouraged by the successful example, the rest follow one by one, some standing (which is the only scientific way), some sitting, some feet first, and some head first, without casualty, though one young lady loses control of herself and is coasting head first with dangerous rapidity toward a pile of rocks when a strong hand is interposed in time to stop her. And now we find ourselves upon the lateral moraine of the Mazama Glacier.

As we pick our way across its loose and uncertain footing we discuss glaciers. A glacier represents more of the forces which carve and distribute the crust of the earth than any other natural agency. The elemental fires have prepared the lava-bed in which it moves. The clouds have given their treasures of snow. The winds have drifted those tons on tons of whirling congelation into the sheltered cañons, and there the monstrous weight of the thousands of acres of drifted snow has gradually transformed the flakes of frozen cloud into the river, or, as it rather seems, the mountain, of solid ice. For it seems an immovable thing, a very type of fixedness. But the ice-river is at rest no more than the clouds from which it came. Bending and twisting, it slowly descends the narrow cañon. And as it moves it dips deep down and scoops up tons of shattered rock, enough to build city after city, its lateral moraines becoming huge ridges over which we toil for hours, while its terminal moraine, descending far into the valley, sends forth avalanches of snow and rock to plow the slopes and crush the trees. Fire, cloud, wind, frost, pressure, grind, avalanche—but by no means are these all the forces bound up in the river of ice. From the melting corridors and galleries of the ice-city the gathered waters descend here and there into "glacial wells," across whose slippery rims myriads of rainbows seem to have been broken. In the monstrous mortar and pestle at the bottom of these wells the rocks are ground to pulp, and those streams which descended from above as clear as crystal issue from the terminal moraine as thick as soup, white or red with sediment, to astonish the dwellers far away with the sudden turbid color, or to spread a fertilizing film on some irrigated garden, or, more remotely yet, to leave glittering particles of gold on the margin of the great river or even in the black sand of the ocean beaches. The glaciers of Mount Adams have never yet been all explored and mapped. No one, so far as we know, has yet circumnavigated the mountain. Three great glaciers, from one of which issues the White Salmon River, and from the others of which come the sources of the Klickitat, lie on the southern side, and these have been more or less examined. But in the great circuit of fifty miles which the huge bulk occupies there are five or six more whose wonders are yet to be revealed.

Across the vast irregular mass of the Mazama Glacier we pick our way cautiously for three miles, several of the party giving out on the way and finding a warm cranny on the moraine to rest in, and at last, stepping off the northern moraine, climb painfully over a ragged ridge of rock, one of the former favorite haunts of the wild goats and "bighorns." We see that we are nearing the grandest scene which any one has yet discovered on this mountain, and which the tourist might well cross the continent to see. This is the great glacier of the Klickitat. Imagine a cañon a thousand feet deep, with perpendicular walls of red, black, purple, and saffron rock, in which lies a gashed, contorted mass of ice a mile wide, with rents and crevasses into which whole cities might be poured and lost.



MAZAMA GLACIER

Formerly "Hell-roaring" Glacier, Mount Adams

Tired but exultant after our tramp of fifteen miles, we enter camp just at sunset, there to meet the climbing party from the summit, and to learn that, though the gale had subsided and the ascent had proved reasonably easy, the smoke had obscured the entire country, and that, with the exception of an interchange of signals from Mount Hood, the long-cherished heliographing scheme had failed. The fact, however, that there was even one success under such unfavorable circumstances shows the entire feasibility of long-distance signaling by sunlight, and may lead to valuable practical results.

On the next day the party of which we were members climbed to the summit; and the day after that still another party succeeded. In all, about forty of the eighty-three there succeeded in this great test of strength and pluck. But the pall of smoke still hung over all, and, therefore, to give any clear description of the scene from the peak we shall have to draw upon previous climbs under fairer skies. And, first, let us hang in the air a moment before we start, and outline for you the zones which compose the long ascent of one of our great Western mountains.

Mount Adams may be said to begin at the crossing of the White Salmon, half a mile beyond Trout Lake, at an elevation above sea-level of eighteen hundred feet. The entire distance from here to the summit is about twenty-two miles. The first ten miles has a very gradual grade of about two hundred and fifty feet to the mile—the natural slope of the slowly stiffening lava, whose outflow originally created the mountain. This first zone has a north temperate climate; for prevailing vegetation, the giant pine, the pine-grass, the wild strawberry, the tiger-lily, and the wild cherry; while for travel it is the ideal region for the saddle-horse, and even in most parts a carriage could be driven right through the fragrant pine-woods. It takes us to a little over four thousand feet above sea-level. Then comes the zone of the larch and balsam fir and quaking aspen, the huckleberry and fragrant laurel and scarlet mimulus, phloxes of many colors, and "squaw-grass," with its snowy tufts. Here, too, is the rhododendron with its masses of rich red, lately adopted as the State flower of Washington. In this zone the snow falls in October and lies till May. It is the zone also of the summer sheep-range, and, as a natural consequence, of the prowling cougar or more dreaded puma. Here formerly ranged the deer and elk, in spite of their predatory foes, but they are no longer able to withstand the competition of the sheep. This is the zone of alpine glades and natural lawns and crystal streams and foaming cataracts and lakelets, all forming a combination so entrancing that one thinks it to have been made as a pleasure-ground of the gods. It rises just into the edge of the frigid climate, at a grade of four or five hundred feet to the mile, to an elevation of about six thousand feet. At the upper margin are the favorite summer camping-places. The horse can still be used here, though one's feet are often more speedy and convenient.

The slope of the mountain is growing continually steeper, in true volcanic type, and we enter more quickly upon the third zone, one of a different character—the zone of the avalanche and the glacial moraine. All softer vegetation has vanished. The beautiful sub-alpine fir and the twisted mountain pine are the only trees left to defy the eternal frost above. But in the sheltered nooks the blue bunch-grass grows rank, and alpine flowers of many hues warm the dark crags. In this zone the snowbanks linger all summer in the cañons, and the furious gusts which even in July sweep down from the perpetual winter above powder its exposed points with snow. On the polished ledges of rock are innumerable glacial grooves and scratches, telling of the epoch when glaciers completely enswathed the peak and descended far into the valleys. Hands and feet are the only means of transportation in this zone. The only denizens are wild goats and mountain sheep and the beautiful white-and-black ptarmigans, with an occasional eagle or hawk.

The climber through the ever-steepening ascent of this belt goes four or five miles further to the dizzy height of nine thousand feet. But he is yet a long way and many a hard gasp and leg-strain from the solemn white dome. For now begins a last zone, one of perpetual snow, the climate of the North Pole. Vegetation has ceased entirely. Animal life has vanished, except, strange to say, grasshoppers and butterflies, which hop and fly, higher and higher, till they die. They can be seen by hundreds lying dead almost on the summit. Up this two miles of arctic zone the traveler climbs, hands and feet, pike and rope, at a grade of two thousand feet to the mile, panting with the thin air, sickened by the sulphurous smell, almost blown from his footing by the fierce wind which usually blows, with face and neck slowly scorching in the glaring sun which can burn but not heat.

But now for our climb. Somebody is stirring at three o'clock—in fact, has been awake most of the night. Shouts echo through the pine grove, lights twinkle, camp-fires blaze, coffee and ham are hastily swallowed, we shiver a moment in the cold air, and then are off, just as the streaks of sunrise strike the cold white dome into life. Distances are very deceptive here. We say, "Oh, it looks easy! Just reach the little bluff yonder and we are on the first summit, and it is only a little way further." But somehow that little bluff keeps getting further and further. Long ridges and unseen "saddles" and slippery snow-fields intervene.

Hour succeeds hour, morning grows into noon, and still that imperturbable bluff looks down upon us. We stop to rest and lunch. The chunk of ham and camp-bread, washed down with ice-water from a snow-well, are wondrously refreshing; but it will not do to stop long. We would grow stiff and cold as icicles. Momentum is everything in mountain-climbing. Frequent resting blunts the ambition and the moral purpose. Up the gigantic rock-stairway which ends in the first summit, and at last, seven hours from camp, we draw ourselves up a huge wedge of phonolite and stand panting on that "little bluff" which had looked so near—the first peak!

But now, vast and steep, muffled in white silence, rises the great central dome, majestic to the eye but discouraging to tired legs and lungs. A few straining steps at a time, with frequent pauses, the stronger helping the weaker with ropes, and the crusted and hummocky snow of the last and hardest tug is traversed, and at about two o'clock we see nothing above us but the sky.

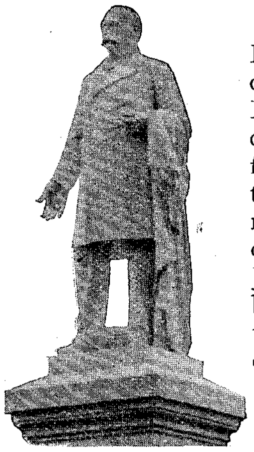
The next step is not a step at all, but a lying flat on the snow, with eyes skyward, breathing only. Ten minutes' rest suffices, and then look! First down. We crawl cautiously to the very verge of the great eastern wall above the Klickitat Glacier, held by ropes behind, and peep over. But how convey to one never having experienced it any conception of the sensation of looking down almost a mile of nearly perpendicular distance! Imagine that you are looking down a dozen Trinity Church spires, set each to each, or seven or eight Washington Monuments, or four or five Eiffel Towers. A pavement of ice lies at the bottom. Juts of dusky crag stand out and eye us darkly. A faint murmur rises from a white thread moving off amid the rocky desolation. It is the Klickitat River. That is almost the only noise. Sound seems lost. Even the rocks which we start from a wind-swept point give only one reluctant clank as they grind the edge of the precipice, and then they vanish, soundless, into the abyss.

Having looked down, let us look around. North, east, south, west—everything is below our level, except the triple-crowned majesty of Mount Tacoma, eighty miles northward. A domain for an empire, a circle whose diameter is five hundred miles! Shuksan and Baker on the northern rim, Diamond and the Three Sisters on the southern, Puget Sound and the Lower Columbia with the blue forests of the Coast Range on the western, and the limned purple of the Cœur d'Alênes and Blue Mountains on the east; a maze of mountains and yellow plains and threading streams and sunken lakes! Human habitations are too remote and inconspicuous to be seen, unless that little whitish blur 'way to the southwesterly be Portland.

But now the westering sun and the chill north wind, suddenly rising to whirl the dry snow in our faces, warn us that it is time to descend. Mount Adams is a magnificent coasting-ground. Long snow-fields, mainly ending in easy grades where we can stop without danger, entice even the timid to lean back on their pikestaffs and let go. How we whiz down the steep roof of snow, with alpenstock for rudder and brake, and how the thin wind cuts past us! Only one serious accident has ever happened on this mountain. For pure exhilaration coasting has no equal. In an hour and a half we descend what took eight hours to ascend. And, to crown all, the rest and feast after the toil and triumph!

The Olympic Games

By Miss Maynard Butler



STATUE OF AVÉROFF, THE GREEK BANKER OF ALEXANDRIA, WHO GAVE THE MONEY FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE STADION

Unveiled April 5, 1896, by the Crown Prince Konstantine of Greece

"O King!" said the Crown Prince Konstantine, in his address the opening day of the Festival in Athens, "the International Convention, held in Paris, decided that the Olympic Games should first be celebrated in the land in which they originated and in which they reached such excellence"—therein is contained the history of the Premiers Jeux Olympiques Internationaux. To bring together the strong, the active, the skilled men of all nations, upon the common ground of physical perfection, and to have the first of the friendly contests take place in the chief city of the country from which the ideal of that perfection was derived, was the aim of Coubertin and Bikélas. Through labor and discouragement, led by their President, the Crown Prince Konstantine, the Committee has reached its goal, and may congratulate itself upon a great success.

Well might the London "Times," in a leader some time before the Olympic Festival, say: "We are sorry that in this revival England, and especially Oxford and Cambridge, will not be well represented. For most of the contests we could send competitors whom we could trust, and in some of them, as in cricket and boating, we might fairly expect to hold our own against the world. Possibly on the next occasion, in 1900, when the Games are held at Paris, we shall make a better show, but it will poorly compensate us for having missed the first chance. Olympic games at Paris will have a local color of their own, but it will not be that of Olympic games in Greece, and, as Bacon says, the first precedent, if good, is seldom attained by imitation."

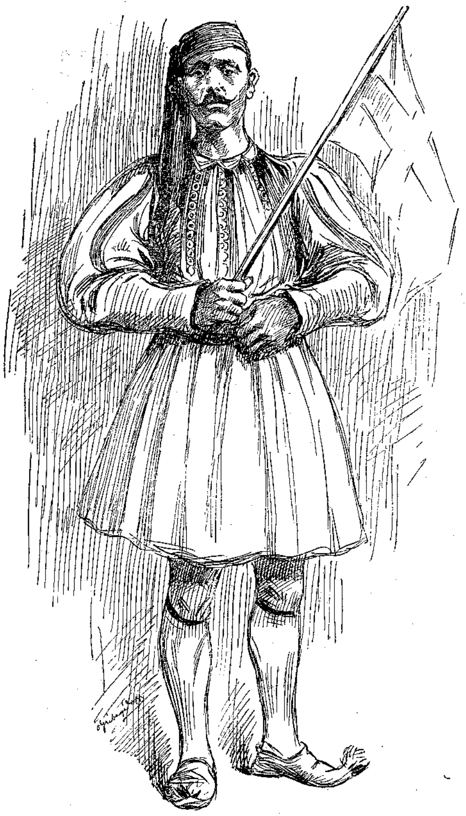
The quiet of Holy Week, preceding the seventy-fifth anniversary of the expulsion of the Turk from Greece, intensified the joy natural to the national celebration. The streets of the city on Good Friday night were densely crowded with the processions of the different parishes, and, unless one had come within doors before nine o'clock, it was impossible to walk from square to square. Squads of boys and men preceded the four, sometimes six and eight, priests who held extended above their heads a rectangular V-shaped cloth of silk, upon which the figure of the Saviour, done in embossed work, lay. Each priest carried a large altar-taper, and the men, women, and little children who followed, candles. The figure thus carried, typifying the bier of the Lord, and the funeral marches played by the bands, with the hymns and cries of "Kyrie eleison! Kyrie eleison!" in a weird, half-chanting tone, presented an extraordinary scene. As every such bier passed, the people on the pavements crossed themselves in the waving manner evidently customary here, unlike the fashion of the Roman Catholics, and rather grand than otherwise. Portions of regiments with reversed arms (as for funerals), schools, and choirs passed in endless numbers, and not until two o'clock was Athens quiet. As one looked over the balcony of the Hotel Angleterre, a diplomat pointed out her Majesty Queen Olga, clad in black, walking incognito and in the very closest crush of the untidy but quietly devout throng, leaning upon the arm of her relative, the Grand Duke Georgius of Russia, betrothed of the Princess Marie. The perfect simplicity and evident unconsciousness of the act quite won one's heart.

Saturday the church bells were tolling, at intervals, all day, and the shops were closed. But the streets seemed to grow fuller and fuller. Easter is, in the Greek Church, rather more than in the Roman, a time of especial demonstrations of joy, and the week ushered in by it this year, having the gayeties of the Independence Day and the opening of the Stadion added to it, was exceptionally full of excitement. At twelve o'clock Saturday night the fast of the forty days—no mere form in this country—was over, and in every true Athenian house a meal was prepared upon the return from the services. Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, but, with a rapidity not equaled even by the changes of the New England coast, clouds had gathered by ten o'clock, and it became evident that the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue of Avéroff would have to take place in the rain. But it was nevertheless an interesting event, the effect of which was singularly heightened by the fact that the man whom the Athenian sculptor Brutos had molded is still living, at the age of eighty-two, and had intended to be present. His great age, and the strain of emotion unavoidable upon such an occasion, however, induced him to follow the advice of his physicians and remain in Alexandria. The address of Mons. Philemon, General Secretary of the Olympian Games and a former Mayor of Athens, reviewed the benefactions of the patriotic banker, and formally presented the statue to Athens. It was received by the Crown Prince in a few dignified words, in which he laid stress upon the latest gift of Avéroff—the restoration of the Stadion. Monday morning was beautiful, and the Te Deum in the metropolis, in commemoration of the deliverance from the Turkish invaders, drew great masses of people about the doors and the streets leading to the church. The fine voices of ten men and boys rang out from the choir, without accompaniment, as the royal family entered, the body of the church being filled with a mass of officers, guards, ladies, and servants, men and small children of every class, all standing—Greek churches affording no seats. The chanting of the Chief Priest in this, as in the three other Greek services I have heard, was not pleasant, the tone adopted being thick and rasping in quality, and the pitch, though well maintained, being too high for musical effect. The responses of the choir were in every case absolutely pure in quality, and the shading of the voices well managed.

QUEEN OLGA OF GREECE

And now excitement in the town reached an intense point: in two hours and a half the long-talked-of moment would arrive, the magnificent Stadion be opened and the Games begin. In the chief hotels and cafés people scrambled for places, and in a large number of private houses breakfasts were being given and parties arranged to go to the great horseshoe-shaped inclosure.

Only the carriages of the Ministers, Committee, and the officers of state are admitted over the line drawn by the police, and the occupants even of these are obliged to alight before the gate is reached. M. Mataxas, the architect chosen by Avéroff to make the restoration, is, as is fitting, also a Greek by birth. He has spent infinite care and thought and research upon his work, and the result is superb. The sweep of the semicircle, the tiers upon tiers of seats, the double-faced statues, found while



SPYROS LOUIIS
Winner of the Marathon Race

the work was going on, the marble chairs for the King and Queen, in the ancient shape, the hills rising up either side, and now covered with people—make a picture beyond the fancy of the foreigner. Seats are found with little difficulty, those provided for foreign correspondents and the honorary members of the Committee being generously chosen from among the best. The Royal Family enter, the "Olympiode Ymnoe" begins, the composer Samaras directing; the Crown Prince formally presents the Stadion to the King, and requests him to declare it opened. The King replies: "I proclaim the opening of the First International Olympic Games in Athens. Long live the nation! Long live the Greek people!"—and the Games begin. Across the field, in answer to the Herald's trumpet, come two Hungarians, a Chilian, a Frenchman, a German, an Englishman, and an American, to run the 100-meters race. Lane, of the United States, must have felt a sense of responsibility as he took his place, and, if silent sympathy is conveyed in the air, he must also have been impelled by the hopes of his countrymen, who believed in him—and not in vain, for it is the American who arrives first! Cheer upon cheer resounds, in which the Greeks join heartily, for our nation is popular here, thanks to its genial representative at the Court. The starter's shot is fired for the second heat; again it is an American, Curtis, of the Boston Athletic Association, who outdistances a Greek, an Englishman, two Frenchmen, a Dane, and a Hungarian. The third heat, and Burke, of the same Association, wins over a Swede, two Greeks, and three Germans. His time is $11\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; Lane's, $12\frac{1}{5}$; Curtis's, $12\frac{1}{5}$. The first event is over, and the victory in each heat belongs to the United States. The time is posted and the flag unfurled, and Americans examine their list of the day's sports eagerly. The hop, skip, and jump, contested by two Frenchmen, four Germans, one Greek, and by Connolly, of the Boston Athletic Association, is won by Connolly, who makes a distance of 13 meters and 71 centimeters, leaving behind all his fellow-competitors, in amazement, and filling the hearts of his compatriots with joy. He leaves the field amidst a storm of applause, and a little son of an American professor residing in Athens is unable to repress his delight, and hurrahs in his young voice again and again. In the 800-meter run, next announced, a most beautiful stride is exhibited by the Australian Flack, who wins in 2 minutes 10 seconds in the first heat, and Lermusiaux, of the Paris Racing Club, called a famous runner in France, takes the second, in 2 minutes $16\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. No Americans appear in this event. Then comes the throwing of the disk, in which Grisel, of France; Paraskeropulos and Verses, of Greece; Robertson, of England, the well-known thrower of the hammer; Jensen, of Denmark, Sjoeberg, of Sweden, and Garrett, of the United States, are entered. As Garrett arrived in Athens only the night before, and the two Greeks are popular heroes in this national sport, Americans tremble for their country. But unnecessarily. The accustomed cunning of the skillful shot-putter does not forsake him. His second throw rectifies the swerve of his first, and with his last he leaps past the marks of the Greeks and is the winner. Frantic though the enthusiasm of the Princeton and Boston athletes is, proud as are the old and young Harvard men who rush down to the "cave" to greet Garrett, every foreigner feels with the Greeks, who cannot but be keenly disappointed. There is, for a moment, an uncomfortable silence, and then, with their accustomed politeness and never-failing kindliness, they join in the cheers. Let every nation represented at this first international contest in 1896 remember this lesson in courtesy taught them by the Greeks.

"I couldn't have congratulated my opponent if he had beaten me on my own ground, as a Greek fellow down in the cave did me," said an American athlete a few days afterward—"and it was a mighty fine thing to do." It was indeed.

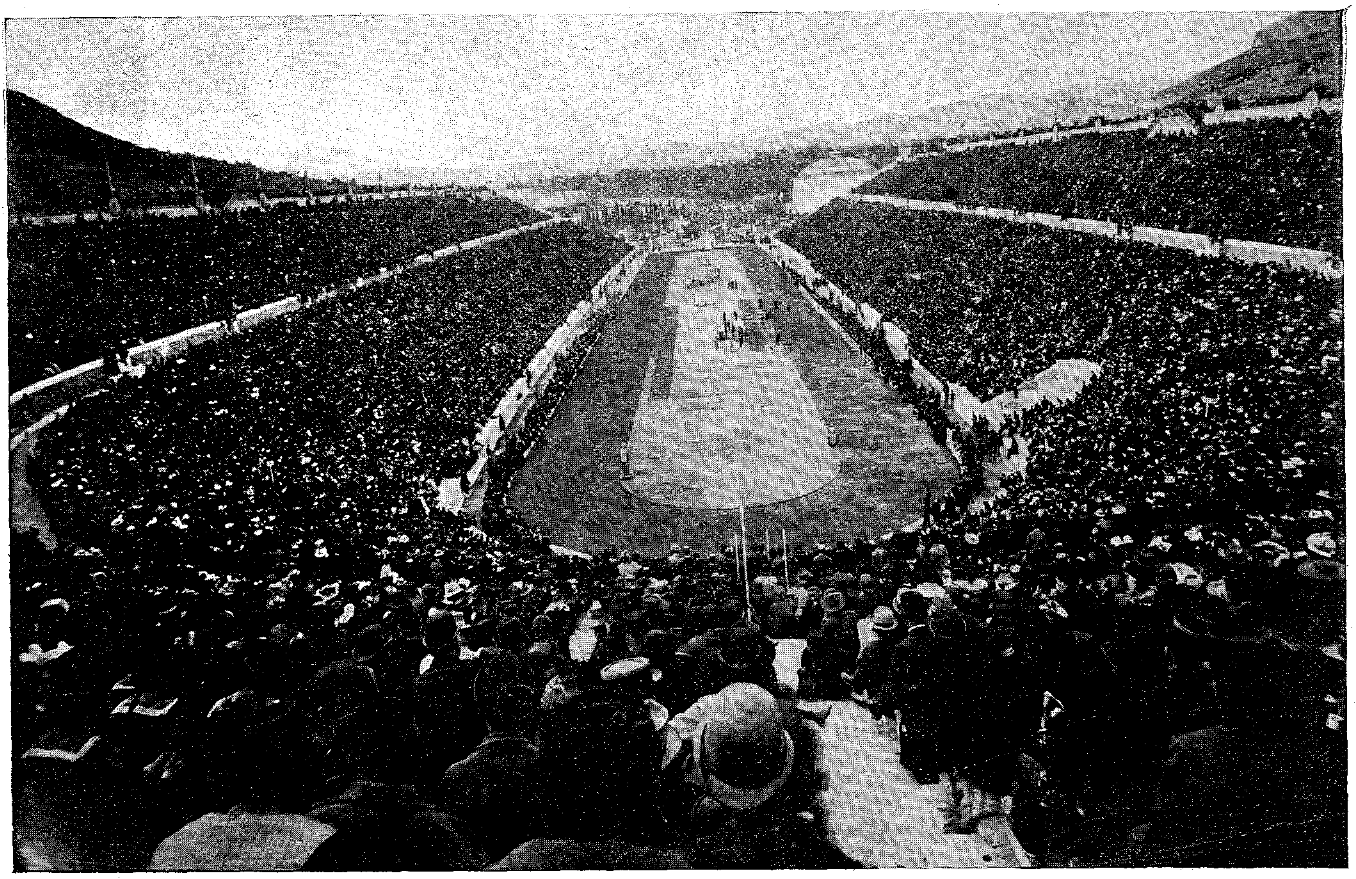
PRINCESS MARIE OF GREECE
Her betrothal to the Grand Duke Georgius of Russia was announced to the Army by the King on the opening day of the Olympian Games

Jamison, of Princeton, and Burke again, add to the list of victories and complete the events of the day. Great excitement prevails in the streets all the evening, and timid attempts at an imitation of the college rah-rah-rah are made by the Athenian youths. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday morning are occupied by shooting and fencing contests, the former being opened by the Queen, who fired the first shot. Tuesday afternoon at the Stadion included a hurdle race, run in two heats, won respectively by Grantley Goulding, of England, and Curtis, of the United States, the deciding heat for the prize to be run on Friday. Clark, of the Boston Athletic Association, won the long jump in a distance of 6 meters 35 centimeters, his Greek fellow-competitors showing great possibilities, which all athletes agree will make them formidable in 1900. Putting the shot was Garrett's second victory, his distance being 11 meters 22 centimeters; Gouskos, a superb Greek thrower, being second. The double-hand dumbbell lifting

R. GARRETT, OF PRINCETON
Winner, Throwing of the Disk

W. W. HOYT, BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION
One of the Hurdle Race Winners

A. C. TYLER, OF PRINCETON
Winner of High Jump



THE STADION ON FRIDAY, THE DAY OF THE MARATHON RACE

was won by Jensen, the Dane, who put up 111½ kilograms; and the single-hand by Elliot, of London, who put up 71 kilograms.

Then came the first and only American loss, their man Blake, the well-known long-distance runner, being second to Flack, the Australian, who did the 1,500-meter race in 4 minutes 33 seconds. Flack's rhythmic swing of arms and feet was a pleasant sight, and his stride, the American athletes say, is like Kilpatrick's, the New York winner.

The day closed with America the victor in four out of seven events. On Wednesday morning the contest with foils was won by Gravelotte, a Frenchman, and in the afternoon, at the Velodrome, at Phaleron, a Frenchman also came first in the bicycle race. The ride, a distance of 100 kilogrammes, was done in 3 hours 8 minutes 19 seconds, by Flameng, who was pluckily followed by two Greeks, one of whom, Kolettes, persisted to the end, though his bicycle broke twice during the course.

Thursday was occupied with swimming matches, in which many fine exhibitions were made, especially by the Greek sailors and the Hungarians; by exhibitions on parallel bars, with rings, etc., at the Stadion, and by a concert in the evening. On Friday, the day of the Marathon race, the crowds from all the provinces increased, and the struggle for food in the hotels and cafés became so uncomfortable that for an hour the doors of the most popular ones near the palace were locked, that those already within might be served. The final course in the hurdle-jumping, the first of the events of the afternoon, was won by Curtis, of Boston, over Goulding, of England; leaping with a pole, by Tyler, of Princeton, over Hoyt, of Boston—the other competitors, Greeks and Germans, retiring before them; the wrestling by Schumann, of Germany. The runners from Marathon were to leave that place, twenty-four and three-quarter miles away, at exactly two o'clock, and by half-past four the strain of curiosity as to the man first on the road was raised to an unbearable pitch by the rushing of an orderly along the path to tell the King who was first. "Is it a Greek?" the crowd began to shout, and a representative of the chief Athens morning paper left his seat, determined to find out. He returned in about five minutes, his brown eyes dancing, and said, "A Greek, a Greek!" and then arose a tremendous sound. Not even the runner of old who fell dead at the feet of the King was awaited with keener interest; and as he came up to the gates, a brown-faced, white and blue clad figure, making the countryman's sign of greeting to his Princes, the whole sixty thousand people within and the forty thousand without the gates joined in a loud cry. Either side of him, as he approached the seat of the King, ran the handsome Princes, and as he made his obeisance each flung an arm about him. Greece had indeed won, and every stranger rejoiced with her. There will not soon be a scene like that again. An officer of the war-ship San Francisco, familiar with many lands and who has seen many strange sights, was heard to say that he knew nothing comparable with it. Long may the spontaneous, courteous country live, and long the noble, generous, manly family at its head! May its political life be unified, its resources be developed, its incomparable art treasures be preserved! May it come more closely into touch with the nations of western Europe and America, yet retain untouched its own peculiar character!

And now, what have American athletes learned from this first International Olympic contest? Much. They return undoubtedly the first among the twelve nations represented. They have done their work well and have received the unaffected admiration of their fellow-competitors. They have been charmingly entertained by the Athenians, and more than graciously received by the heads of the Committee, the Crown Prince Konstantine, and Prince George, whose unflagging attention to their duties might serve as a model of faithfulness. And from this success, attention, and graciousness they will, as observing Americans, learn two things: one, that as athletes they must look to their laurels in long-distance running; and the other, as men, that they must remember in 1900 and 1904 the pattern of generosity in defeat set them by the Athenians in 1896.

The prizes, diplomas, olive branches, and special vases, cups, etc., were distributed to-day by the King. An ode, in ancient Greek, upon the Olympic Revival was read by Robertson, of Oxford, and several wreaths of laurel were presented by Germans, Hungarians, and Danes to the Crown Prince as President of the International Committee. This evening a soirée is held in the Hotel Grand Bretagne, in honor of the athletes and foreign correspondents—and the great festival of joy will be over.

Athens, April 15.

The Real Broadway

By Henrietta S. Lathrop

HIGH STREET

IF you would know Broadway as it really is, and as it has been for hundreds of summers and winters, rid yourself at once of every association connected with the name, forget utterly every sort of noisy car and truck, sky-scraping building and hurrying crowd, and instead of all these let your mind's eye rest upon the green slopes of the Cotswold Hills, and stretching over them from the westward "the broad and high way for the shepherd's cottes on the mounted wolds, down to the most fruitful vale of Evesham."

The name of this old "bradweia" is now attached to that particular part of it, dipping from the heights upon a wide table-land, whereon clusters the quaintest and most charming of tiny English villages—a genuine bit of Shakespeare's England that has survived precisely as the eyes of the poet may have looked upon it, just by virtue of its own sweet unobtrusiveness. Some of our own artists and great folks have found it out, to be sure, but they share it only with their own elect. The Tourist positively knows it not.

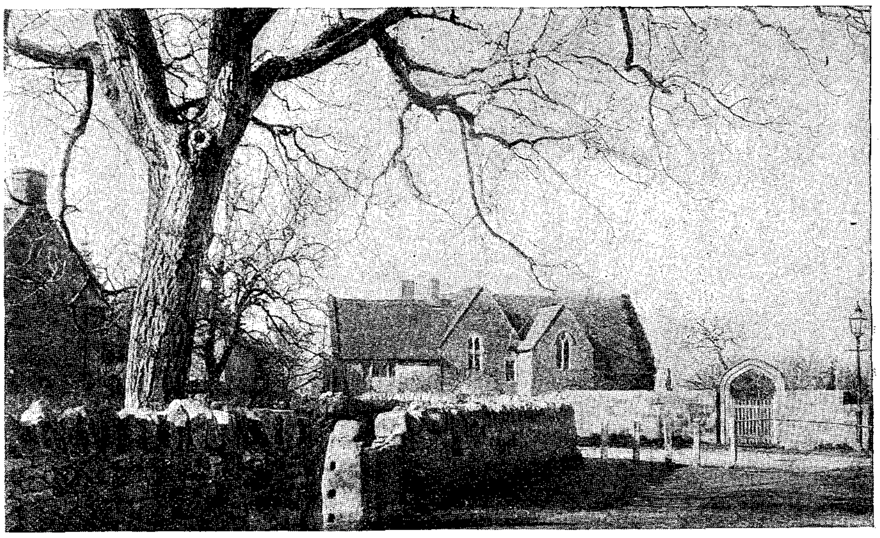
The railway is six good miles behind you when you enter Broadway at the village green, and the wide, smooth trackway stretches up and across the hills before you, whose connection with the life of the people is more vital than the evident one of forming the prettiest possible background for the gray old houses. The limestone for the buildings came from their own quarries, and enters as well into some of the finest abbeys and cathedrals for miles around; and the water of their clear eternal springs is led into hydrants on the village streets, so numerous as to be within the reach of every inhabitant.

Little remains to tell of the days when it all belonged to the demesne of the Mercian kings, but up on those heights you may find the ruins of more than one British camp, and, climbing to the feudal-looking tower which marks the highest point of the Broadway Beacon, it is easy to picture the scene when bonfires flashed from every peak, one military post taking up the signal from another, and passing it on to the next till

Twelve fair counties saw the blaze
From Malvern's lonely height.

A rich gift was this for the old monks of Pershore Abbey, to whom Edgar granted the lands by Royal Charter as long ago as 967, and whose abbots from that time ruled as Lords of the Manor until the monasteries were dissolved. Fragments of their buildings still remain—here a corner of the prior's house, next to Mr. Burge the saddler's shop, and down at the foot of the hill, near the green, the priory itself, built, they say, by Randulph de Evesham not far from the year 1200, and now saved from destruction by Mr. Frank Millet, who has annexed it to his garden and taken a part of the building for a studio. It is an odd trick of time to have turned the little oak-paneled oratory, with its traceried window still holding bits of the original painted glass, into this modern workshop, where a scroll of music, a lute, and a broidered gown flung over an ancient carved chair are materials which it would seem an easy thing for any of us to turn into a pretty picture, if, as Gail Hamilton observes, we had only been brought up to it, and had the proper tools! Next to this is the Abbot's private room, the wall of which still retains his "squint," a slit in the stone widening towards the room, through which one may completely overlook the great refectory below. Little by little Mr. Millet is restoring the whole building to its original condition, tearing down false partitions erected in these latter days, scraping whitewash from the oaken timbers, renewing weakened points, and thereby doing good and real service.

More charming than all is the garden outside, in which the priory forms a pretty incident. In that day when my wishes all come true I shall have a garden just like Mrs. Millet's, where every pretty, old-fashioned flower runs riot, tall poppies nod along the paths by hundreds as you pass them by, roses bloom sixty dozen at a time, and, poet or not, you could not but be glad in such a jocund company. One creamy rose has climbed up to peep in at the Abbot's window, but the great company of them are in the more private and secluded precincts of the high-walled garden that surrounds Russell House—the artist's home. Here came Mr. Abbey to end his quest for the Holy Grail; and here Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Sir Henry Irving, and men and women whose names are conjured by, gather together for what looks to be a charmed existence. The cricket-field is a few paces distant; the tennis-court a little further away, near the kennels of the Broadway hounds; the golf links are easily reached; the lower roads invite to bicycling, and lead to various points of interest, from the ancient tomb of the Washingtons, six miles away, to the healing waters of the Hermit's Spring, and every rod of ground teems with subjects for the painter.



THE PRIORY

There are perhaps half a score of old Tudor mansions in the village, in the style of Russell House, built of gray limestone, with broad, mullioned windows, pointed gables topped with great balls or carved ornaments of stone, and label moldings and door-heads of true Elizabethan fashion. One of these is the Lygon Arms, an inn since the time of

Edward VI., and well imbued with the true spirit of hospitality. Let us be glad that a few such are still standing in these days of brewery ownership and rule of the wayside hostelries. The Lygon is not too far from Worcester to make it credible that in its Cromwell room in the east wing that great soldier really slept, and that in another Charles I. met one of the Royalist supporters, Sheldon of Broadway Court, on March 10, 1645.

But I find the cottages even more interesting than the fine houses. Their tiny lattices, with the ancient panes of greenish glass infinitesimally small, their curious bulging bow windows, their roofs of thatch or mossy stones, their floors of clean flag, the fires blazing on their hearths, and the bright blossoming plants that fill every casement, however small, though never to the exclusion of a fresh white muslin curtain, are at once so picture-like and so cozy that they win my heart. One sees at once where Mr. Abbey has drawn his illustrations for the old English comedies. You almost seem to be turning his pages as you walk through the streets.

By some convenient arrangement every house and cot has a sunny wall, whereon pears and apricots are trained to the very chimneys and hang full of fruit, the leaves being cut away as the season advances, to let in more and more sunshine. As for the great Gloire de Dijon roses, they apparently flourish wherever you please to plant them, climbing rampantly over the house-fronts, and sending out great fragrant clusters of roses to lay their soft pink-tinted yellow petals against the deeper tones of the limestone, or to mix with the royal purple of the clematis.

Here they follow the good old tradition of the Bradweia, and charming footpaths criss-cross the fields in all directions, making thoroughfares far more popular than the dusty roads. The bristling hawthorn hedges are pierced with frequent stiles, whose architecture might form a pleasing study in itself. Now it is a thick flat stone, deeply embedded on its edge, the top worn to a smooth hollow by the travel of generations; then it may be a picturesque arrangement of lichened logs, or even a smart bit of carpenter's work, with rails and step, but always the stile is planned for a people of mighty limb.

Looking down from the hillside of a Sunday afternoon, you shall see the tidy farmers' families wending through these fields from all directions toward old St. Eadburgha's Church, while the merry clanging jangle of her bells comes up from the hollow a mile away.

Walk "through the coppice," by a grassy path that will lead you over four moss-grown stiles, up a steep hill that rewards you with a far-stretching outlook over the vale to the Malvern Hills, through beech woods and blackberry-bushes and down a hill stiffer than the first, and you shall come upon a village in comparison with which Broadway appears a commercial center. Buckland has absolutely no thoroughfare. One road, it is true, leads into it from nowhere in particular, but this thread-like path is its only connecting link with its nearest neighbor, yet intercourse is considered neither infrequent nor difficult.

I can think of nothing more absolutely restful, of no spot where the hurry and unease of the big world so dwindle to proportions of such utter foolishness, as in the churchyard of Buckland on an August afternoon. How the warmth of the sunshine sinks into the old gray stones, where the memory of just and unjust is kept green by the softly creeping moss that spells out the rude lettering of their names; and the rooks circle sleepily about the square stone tower with its ancient dial, and only the sweet, subdued sounds of the voices of children and other happy young creatures mingle in the still, hazy air!

What keeps these dear old parish churches firmly planted through the changing centuries? Do their congregations ne'er break up, their centers of population never shift?

Almost as quaint is Child's Wickham, another of Broadway's outlying dependencies, which until I saw Buckland seemed to me the least able to account for its own perpetuity of all the fascinating little hamlets I had known. But one little rhyme, wrongly scheduled as nonsense, accounts for many things in Our Old Home. "'Tis because they choose to do just what they used to do" that many places, many things, and many customs are maintained there which would be quickly lost among a people less conservative—which means preservative as well.

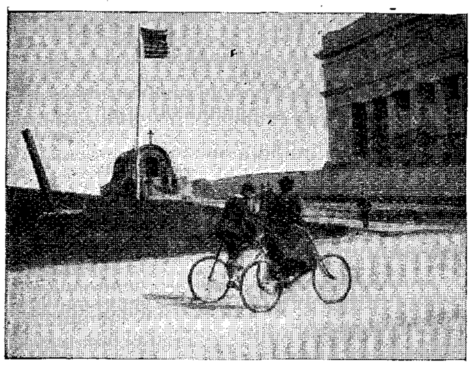
THE ROAD TO SAINTSBURY

Any one who has been so fortunate as to be present at the annual School Treat in Broadway will be in no fear of its speedy depopulation. Two hundred school-children marched in line, with banners flying, as sturdy little specimens as one could ask to see, and, after a service in the church, scrambled under the trees for sweets, scattered by the rector's liberal hand. And these were only the Church children, the Roman Catholics turning out in good number on the following day.

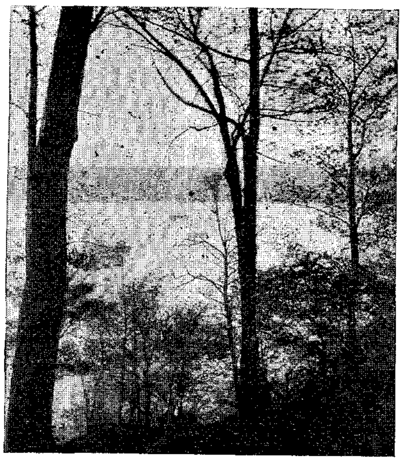
"Oh, there be the lady that painted we!" cries one delighted youngster, in the favorite grammatical idiom of the locality.

For "inside" information as to the history and manners of the place, in default of any local guide-book, or any but a passing allusion by Baedeker, the most interesting source is the Old Curiosity Shop, outside of which stand inviting rows of beds and tables, stools and candlesticks, gathered from every auction sale within a radius of twenty miles. To its proprietor (I assert it on no less authority than his own word) is due the success of most of the artistic work accomplished in his village. He shows you, with natural pride, photographs of certain well-known pictures, and produces forthwith the very tables, chairs, and sideboards that appear in them.

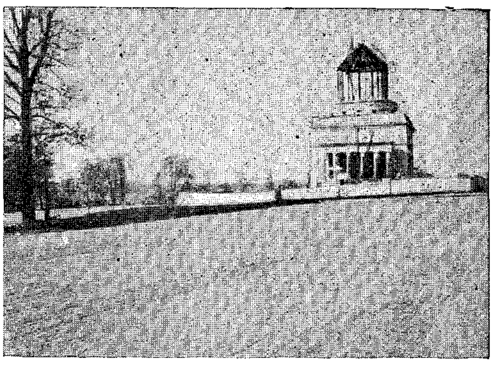
"Oh, it's the *setting* that does it," he observes, with the air of experience; adding, "I furnish the settings!"



Grant's Tomb



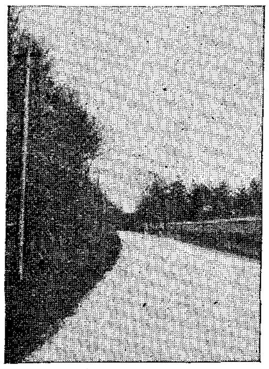
Through the Trees



The New Tomb

ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE

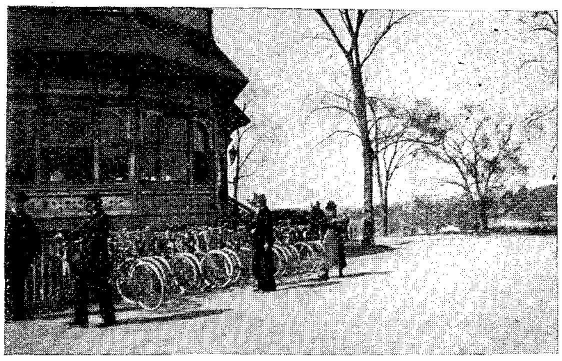
The Spectator Awheel



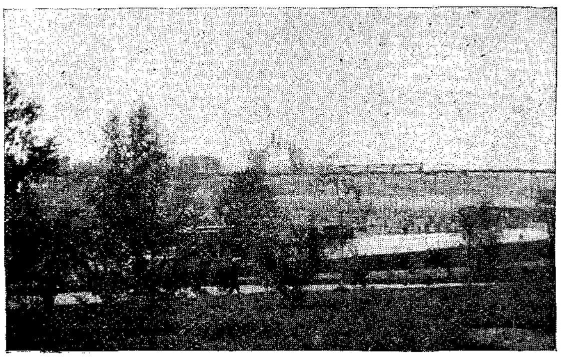
A Bit of Good Road

One of the great features of wheeling is that it enables a person to get well acquainted with his own environment. The Spectator knew very little about upper New York before his wheeling days began, and nothing of New Jersey and Long Island except what he saw from an occasional car window. Now the suburbs of New York are becoming as familiar as Madison Square. There is as much delight in discovering a new macadamized road as Hendrik Hudson found when he first sailed up the river which bears his name. To be sure, other people may have known that macadamized road intimately for many years; but red Indians had been paddling over the Hudson River for centuries before Hendrik was born, and doubtless visiting cave-dwellers were familiar with its waters æons before the days of the red Indian. Discovery is a personal matter: when you discover a thing, it begins to exist. The Spectator has never had an ambition to be "the first white man" to do anything. Let other white men go on ahead and cut their way through the forest, and still other white men follow them and construct comfortable hostelries—*then* the Spectator is ready to appear on the scene.

The Hudson County Boulevard, running for fourteen smooth, delightful miles from Fort Lee to Bergen Point, N. J., is one of the Spectator's discoveries which he advises every New York wheelman to make his own as soon as possible. The builders of that road have made themselves a monument as enduring as brass and about as hard. It was a pleasant Saturday afternoon in early spring when the Spectator took the 3:15 boat at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, with the intention of discovering this new boulevard, opened only a few months before. As the boat neared the landing he asked a nice-looking young wheelman if he could direct him to the nearest way to reach his Mecca, and the young wheelman said he was going there too, and if the Spectator would follow he would guide. The Spectator has never yet found anything but courtesy among wheelmen. We turned to the left at the ferry landing and skirted the river for a mile, then climbed the hill (not a long climb at this point), went on for another mile, making several turns where the Spectator was very glad to be guided, and soon the broad, winding Hudson County Boulevard was under our tires and we were speeding on at a twelve-knot rate. The young man was on his way to Forty-second Street in New York; he was to cross the ferry at that point (think of it, you who are not yet numbered with the wheelmen: a person who wishes to go from One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to Forty-second will *cross the river*, just for fun and a good road, and go down on the other side! Do you do that with your horses?) He seemed to like company, however, and when the Spectator said he proposed to see the other end of that boulevard before the sun went down, the young man agreed to go along, and we rolled on and on till Bergen Point appeared, and we alighted for Apollinaris lemonade where the road ended, and Staten Island was close at hand across the bay. A half-hour's rest and we were on the way back, going down the hill to the Weehawken ferry with the Western sun transfiguring New York as if it were really a reformed city. "And so, home," as Mr. Pepys would say; but Mr Pepys never had a cyclometer which could click off thirty-five miles between three o'clock and seven.



The Bicycle-Stand at Claremont



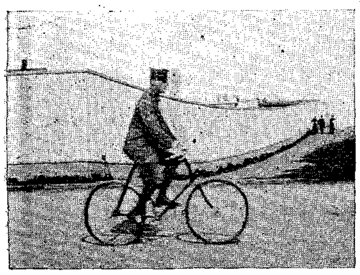
The New St. Luke's Hospital—from a Corner of Central Park

One of the most delightful short trips around New York is the run to Throgg's Neck and Fort Schuyler. The only difficulty is in getting comfortably out of the city; but the Spectator is fond of doing a part of his day's wheeling with his bicycle in a baggage-car, and he elected to take a train to Mount Vernon. From there to Throgg's Neck, through Wakefield, Olinville, and Westchester, is a run of about fourteen miles, and the road is perfectly macadamized most of the way. The main road ends at the entrance to C. P. Huntington's place, but a branch takes one to the Fort and its picturesque fortifications. Round wooden bull's-eyes, painted to represent the ends of cannon, frown from its nice little walls, and one can imagine how a British man-of-war would tremble as it passed. Across the Sound there is another fortification—a much deadlier one, bearing in large letters the "scare-head," "Torpedoes—Don't Anchor." One is not allowed to take pictures in Fort Schuyler. The Spectator apologizes for showing a few which he took, but one group of soldiers within the fort consented to be photographed without a murmur, and it was only as he was taking his last picture that he was told it was against the rules. A reporter had been there recently, and he had taken pictures and written up a story which contained things that were not so—he must have made it out as a strong fortress with lots of big guns—and this was not to happen again. We leaned our wheels against the trees on the lawn outside the fort, and watched the schooners and the sloops sail by with all their canvas set and a spanking breeze blowing them out into the Sound. Far off at the left a hundred sail dotted the blue waters; and the grass was green and the sun shone—and it was good to be a wheelman.

It was only a very few summers ago that the Spectator gazed with mingled feelings of curiosity and scorn upon the pioneer wheelwoman of New York as she rode in Central Park with yellow leggins—the subject of a column “story” in the “Sun,” and the object of as much attention as a circus parade. To-day there are about as many women as men on wheels, and the term “wheelman” is becoming more generic every month. Certainly there was never devised, in the history of the world, such a splendid out-of-door sport for women. The sunlight and the suburbs are theirs, and they can be as independent as they please—or they can make it a point to travel without a tool-bag of their own. Not every woman has learned to ride gracefully—nor has every man, for that matter. They are prone to sit too far back, and at a wrong angle from the pedals, and to work their machines with a knee motion that suggests the walking-beam. The skirtless bloomer-girl is going—if indeed she ever came. New dresses have been devised with mysterious straps in their insides, and graceful folds to hang over the rear wheel, with enough room for the knees in front. But The Outlook has already given space to this subject.

From the Lawn at Fort Schuyler

The Spectator has yet to find the first railroad man who bewails the passage of the Armstrong Bill, compelling the companies to carry bicycles as checked baggage. Perhaps it is because his acquaintance is more with the “hands” than with the managers. Mr. Depew may not like the bill, but the ticket agent who has had to write out a paper check in triplicate for every bicycle, and stamp each one of the pieces, is not tearing his hair over the new law in sight of the passengers. The Spectator asked a baggageman how the change affected him. “I didn't use to get any of the money, did I?” was the reply. The fact is that while it is quite true that bicycles are something of a nuisance in a baggage-car (they might be much less of a nuisance if the companies would bestir themselves enough to have hooks or racks for them), it should be remembered that the wheelman usually takes his wheel to the car and stands ready to take it off when the train reaches its destination. Through traffic is not seriously affected by carrying wheels. The picture which Mr. Depew drew of the Empire State Express having some day to refuse sixty passengers because there would have to be an extra car for wheels, is probably one of the genial railroad president's pleasantries. If there is any law which compels a railroad to carry baggage on the same train with the passenger, it is certainly broken often as to trunks, and the bicycler going from New York to Buffalo is not liable to be in costume and to demand his wheel immediately on arrival. The Spectator is very fond of doing half a wheeling trip on the cars. He has wheeled, many a morning, to Yonkers, Tarrytown, or Sing Sing, and returned by train. The railroad company may object to carrying his bicycle, but it certainly would not have carried *him* if it had not been for the wheel. He would hardly have gone up to Sing Sing by train just for the pleasure of coming back the same way.

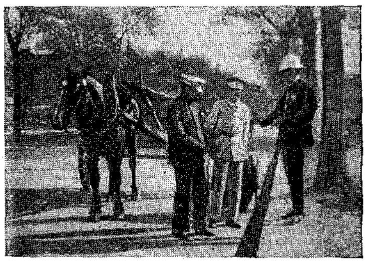

A Riverside Drive Policeman

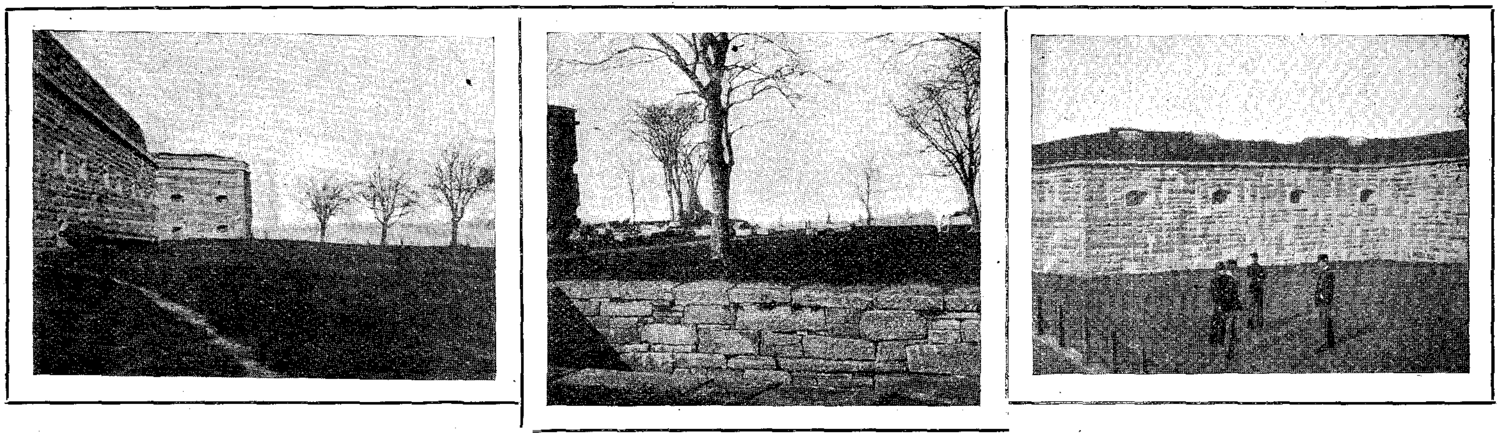
Part of the wheeling between Yonkers and Hastings may be made on the Croton Aqueduct, and if one does not mind dismounting about once in a thousand feet to go through a narrow stile, it is a very pleasant experience. The Spectator tried it once last autumn in a mellow November morning, with hazy sunshine in the air, and the Hudson sparkling through the half-bared trees. It is a lonely piece of road, and one not to be attempted on a dark night. It is great fun, by the way, to wheel at night if one is sure of the road; and the Boulevard, Riverside Drive, and Central Park are full of twinkling lights these spring evenings. Of course many wheel at night because they have no time for it in the day, but to the Spectator there is a special fascination about riding in semi-darkness. One goes faster, unconsciously, and really seems to pick one's way with less care than in the light of day. The mystery about it and the possible danger lurking just ahead seem to add to the fascination. The average country road, with ruts and stones, on a moonless night, would have few charms, for there is as yet no bicycle lamp that really illumines the way; but a smooth asphalt is a distinct pleasure. The novices are lurking in sheltered nooks, usually with a friend to support them, but the still more dangerous ice-wagons and coal-carts are hushed in sleep, and Colonel Waring's white angels have left a clean road for the wheelmen. And what a debt of gratitude we owe to that same Colonel Waring! By eleven o'clock the Park and the Drive are almost deserted, but the lights still glimmer on the Boulevard, speeding southward till midnight.

One of Colonel Waring's “White Angels”

A Boulevard Policeman

One February morning the Spectator had wheeled up to Washington Bridge, and as he leaned his bicycle against the parapet the sight that met his eyes made him glad he was a Spectator and that the fates had directed him to that spot. There was almost no fog in the air above, and the sun was half shining through the clouds; but under the bridge, and stretching away as far as one could see to the north and south, was a white and billowy mass of vapor, so thick that only the tops of the trees could be seen coming through like rushes along either edge. It was banked up against the hills on the sides, and flowed just under the arches of High Bridge, and the Harlem River was blotted out and the “Speedway” was gone (would that it would stay so!). It seemed as if one could throw one's self over the parapet and be borne up by the soft mass just below. Then a whistle was heard and a train rushed along, out of sight; and the white smoke, whiter than the fog, broke through and settled above it in a line that grew longer and broader as the train sped on.


A Group of Colonel Waring's Men

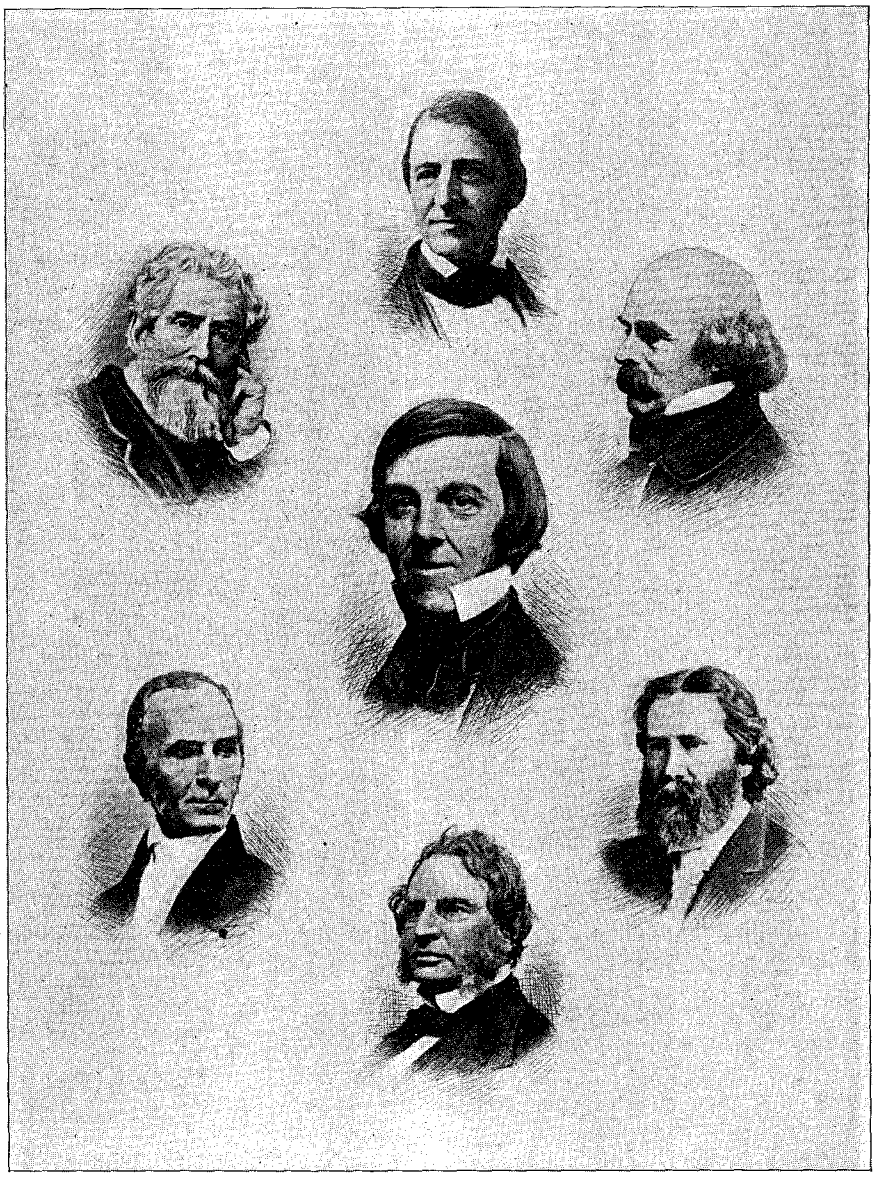

AT FORT SCHUYLER

Books and Authors

A Model Biography[1]

A slight, fragile figure; alert, agile, light of foot and quick in speech—at eighty-four Dr. Holmes was still the gayest of companions and the most charming of talkers. The power of sustained work had, of course, sensibly diminished; the creative current had visibly ebbed; but the vivacity of temperament and of mind escaped the touch of time. Of the bluest New England blood and in the direct line of the strictest New England traditions, Dr. Holmes was the blithest spirit that ever came out of Puritanism. He was the child of his section, but he was utterly unlike the brilliant contemporaries who, with him, illustrated so conspicuously and in so many ways the temper, the spirit, and the ideals of New England. He had the cleanness of taste and life which have so long been typical of New England men of the best type; he had the keenness and agility of the New England mind, its swift observation, its rapid movement, its versatility; he had also the thrift of time and strength, the habit of industry which belong to his section. He was essentially a serious man, living a laborious life; but the ethical quality was not urgent and dominant in him. He did not struggle with the problem of sin like Hawthorne; he was not stirred by the National sin of slavery like Lowell and Whittier; he was not drawn to the higher vision of things like Emerson.

The moral impulse, which energized the New England nature to such a degree that it went far to overcome the thinness and coldness of the New England temperament, and to give it artistic quality and power in spite of these limitations, was not the motive power in Dr. Holmes. He was of lighter build, of easier mood, of gayer temper. A New Englander to the heart, he interpreted New England as a section rather than Puritanism as a moral force. He cared everything for old Boston, with its well-defined social and intellectual conditions; he cared very little for the movements of the day. He was neither an abolitionist, a suffragist, nor a temperance reformer; but he was, in his way, the finest interpreter New England has ever had. His very narrowness made his typical quality more definite and effective. He was clean, pure, intellectual New Englandism incarnate. So far as his work reveals his interests and sympathies, the South and West had no existence for him. He was a great provincial, who has given us a charming and enduring picture of his province—a picture which will go into our National gallery as the work of a true artist.



MOTLEY
WHITTIER

EMERSON
HOLMES
LONGFELLOW

HAWTHORNE
LOWELL

Because his individuality was so marked and his world so near at hand and so sharply outlined, Dr. Holmes is by far the most thoroughly known of all our men of letters. He always talked about himself, but he did it without giving offense; he was vain, but his vanity was of that innocent kind which gives the impression of taking you into intimate relationship. He wrote about himself in a perfectly natural way, and his work is mainly a record of his observation, thought, and experience. He drew upon himself for literary material, and the supply was unfailing. He was the most friendly, genial, and informal of writers; to read the Autocrat is to sit at table with him, or to meditate "four feet on the fender." He loved scholars and scholarship, and his own knowledge was accurate and extensive; there is a flavor of learning in him which is always agreeable and never oppressive; but in his best vein he is simply and unaffectedly himself—a keen, wise, witty human spirit, vivacious, humane, and sincere. He takes us into his confidence with a frankness which is the most delicate compliment to our discretion and discrimination; he treats us as equals in wit and knowledge; and in those rare moments when he talks *ex cathedra* we are rather relieved than otherwise by the discovery that at heart he knows perfectly well that he is more clever than we. The reformers among Dr. Holmes's neighbors often did him injustice because he did not cast in his fortunes with this or that particular movement; forgetting that every man has his own work to do, and that, above all, he has a right to do it in his own way. In like manner, comparing Dr. Holmes's work with that of his more serious contemporaries, we are likely to mistake its lightness of method for thinness of substance, and to underestimate its enduring quality. As a matter of fact, the Autocrat was not only one of the most delightful of men, but he was also one of the most gifted. His work has both distinctness and distinction, individuality and charm. It is original in the sense that it does not grow out of other literary work, but is the expression of a typical man of genius; of genius not of the highest order, but of genius of a genuine quality.

A good biography was very essential in the case of Dr. Holmes, because the charm and power of the man were wholly personal; and such a biography Mr. Morse has given us: a record at once frank and full, and yet reticent at points where modern biographies have so often been garrulous; an estimate at once sympathetic, appreciative, and discriminating. Indeed, this biography is a model of loyal admiration and of sound judgment. The central figure is thrown on to the canvas with great distinctness, but the sense of proportion is never violated. A piece of work so intelligent, judicious, and interesting is an addition to our literature for which we ought to be grateful. It must be added that the publishers have given this admirable Life a form which is both beautiful and convenient.

The illustrations add greatly to the interest of the book by recalling faces and places inseparably associated with the history of American literature. We are enabled to print on this and the following page two of these illustrations, through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by whom they are copyrighted.

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[1] *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.* By John T. Morse, Jr. 2 Vols. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4.

New Books

The Book of Job (Macmillan & Co., New York) is the latest in Professor Moulton's admirable series, "The Modern Reader's Bible." This book, which he fitly calls a dramatic poem framed in an epic story, is presented in its dramatic form with brief literary notes. We shall speak at an early date and at length of this series. It must suffice to say now and here that this pocket edition of "The Book of Job" will be to most English readers like the discovery of a new and great work.——*Eucharistic Conferences* is the title of the collected papers presented at the First American Eucharistic Congress, Washington, D. C., October, 1895. (The Catholic Book Exchange, New York.) The object of these Conferences is to promote greater devotion and a larger use of the Eucharist, as by a daily celebration of the mass, special preparations for it, explanation of its meaning, and the like. The Protestant reader will find this a valuable treatise, if he desires to obtain the Roman Catholic point of view of the Holy Sacrament.

THE HOLMES HOMESTEAD, CAMBRIDGE

The Ideal of Universities, by Adolf Brodbeck, Ph.D., translated from the German and reprinted from the "Metaphysical Magazine" (The Metaphysical Publishing Company, New York), is a series of essays on the function of the university, the main value of which will be their suggestiveness to professional teachers and those who have some part in the framing of educational systems.——*American Orations* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is a new and revised edition of this valuable work—valuable not only for the specimens of eloquence which it contains, but also for the current, vital, personal interpretation of historical events by the men who had so great a part in making those events.

Mrs. Cotes (Sara Jeannette Duncan) again makes good use of her intimate knowledge of Anglo-Indian life in *His Honour, and a Lady*. There is more than local color, humor, reproduction of official, social, and native manners and life; there is also a subtle study of character and motive. The novel is well worth reading. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.)——Miss F. F. Montrésor has a singular gift for telling a pathetic story tenderly and without excess in expression. *Worth While* is such a tale. A second story in the volume is fairly good. The author will be remembered as having written "The One Who Looked On." (E. Arnold, New York.)——In *Mark Herron* Alice W. Bailey takes her characters through summer schools, theosophy, mind-cure, the glories of the Chicago Fair, Christian Science, Indian philosophy, and much else that is mysterious. The book is immensely interesting, not as a story (there is not much plot, and the reader cares little how the love affair terminates), but as a well-informed study of the waves of mental excitement which have followed one another in the last few years. The author does not argue, and the talk of her characters is not wearisome. There is an extraordinary amount of observation in the book, and it is acutely suggestive. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——A third volume has been added to the reprint of William Carleton's racy *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)——*A Mountain Woman*, by Elia W. Peattie (Way & Williams, Chicago), is a very tastefully made book which contains eight short stories, some of which have appeared in various magazines and journals. The stories are interesting chiefly because of a certain freshness of feeling in them and a certain note of promise. They are very uneven, and in one or two cases they are crude in construction, but the writer is dealing with real things in a genuine spirit, and her work is therefore worthy of careful attention. It contains the promise of better things. ——Mr. S. R. Keightley, the author of "The Crimson Sign," has selected the period of the English Revolution as furnishing material for his new story, *The Cavaliers*, a spirited novel of adventure. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)——New editions of standard authors constitute a very large part of the current publication, and, it hardly need be added, a very valuable part. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. (New York) send us a new volume, *The Unknown Masterpiece*, in their series of Balzac's translations, the work of translation being done in this case by Ellen Marriage, and Mr. Saintsbury, the general editor of the series, furnishing a preface. The further this series progresses, the more satisfactory become its qualities as a piece of tasteful and beautiful book-making.——The same publishers issue also Daudet's *Tartarin on the Alps* in the series commented upon in these columns last week.——*Across an Ulster Bog*, by M. Hamilton (Edward Arnold, New York), is a story of Irish life. With the memory of Jane Barlow's simple Irish stories in the reader's mind, "Across an Ulster Bog" is tame and colorless.

A new and enlarged edition of Mr. Julius H. Ward's *The White Mountains: A Guide to their Interpretation*, has been issued; the new chapters are on The Gateway at North Woodstock, The Mountain Colors, Snow-Shoeing on Osceola, and The Winnipesaukee Region. We commented fully on this book when it first appeared, and need only say now that no lover of the White Mountains can afford not to read it. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.)——Another delightful outdoor book from the same publishers is Miss Alice Brown's *By Oak and Thorn*, which is a record of "English days," largely in Devon and Cornwall. It is very much more than a book of travel; it touches literature and history at many points; it is written with keen appreciation of the charm and association of the places visited; in style it is admirable.

An important book of the week, one eagerly expected by many readers, is W. Fraser Rae's biography of *Sheridan*. It is printed in two large volumes, has a portrait, and is accompanied with an introduction by Sheridan's great-grandson, the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. A great deal of material not before published is included. We shall, of course, give a review of the work at a later date. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.)

Mr. Charles G. Leland has followed his first series of *Legends of Florence Collected from the People* (Macmillan & Co., New York) with a second series. Mr. Leland had very rich material to draw upon in these two volumes, and it hardly need be said that he is an expert collector and sifter of popular tradition. No American of our time has been a greater adept in the lore of the common folk, and especially of wandering folk like the Gypsies.——Mr. Richard Lodge's *Richelieu*, which bears the imprint of the same publishers, and which takes its place in the Foreign Statesmen Series, furnishes a compact account of one of the most adroit statesmen and one of the most picturesque characters in modern French history.

Mr. William Root Bliss, who has shown so much knowledge of things colonial and provincial in connection with Buzzard's Bay and the Old Colony, has prepared another book in the same vein on *Quaint Nantucket* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), a study of the town as it existed for two hundred years before the invasion of the summer boarder, the material being taken from the town and port records, sea-journals, personal letters, and private manuscripts of various kinds.

Professor Arthur T. Hadley's *Economics* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York) is a survey of the entire field from the standpoint of a moderate individualist, who is generally but not invariably opposed to measures urged on behalf of the poorer classes. Professor Hadley's individualism is not that of Herbert Spencer, nor, indeed, that of his senior colleague, Professor Sumner. The labor measure he most heartily indorses is the legislation restricting the hours of women and children in factories, to which the older individualists were so strenuously opposed. It is in regard to monopolies that his individualism is most marked. He seems to cling to the belief that enlightened self-interest will persuade natural monopolies and trusts to reduce rates to the level demanded by the public interest, and secured in other branches of industry by the presence of competition. In regard to railroads he even seems to feel that there is danger of too great competition, and recommends the permission of "pooling" contracts to prevent their competing with each other in the unrestricted way necessary for merchants and farmers. On the question of taxation Professor Hadley is thoroughly in sympathy with the principles of free trade, and somewhat in sympathy with the principle of progressive taxation. On the question of currency he is entirely out of sympathy with the bimetallist movement. He even maintains that the success of France in maintaining silver and gold at the legal ratio was limited to "the first half of the present century," when "the production of both gold and silver was slow and equable." As a matter of fact, the relative production of gold was trebled during this period, and the greatest triumph of the French law was during the decade following 1850, when the production of gold was again and suddenly trebled without a sensible change in the relative value of the two metals. Still more unjustifiable is Professor Hadley's argument that an increase in the currency injures labor. He bases this upon the

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KATE CARNEGIE[1]

By Ian Maclaren

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush," "The Days of Auld Lang Syne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—IN THE GLOAMING

August is our summer-time in the north, and Carmichael found it pleasant walking from Lynedoch bridge to Kilbogie. The softness of the gloaming, and the freshness of the falling dew, and the scent of the honeysuckle in the hedge, and the smell of the cut corn in the fields—for harvest is earlier down there than with us—and the cattle chewing the cud, and the sheltering shadow of old beech-trees, shed peace upon him and touched the young minister's imagination. Fancies he may have had in early youth, but he had never loved any woman except his mother and his aunt. There had been times when he and his set declared they would never marry, and one, whose heart was understood to be blighted, had drawn up the constitution of a celibate Union. It was never completed—and therefore never signed—because the brotherhood could not agree about the duration of the vows—the draftsman, who has been twice married since then, standing stiffly for their perpetuity, while the others considered that a dispensing power might be lodged in the Moderator of Assembly.

This railing against marriage on the part of his friends was pure boyishness, and they were all engaged on the mere prospect of a kirk; but Carmichael had more of a mind on the matter. There was in him an ascetic bent, inherited from some Catholic ancestor, and he was almost convinced that a minister would serve God with more abandonment in the celibate state. As an only child, and brought up by a mother given to noble thoughts, he had learned to set women in a place by themselves, and considered marriage for ordinary men to flavor of sacrilege. His mother had bound it as a law upon him that he was never to exercise his tongue on a woman's failings, never to argue with a woman unto her embarrassment, never to regard her otherwise than as his superior. Women noticed that Carmichael bore himself to them as if each were a Madonna, and treated him in turn according to their nature. Some were abashed, and could not understand the lad's shyness; those were saints. Some were amused, and suspected him of sarcasm; those were less than saints. Some horrified him unto confusion of face because of the shameful things they said. One middle-aged female, whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue work, compelled Carmichael to sue for mercy on the ground that he had not been accustomed to speak about such details of life with a woman, and ever after described him as a prude. It seemed to Carmichael that he was disliked by women because he thought more highly of them than he ought to think.

Carmichael was much tried by the baser of his fellow-students, especially a certain class of smug, self-contented, unctuous men, who neither had endured hardship to get to college, nor did any work at college. They were described in reports as the "fruits of the revival," and had been taken from behind counters and sent to the University, not because they had any love of letters, like Domsie's lads at Drumtochty, but because rich old ladies were much impressed by the young men's talk, and the young men were perfectly aware that they would be better off in the ministry than in any situation they could gain by their own merits. As Carmichael grew older, and therefore more charitable, he discovered with what faulty tools the work of the world and even of kirks is carried on, and how there is a root of good in very coarse and common souls. When he was a young judge—from whom may the Eternal deliver us all—he was bitter against the "fruits," as he called them, because they did their best to escape examinations, and spoke in a falsetto voice, and had no interest in dogs, and because they told incredible tales of their spiritual achievements. But chiefly did Carmichael's gorge rise against those unfortunates because of the mean way they spoke of marriage; and on this account, being a high-spirited young fellow, he said things which could hardly be defended, and of which afterward he honestly repented.

"Yes, religion is profitable for both worlds," one of them would exhort by the junior common-room fire, "and if you doubt it, look at me; five-and-twenty shillings a week as a draper's assistant was all I had, and no chance of rising. Now I'm a gentleman"—here Carmichael used to look at the uncleanly little man and snort—"and in two years. I could ask any girl in religious society, and she would take me. A minister can marry any woman, if he be evangelical. Ah," he would conclude, with a fine strain of piety, "Gospel is its own reward."

What enraged Carmichael as he listened in the distance to these pæans of pharisaism was the disgusting fact that the "fruits" did carry off great spoil in the marriage field, so that to a minister without culture, manners, or manliness, a middle-class family would give their pet daughter, when they would have refused her to a ten times better man fighting his way up in commerce. If she died, then this enterprising buccaneer would achieve a second and a third conquest, till in old age he would rival the patriarchs in the number of his wives and possessions. As for the girl, Carmichael concluded that she was still under the glamour of an ancient superstition, and took the veil after a very commonplace and squalid fashion. This particular "fruit" against whom Carmichael in his young uncharitableness especially raged, because he was more self-complacent and more illiterate than his fellows, married the daughter of a rich self-made man, and on the father's death developed a peculiar form of throat disease, which laid him aside from the active work of the ministry—a mysterious providence, as he often explained—but allowed him to enjoy life with a guarded satisfaction. What Carmichael said to him about his ways and his Gospel was very unpleasant and quite unlike Carmichael's kindly nature, but the only revenge the victim took was to state his conviction that Scotland would have nothing to do with a man that was utterly worldly, and in after years to warn vacant churches against one who did not preach the Cross.

After one of those common-room encounters, Carmichael used to fling himself out into the east wind and grayness of Edinburgh, fuming against the simplicity of good people, against the provincialism of his college, against the pharisaism of his church, against the philistinism of Scottish life. He would go down to Holyrood and pity Queen Mary, transported from the gay court of France to Knox's Scotland, divided between theology and bloodshed. In the evening he would sweep his table clean of German books on the Pentateuch, and cover it with prints of the old masters, which he had begun to collect, and ancient books of Catholic devotion, and read two letters to his mother from her uncle, who had been a Vicar-General, and died in an old Scottish convent in Spain. There was very little in the letters beyond good wishes and an account of the Vicar-General's health, but they seemed to link a Free Kirk divinity student on to the Holy Catholic Church. Mother Church cast her spell over his imagination, and he envied the lot of her priests, who held a commission no man denied and administered a world-wide worship, whom a splendid tradition sanctioned, whom each of the arts hastened to aid; while he was to be the minister of a local sect and work with the "fruits," who knew nothing of Catholic Christianity, but supposed their little eddy, whereon they danced like rotten sticks, to be the main stream. Next day a reaction would set in, and Carmichael would have a fit of bohemianism, and resolve to be a man of letters. So the big books on theology would again be set aside, and he would write an article for "Ferrier's

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[1] Copyright, 1896, by John Watson.

Journal," that kindliest of all journals to the young author, which he would receive back in a week "with thanks." The Sunday night came, and Carmichael sat down to write his weekly letter to his mother—she got notes between, he found them all in her drawers, not a scrap missing—and as he wrote, his prejudices and petulances and fancies and unrest passed away. Before he had told her all that happened to him during the week—touching gently on the poor revivalist—although his mother had a saving sense of humor, and was a quite wonderful mimic—and saying nothing of his evening with St. Francis de Sales—for this would have alarmed her at once—he knew perfectly well that he would be neither a Roman nor a reporter, but a Free Kirk minister, and was not utterly cast down; for, notwithstanding the yeasty commotion of youth and its censoriousness, he had a shrewd idea that a man is likely to do his life-work best in the tradition of his faith and blood. Next morning his heart warmed as he went in through the college gates, and he would have defended Knox unto the death, as the maker of Scotland. His fellow-students seemed now a very honest set of men, as indeed they were, although a trifle limited in horizon, and he hoped that one of the "fruits" was satisfied with his Sunday's work; which shows that as often as a man of twenty-one gets out of touch with reality he ought straightway to sit down and write to his mother. Carmichael indeed told me one evening at the Cottage that he never had any mystical call to the ministry, but only had entered the Divinity Hall instead of going to Oxford because his mother had this for her heart's desire, and he loved her. As a layman it perhaps did not become me to judge mysteries, but I dared to say that any man might well be guided by his mother in religion, and that the closer he kept to her memory the better he would do his work. After which both of us smoked furiously, and Carmichael, two minutes later, was moved to remark that some Turkish I had then was enough to lure a man up Glen Urtach in the month of December.

The young minister was stirred on the way to Kilbogie, and began to dream dreams in the twilight. Love had come suddenly to him, and after an unexpected fashion. Miss Carnegie was of another rank and another faith, nor was she even his ideal woman, neither conspicuously spiritual nor gentle, but frank, outspoken, fearless, self-willed. He could also see that she had been spoiled by her father and his friends, who had given her *carte blanche* to say and do what she pleased. Very likely—he could admit that even in the first blush of his emotion—she might be passionate and prejudiced on occasion, even a fierce hater. This he had imagined in the Tochty woods, and was not afraid, for her imperfections seemed to him a provocation and an attraction. They were the defects of her qualities—of her courage, candor, generosity, affection. Carmichael leant upon a stile, and recalled the carriage of her head, the quick flash of her eye, the tap of her foot, the fascination of her manner. She was free from the affectations, gaucheries, commonplaces, wearinesses of many good women he had known. St. Theresa had been the woman enshrined in the tabernacle of his heart, but life might have been a trifle tiresome if a man were married to a saint. The saints have no humor and do not relax. Life with a woman like Miss Carnegie would be effervescent and stimulating, full of surprises and piquancy. No, she was not a saint, but he felt by an instinct she was pure, loyal, reverent, and true at the core. She was a gallant lass, and . . . he loved her.

What an absurdity was this reverie, and Carmichael laughed aloud at himself. Twice he had met Miss Carnegie —on one occasion she had found him watering strange dogs out of his hat, and on the other he had given her to understand that women were little removed from fools. He had made the worst of himself, and this young woman who had lived with smart people must have laughed at him. Very likely she had made him into a story, for as a raconteur himself he knew the temptation to work up raw material; or perhaps Miss Carnegie had forgotten long ago that he had called. Suppose that he should call to-morrow on his way home and say, "General Carnegie, I think it right to tell you that I admire your daughter very much, and should like your permission to pay my addresses. I am Free Church minister in Drumtochty, and my stipend is £200 a year" . . . his laugh this time was rather bitter. The Carnegies would be at once admitted into the county set, and he would meet them only at a time . . . Lord Hay was a handsome and pleasant young fellow. He would be at Glen Urtach House for the shooting in a few days . . . that was a likely thing to happen . . . the families were old friends . . . there would be great festivities in the Glen . . . perhaps he would be asked to propose the bride's health . . . It really seemed a providence that Saunderson should come along the road when he was playing the fool like a puling boy, for if any man could give a douche to love-sickness it was the minister of Kilbogie.

Carmichael was standing in the shadow as Saunderson came along the road, and the faint light was a perfect atmosphere for the dear old bookman. Standing at his full height he might have been six feet, but with much poring over books and meditation he had descended some three inches. His hair was long, not because he made any conscious claim to genius, but because he forgot to get it cut, and, with his flowing, untrimmed beard, was now quite gray. Within his clothes he was the merest skeleton, being so thin that his shoulder-blades stood out in sharp outline, and his hands were almost transparent. The redeeming feature in Saunderson was his eyes, which were large and eloquent, of a trustful, wistful hazel, the beautiful eyes of a dumb animal. Whether he was expounding doctrines of an incredible disbelief in humanity, or exalting, in rare moments, the riches of a divine love in which he did not expect to share, or humbly beseeching his brethren to give him information on some point in scholarship no one knew anything about except himself, or stroking the hair of some little child sitting upon his knee, those eyes were ever simple, honest, and most pathetic. Young ministers coming to the Presbytery full of self-conceit and new views were arrested by their light shining through the glasses, and came in a year or two to have a profound regard for Saunderson, curiously compounded of amusement at his ways, which for strangeness were quite beyond imagination, admiration for his knowledge, which was amazing for its accuracy and comprehensiveness, respect for his honesty, which feared no conclusion, however repellent to flesh and blood, but chiefly of love for the unaffected and shining goodness of a man in whose virgin soul neither self nor this world had any part. For years the youngsters of the Presbytery knew not how to address the minister of Kilbogie, since any one who had dared to call him Saunderson, as they said "Carmichael" and even "MacWheep," though he was elderly, would have been deposed, without delay, from the ministry—so much reverence at least was in the lads—and "Mister" attached to this personality would be like a silk hat on the head of an Eastern sage. Jenkins of Pitrodie always considered that he was inspired when he one day called Saunderson "Rabbi," and unto the day of his death Kilbogie was so called. He made protest against the title as being forbidden in the Gospels, but the lads insisted that it must be understood in the sense of scholar, whereupon Saunderson disowned it on the ground of his slender attainments. The lads saw the force of this objection, and admitted that the honorable word belonged by rights to MacWheep, but it was their fancy to assign it to Saunderson—whereat Saunderson yielded, only exacting a pledge that he should never be so called in public, lest all concerned be condemned for foolishness. When it was announced that the University of Edinburgh had resolved to confer the degree of D.D. on him for his distinguished learning and great services to theological scholarship, Saunderson, who was delighted when Dowbiggin of Muirtown got the honor for being an ecclesiastic, would have refused it for himself had not his boys gone out in a body and compelled him to accept. They also purchased a doctor's gown and hood, and invested him with them in the name of Kilbogie two days before the capping. One of them saw that he was duly brought to the Tolbooth Kirk, where the capping ceremonial in those days took place. Another sent a list of Saunderson's articles to British and foreign theological and philological reviews, which filled half a column of the "Caledonian," and drew forth a complimentary article from that exceedingly able and caustic paper, whose editor lost all his hair through sympathetic emotion the morning of the Disruption, and ever afterward pointed out the faults of the Free Kirk with much frankness. The fame of Rabbi Saunderson was so spread abroad that a great cheer went up as he came in with the other Doctors-elect, in which he cordially joined, considering it to be intended for his neighbor, a successful West End clergyman, the author of a "Life of Dorcas" and other pleasing booklets. For some time after his boys said "Doctor" in every third sentence, and then grew weary of a too common title, and fell back on Rabbi, by which he was known unto the day of his death, and which is engraved on his tombstone.

The Rabbi was tasting some morsel of literature as he came along, and halted opposite Carmichael, whom he did not see in the shadow, that he might enjoy it aloud.

"That is French verse, Rabbi, I think, but it sounds archaic; is it from a Huguenot poet?"

"Assuredly," replied the Rabbi, not one whit astonished that a man should come out from a hedge on Kilbogie road and recognize his quotation; "and, as you suggest, a piece which I have good evidence Queen Mary used to read. It is you, John Carmichael." The Rabbi awoke from the past, and held Carmichael's hand in both of his. "This was very mindful. You were going home from Pitscourie and turned aside to visit me.

"It is unfortunate that I am hastening to a farm called the Mains, on the border of Pitscourie parish, to expound the Word; but you will go on to the Manse and straitly charge Barbara to give you food, and I will hasten to return." And the Rabbi looked forward to the night with great satisfaction.

"No, I am not coming from Pitscourie, and you are not going there, as far as one can see. Why, you are on your way to Tochty woods; you are going west instead of east; Rabbi, tell the truth, have you been snuffing?"

This was a searching question, and full of history. When the Rabbi turned his back against the wind to snuff with greater comfort, he was not careful to resume his original position, but continued cheerfully in the new direction. This weakness was so well known that the school bairns would watch till he had started, and stand in a row on the road to block his progress. Then there would be a parley, which would end in the Rabbi capitulating and rewarding the children with peppermints, whereupon they would see him fairly off again and go on their way—often looking back to see that he was safe, and somehow loving him all the more for his strange ways. So much indeed was the Rabbi beloved that a Pitscourie laddie, who described Saunderson freely as a "daftie" to Mains' grandson, did not see clearly for a week, and never recovered his lost front tooth.

"That," remarked young Mains, "'ill learn Pitscourie tae set up impidence aboot the minister."

"There is no doubt that I snuffed—it was at Claypots steading—but there was no wind that I should turn. This is very remarkable, John, and . . . disconcerting.

"These humiliations are doubtless a lesson," resumed the Rabbi as they hurried to Mains, "and a rebuke. Snuffing is in no sense a necessity, and I have long recognized that the habit requires to be restricted—very carefully restricted. For some time I have had fixed times—once in the forenoon, once in the afternoon, and again in the evening. Had I restrained myself till my work was over and I had returned home, this misadventure would not have occurred, whereby I have been hindered and the people will have been kept waiting for their spiritual food.

"It is exactly thirty years to-night since I began this meeting in Mains," the Rabbi explained to Carmichael, "and I have had great pleasure in it and some profit. My subject has been the Epistle to the Romans, and by the goodness of God we are approaching the last chapters. The salutations will take about a year or so; Rufus, chosen in the Lord, will need careful treatment; and then I thought, if I were spared, of giving another year to a brief review of the leading points of doctrine; eh?"

Carmichael indicated that the family at Mains would almost expect something of the sort, and inquired whether there might not be a few passages requiring separate treatment at fuller length than was possible in this hurried commentary.

"Quite so, John, quite so; no one is more bitterly conscious of the defects of this exposition than myself—meager and superficial to a degree, both in the patristic references and the experimental application; but we are frail creatures, John, and it is doubtful whether the exposition of any book should extend over a generation. It has always caused me regret that Mains—I mean the father of the present tenant—departed before we had come to the comfort of the eighth chapter."

The Rabbi's mind was much affected by this thought, and twice in the kitchen his eye wandered to the chair where his friend had sat, with his wife beside him. From Priscilla and Aquila he was led into the question of hospitality, on which he spoke afterward till they came to the Manse, where he stationed Carmichael on the doorstep till he secured a light.

"There is a parcel of books on the floor, partially opened, and the way of passing is narrow and somewhat dangerous in the darkness."

CHAPTER XII.—KILBOGIE MANSE

Ministers there were in the great strath so orderly that they kept their sealing-wax in one drawer and their string in another, while their sermons were arranged under the books of the Bible, and tied with green silk. Dr. Dowbiggin, though a dull man and of a heavy carriage, could find in an instant the original draft of a motion on instrumental music he made in the Presbytery of Muirtown in the year '59, and could also give the exact page in the blue-books for every word he had uttered in the famous case when he showed that the use of a harmonium to train MacWheep's choir was a return to the bondage of Old Testament worship. His collection of pamphlets was supposed to be unique, and were a terror to controversialists, no man knowing when a rash utterance on the bottomless mystery of "spiritual independence" might not be produced from the Doctor's coat-tail pocket. He retired to rest at 10:15, and rose at six, settling the subject of his next sermon on Sabbath evening, and finishing the first head before breakfast on Monday morning. He had three hats—one for funerals, one for marriages, one for ordinary occasions—and he has returned from the Presbytery door to brush his coat. Morning prayers in Dr. Dowbiggin's house were at 8:5, and the wrath of the Doctor was so dangerous that one probationer staying at the manse, and not quite independent of influence, did not venture to undress, but snatched a fearful doze sitting upright on a cane-bottomed chair, lest he should not be in at the Psalm. Young ministers of untidy habits regarded Dr. Dowbiggin's study with despair, and did not recover their spirits till they were out of Muirtown. Once only did this eminent man visit the manse of Kilbogie, and in favorable moments after dinner he would give his choicer experiences.

"It is my invariable custom to examine my bed to see that everything is in order, and any one sleeping in Kilbogie Manse will find the good of such a precaution. I trust I am not a luxurious person—it would ill become one who came out in '43—but I have certainly become accustomed to the use of sheets. When I saw there were none on the bed, I declined to sleep without them, and I indicated my mind very distinctly on the condition of the manse.

"Would you believe it?" the Doctor used to go on. "Saunderson explained, as if it were a usual occurrence, that he had given away all the spare linen in his house to a girl that had to marry in . . . urgent circumstances, and had forgotten to get more. And what do you think did he offer as a substitute for sheets?" No one could even imagine what might not occur to the mind of Saunderson.

"Towels, as I am an honorable man; a collection o towels, as he put it, 'skillfully attached together, might make a pleasant covering.' That is the first and last time I ever slept in the Free Church Manse of Kilbogie. As regards Saunderson's study, I will guarantee that the like of it cannot be found within Scotland," and at the very thought of it that exact and methodical ecclesiastic realized the limitations of language.

His boys boasted of the Rabbi's study as something that touched genius in its magnificent disorderliness, and Carmichael was so proud of it that he took me to see it as to a shrine. One whiff of its atmosphere as you entered the door gave an appetite and raised the highest expectations. For any bookman can estimate a library by scent—if an expert, he could even write out a catalogue of the books and sketch the appearance of the owner. Heavy odor of polished mahogany, Brussels carpets, damask curtains and tablecloths: then the books are kept within glass, consist of sets of standard works in half calf, and the owner will give you their cost wholesale to a farthing. Faint fragrance of delicate flowers, and Russia leather, with a hint of cigarettes: prepare yourself for a marvelous wall-paper, etchings, bits of oak, limited editions, and a man in a velvet coat. Smell of paste and cloth binding and general newness means yesterday's books and a man racing through novels with a paper-knife. Those are only book-rooms by courtesy, and never can satisfy any one who has breathed the sacred air. It is a rich and strong spirit, not only filling the room, but pouring out from the door and possessing the hall, redeeming an opposite dining-room from grossness, and a more distant drawing-room from frivolity, and even lending a goodly flavor to bedrooms on upper floors. It is distilled from curious old duodecimos packed on high shelves out of sight, and blows over folios, with large clasps, that once stood in monastery libraries, and gathers a subtle sweetness from parchments that were illuminated in ancient scriptoriums, that are now grass-grown, and is fortified with good old musty calf. The wind was from the right quarter on the first day I visited Kilbogie Manse, and as we went up the garden walk the Rabbi's library already bade us welcome, and assured us of our reward for a ten miles' walk.

Saunderson was perfectly helpless in all manner of mechanics—he could not drive a tack through anything except his own fingers, and had given up shaving at the suggestion of his elders—and yet he boasted, with truth, that he had got three times as many books into the study as his predecessor possessed in all his house. For Saunderson had shelved the walls from the floor to the ceiling, into every corner, and over the doors, and above the windows, as well as below them. The wright had wished to leave the space clear above the mantelpiece.

"Ye 'ill be hanging Dr. Chalmers there, or maybe John Knox, and a bit clock 'ill be handy for letting ye ken the 'oors on Sabbath."

The Rabbi admitted that he had a Knox, but was full of a scheme for hanging him over his history, which he considered both appropriate and convenient. As regards time, it was the last thing of which that worthy man desired to be reminded—going to bed when he could no longer see for weariness, and rising as soon as he awoke, taking his food when it was brought to him, and being conducted to church by the beadle after the last straggler was safely seated. He even cast covetous eyes upon the two windows, which were absurdly large, as he considered, but compromised matters by removing the shutters and filling up the vacant space with slender works of devotion. It was one of his conceits that the rising sun smote first on an À Kempis, for this he had often noticed as he worked of a morning.

Book-shelves had long ago failed to accommodate Rabbi's treasures, and the floor had been bravely utilized. Islands of books, rugged and perpendicular, rose on every side; long promontories reached out from the shores, varied by bold headlands; and so broken and varied was that floor that the Rabbi was pleased to call it the Ægean Sea, where he had his Lesbos and his Samos. It is absolutely incredible, but it is all the same a simple fact, that he knew every book and its location, having a sense of the feel as well as the shape of his favorites. This was not because he had the faintest approach to orderliness—for he would take down twenty volumes and never restore them to the same place by any chance. It was a sort of motherly instinct by which he watched over them all, even loved prodigals that wandered over all the study and then set off on adventurous journeys into distant rooms. The restoration of an emigrant to his lawful home was celebrated by a feast in which, by a confusion of circumstances, the book played the part of calf, being read afresh from beginning to end. During his earlier and more agile years the Rabbi used to reach the higher levels of his study by wonderful gymnastic feats, but after two falls—one with three Ante-Nicene fathers in close pursuit—he determined to call in assistance. This he did after an impressive fashion. When he attended the roup at Pitfoodles—a day of historical prices—and purchased, in open competition, at three times its value, a small stack-ladder, Kilbogie was convulsed, and Mains had to offer explanations.

"He's cuttit aff seevin feet, and rins up it tae get his tapmaist bukes, but that's no a'," and then Mains gave it to be understood that the rest of the things the minister had done with that ladder were beyond words. For in order that the rough wood might not scar the sensitive backs of the fathers, the Rabbi had covered the upper end with cloth, and for that purpose had utilized a pair of trousers. It was not within his ability in any way to reduce or adapt his material, so that those interesting garments remained in their original shape, and as often as the ladder stood reversed, presented a very impressive and diverting spectacle. It was the inspiration of one of Carmichael's most successful stories—how he had done his best to console a woman on the death of her husband, and had not altogether failed, till she caught sight of the deceased's nether garments waving disconsolately on a rope in the garden, when she refused to be comforted. "Toom (empty) breeks tae me noo," and she wept profusely, "toom breeks tae me."

One of the great efforts of the Rabbi's life was to seat his visitors, since, beyond the one chair, accommodation had to be provided on the table, wheresoever there happened to be no papers, and on the ledges of the bookcases. It was pretty to see the host suggesting from a long experience those coigns of vantage he counted easiest and safest, giving warnings also of unsuspected danger in the shape of restless books that might either disappear from beneath one's feet or descend on one's head. Carmichael, however, needed no such guidance, for he knew his way about in the marvelous place, and at once made for what the boys called the throne of the fathers. This was a lordly seat, laid as to its foundation in mediæval divines of ponderous volume, but excellently finished with the Benedictine edition of St. Augustine, softened by two cushions, one for a seat and another for a back. Here Carmichael used to sit in great content, smoking and listening while the Rabbi hunted a passage through Scripture with many authorities, or defended the wildest Calvinism with strange, learned arguments; from this place he would watch the Rabbi searching for a lost note on some passage of Holy Writ amid a pile of papers two feet deep, through which he burrowed on all fours, or climbing for a book on the sky-line, to forget his errand and to expound some point of doctrine from the top of the ladder.

"You're comfortable, John, and you do not want to put off your boots after all that traveling to and fro; then I will search for Barbara, and secure some refreshment for our bodies," and Carmichael watched the Rabbi depart with pity, for he was going on a troublous errand.

Housekeepers are, after beadles, the most wonderful functionaries in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland, and every species could be found within a day's journey of Drumtochty. Jenkins, indeed, suggested that a series of papers on Church Institutions read at the clerical club should include one on housekeepers, and offered to supply the want, which was the reason why Dr. Dowbiggin refused to certify him to a vacancy, speaking of him as "frivolous and irresponsible." The class ranged from Sarah of Drumtochty, who could cook and knew nothing about ecclesiastical affairs, to that austere damsel, Margaret Meiklewham of Pitscourie, who had never prepared an appetizing meal in her life, but might have sat as an elder in the Presbytery.

Among all her class, Barbara MacCluckie stood an easy worst, being the most incapable, unsightly, evil-tempered, vexatious woman into whose hands an unmarried man had ever been delivered. MacWheep had his own trials, but his ruler saw that he had sufficient food and some comfort; but Barbara laid herself out to make the Rabbi's life a misery. He obtained food only as a favor, and an extra blanket had to be won by a week's abject humiliation. Fire was at times denied him, and he secured oil for his lamp by stratagems. Latterly he was glad to send strange ministers to Mains, and only his boys forced lodgment in the manse. The settlement of Barbara was the great calamity of the Rabbi's life, and was the doing of his own good nature. He first met her when she came to the manse one evening to discuss the unlawfulness of infant baptism and the duty of holding Sunday on Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath. His interest deepened on learning that she had been driven from twenty-nine situations through the persecution of the ungodly; and on her assuring him that she had heard a voice in a dream bidding her take charge of Kilbogie Manse, the Rabbi, who had suffered many things at the hands of young girls given to lovers, installed Barbara, and began to repent that very day. A tall, bony, forbidding woman, with a squint, and a nose turning red from chronic indigestion, let it be said for her that she did not fall into the sins of her predecessors. It was indeed a pleasant jest in Kilbogie for four Sabbaths that she allowed a local Romeo, who knew not that his Juliet was gone, to make his adventurous way to her bedroom window, and then showed such an amazing visage that he was laid up for a week through the suddenness of his fall. What the Rabbi endured no one knew, but his boys understood that the only relief he had from Barbara's tyranny was on Sabbath evening, when she stated her objections to the doctrine, and threatened to walk into Muirtown in order to escape from unsound doctrine. On such occasions the Rabbi laid himself out for her instruction with much zest; and he knew when he had produced an impression, for then he went supperless to bed. Between this militant spirit and the boys there was an undying feud, and Carmichael was not hurt to hear her frank references to himself.

"What need he come stravagin' doon frae Drumtochty for? It wud set him better tae wait on his ain fouks. A licht-headed fellow, they say as kens; an' as for his doctrine—weel, maybe it 'ill dae for Drumtochty.

"Tea? Did ye expect me tae hae b'iling water at this 'oor o' the nicht? My word, the money would flee in this hoose gin a' wesna here. Milk 'ill dae fine for yon birkie: he micht be gled tae get onything, sorning on a respectable manse every ither week."

"You will pardon our humble provision"—this is how the Rabbi prepared Carmichael; "we have taken my worthy Abigail unawares, and she cannot do for us what in other circumstances would be her desire. She has a thorn in the flesh which troubles her, and makes her do what she would not; but I am convinced that the root of the matter is in her, and that her heart is right."

That uncompromising woman took no notice of Drumtochty, but busied herself in a search for the Rabbi's bag, which he had insisted he had brought home from Muirtown that morning, and which was at last found covered with books.

"Do not open it at present, Barbara; you can identify the contents later if it be necessary, but I am sure they are all right," and the Rabbi watched Barbara's investigations with anxiety.

"Maybe ye hae brocht back what ye started wi', but gin ye hev, it's the first time a' can mind. Laist sacrament at Edinburgh ye pickit up twal books, ae clothes-brush, an' a crochet-cover for a chair, an' left a'thing that belonged tae ye."

"It was an inadvertence; but I obtained a drawer for my own use this time, and I was careful to pack its contents into the bag, leaving nothing." But the Rabbi did not seem over-confident.

"There's nae question that ye hev filled the pack," said Barbara, with much deliberation and an ominous calmness; "but whether wi' yir ain gear or some ither body's, a'll leave ye tae judge yirsel'. A'll juist empty the bag on the bukes;" and Barbara selected a bank of Puritans for the display of her master's spoil.

"Ae slipbody (bodice), well hemmed and gude stuff—ye didna tak' that wi' ye, at ony rate; twa pillow-slips—they 'ill come in handy, oor ain are wearin' thin; ae pair o' sheets—'ill juist dae for the next trimmie that ye want tae set up in her hoose; this 'ill be a bolster-slip, a'm judgin'—"

"It must be the work of Satan," cried the poor Rabbi, who constantly saw the hand of the great enemy in the disorder of his study. "I cannot believe that my hands packed such garments in place of my own."

"Ye'll be satisfied when ye read the name; it's plain eneuch; ye needna gang dodderin' aboot here and there lookin' for yir glasses; there's twa pair on your head already;" for it was an hour of triumph to Barbara's genial soul.

"It's beyond understanding," murmured the Rabbi. "I must have mistaken one drawer for another in the midst of meditation;" and then, when Barbara had swept out of the room with the varied linen on her arm, "this is very humiliating, John, and hard to bear."

"Nonsense, Rabbi; it's one of the finest things you have ever done. Half a dozen journeys of that kind would refurnish the manse; it's just a pity you can't annex a chair;" but he saw that the good man was sorely vexed.

"You are a good lad, John, and it is truly marvelous what charity I have received at the hands of young men who might have scorned and mocked me. God knows how my heart has been filled with gratitude, and I . . . have mentioned your names in my unworthy prayers that God may do to you all according to the kindness ye have shown unto me."

It was plain that this lonely, silent man was much moved, and Carmichael did not speak.

"People consider that I am ignorant of my failings and weaknesses, and I can bear witness with a clear conscience that I am not angry when they smile and nod the head; why should I be? But, John, it is known to myself only and Him before whom all hearts are open how great is my suffering in being among my neighbors as a sparrow upon the housetop.

"May you never know, John, what it is to live alone and friendless till you lose the ways of other men and retire within yourself, looking out on the multitude passing on the road as a hermit from his cell, and knowing that some day you will die alone with none to . . . give you a draught of water."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—for Carmichael was greatly distressed at the woe in the face opposite him, and his heart was tender that night—"why should you have lived like that? Do not be angry, but . . . did God intend . . . it cannot be wrong . . . I mean . . . God did give Eve to Adam."

"Laddie, why do ye speak with fear and a faltering voice? Did I say aught against that gracious gift, or the holy mystery of love, which is surely the sign of the union betwixt God and the soul, as is set forth after a mystical shape in the Song of Songs? But it was not for me—no, not for me. I complain not, neither have I vexed my soul. He doeth all things well."

"But, dear Rabbi"—and Carmichael hesitated, not knowing where he stood.

"Ye ask me why"—the Rabbi anticipated the question—"and I will tell you plainly, for my heart has ever gone forth to you. For long years I found no favor in the eyes of the church, and it seemed likely I would be rejected from the ministry as a man useless and unprofitable. How could I attempt to win the love of any maiden, since it did not appear to be the will of God that I should ever have a place of habitation? It consisted not with honor, for I do hold firmly that no man hath any right to seek unto himself a wife till he have a home."

"But . . ."

"Afterwards, you would say. Ah, John, then had I become old and unsightly, not such a one as women could care for. It would have been cruel to tie a maid for life to one who might only be forty years in age, but was as seventy in his pilgrimage, and . . . fallen into unlovely habits."

Then the Rabbi turned on Carmichael his tender eyes, that were shining with tears.

"It will be otherwise with you, and so let it be. May I live to see you rejoicing with the wife of your youth."

So it came to pass that Carmichael first told his new-born love to this unlikely confidant, and was amazed at the understanding of the Rabbi, as well as his sympathy and toleration.

"A maid of spirit and of a firm mind—and that is an excellent thing; and any excess will be tamed by life. Only see to it that ye be agreed in that which lieth beneath all churches and maketh souls one in God. May He prosper you in your wooing as He did the patriarch Jacob, and far more abundantly."

Very early in the morning Carmichael awoke, and, being tempted by the sunrise, arose and went downstairs. As he came near the study door he heard a voice in prayer, and knew that the Rabbi had been all night in intercession.

"Thou hast denied me wife and child; deny me not Thyself. . . . A stranger Thou hast made me among men; refuse me not a place in the City. . . . Deal graciously with this lad who has been to me as a son in the Gospel. . . . He has not despised an old man; put not his heart to confusion. . . ."

Carmichael crept upstairs again, but not to sleep, and at breakfast he pledged the Rabbi to come up some day and see Kate Carnegie.

[To be continued in the June Magazine Number of The Outlook]

Noteworthy Gatherings for the Next Half-Year

THE recurrence of important meetings for intellectual, religious, and patriotic purposes during the summer and autumn of each year has become a marked feature in American social life. Most of the assemblages of the coming six months may be roughly classed as educational, scientific, religious, patriotic, or political in their distinctive aims, while some, of course, combine two or more of these characteristics. Let us note, first, some of the intellectual opportunities which the summer has to offer, beginning with the college commencement season, which is always a time of renewed stimulus to educational effort and interests. Following are the dates of most of the college and university commencements of 1896:

May 27, Leland Stanford Junior University.

May 28, Atlanta and Howard Universities, and Wake Forest College.

May 30, Hampton Institute.

June 2, University of Cincinnati.

June 3, Boston University, the Universities of Mississippi and North Carolina, and Evelyn College.

June 4, Case School of Applied Science, Bryn Mawr College, Rollins College, Teachers' College, New York University, and the Universities of Colorado and Minnesota.

June 5, Wittenberg College, United States Naval Academy.

June 9, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Pennsylvania.

June 10, Barnard, Earlham, Elmira, Hanover, Iowa, Racine, Roanoke, Tabor, Vassar, Washburn, and Wells Colleges; Butler, Columbia, Columbian, De Pauw, Fisk, Lake Forest, Princeton, Purdue, and West Virginia Universities; the Universities of Denver, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Tennessee, and Utah, and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

June 11, Carleton, Coe, Dickinson, Drury, Franklin and Marshall, Georgetown, Illinois, and Knox Colleges; Illinois Wesleyan, Kansas Wesleyan, Otterbein, and Upper Iowa Universities, and the Universities of Missouri and Wooster.

June 12, United States Military Academy, Hampden-Sidney and Monmouth Colleges, Johns Hopkins and Northwestern Universities.

June 13, Haverford College, Syracuse University.

June 15, Armour Institute of Technology, Catholic University of America.

June 16, Rutgers and Smith Colleges.

June 17, Antioch, Colorado, Delaware, Kalamazoo, Lafayette, Mount Holyoke, Norwegian Lutheran, St. John's, Tufts, Wabash, and Whitman Colleges; Brown, Lehigh, Notre Dame, Ohio State, Pacific, Vanderbilt, Washington and Lee, and Western Reserve Universities, and the Universities of Alabama, Georgia, Indiana, Rochester, and Virginia.

June 18, Cornell, Hillsdale, Kenyon, Lebanon Valley, Olivet, and Yankton Colleges; Cornell, Denison, Heidelberg, Lawrence, Washington, and Wilberforce Universities, Rose and Worcester Polytechnic Institutes.

June 19, Tulane and Colgate Universities.

June 23, Wellesley College.

June 24, Amherst, Beloit, Dartmouth, Oberlin, Ripon, South Carolina, Washington and Jefferson, and Williams Colleges; Harvard, Yale, and Wesleyan Universities.

June 25, Albion, Allegheny, Buchtel, Hamilton, Doane, Hobart, Middlebury, Park, Union, Trinity, and Wheaton Colleges; Alfred University, and the Universities of Wisconsin and Vermont.

July 1, Colby University.

August 6, University of the South.

Educational Conventions

In the last week of June will be held the annual Convocation of the University of the State of New York—an institution which cannot well hold a commencement of its own, but which succeeds admirably in promoting the timely discussion of important questions connected with secondary and higher education. The Convocation will begin this year on June 24, and continue three days.——The great teachers' meeting of the year will be the annual Convention of the National Educational Association at Buffalo, July 7–10, under the presidency of Superintendent Dougherty, of Peoria, Ill. The names of leading educationists from all parts of the country will be found on the programme of this gathering.——At Bethlehem, N. H., July 9–13, will occur the meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, another important teachers' convention.——It is appropriate to mention in this connection a gathering of men and women whose lives are very largely devoted to education—the librarians of the country. The American Library Association will hold its eighteenth General Conference at Cleveland, September 1–4. John Cotton Dana, of the Denver Public Library, will preside, while Dr. Justin Winsor, of Harvard, Mr. Herbert Putnam, of the Boston Public Library, and other prominent librarians will participate in the discussions.

Summer Schools for Teachers and Librarians

For the systematic and technical training of teachers the opportunities are multiplying year by year. The long summer vacations are utilized by many teachers as periods of professional study. These teachers were among the first in this country to adopt the summer school idea and to make a successful application of it, as has been shown by the history of the famous schools at Martha's Vineyard, Glens Falls, and elsewhere.——The highest type of summer instruction in pedagogics will doubtless be found this year at Clark University, Worcester, Mass. (see The Outlook, page 904), from the 13th to the 25th of July.——The New York University also offers advanced courses in experimental psychology and the study of educational systems.——The New York Teachers' College will give instruction in manual training adapted to elementary schools.——The usual schools for language study will be conducted this year at Amherst, Mass., and Point o' Woods, Long Island.——The librarians have demanded summer schools for training in cataloguing and other branches of library work. Mr. W. I. Fletcher, the Amherst College Librarian, was the first to attempt to meet this want, and his school has been in successful operation for several summers. For the coming summer two similar schools are announced—one under the management of the New York State Library School at Albany, and another at Madison, Wis., to be directed by Miss Katharine Sharp, Librarian of the Armour Institute of Chicago.

Summer Schools in General

The facilities for higher education now afforded in the United States during the summer months, as compared with those of a decade ago, are quite remarkable. The best of advanced instruction in college and university branches is provided at moderate cost by the American Society for the extension of University Teaching, with headquarters at the University of Pennsylvania, in a four weeks' "summer meeting" during July.——Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Leland Stanford Junior, and most of the State Universities offer courses in various departments by members of their regular teaching staffs, while at the University of Chicago the summer quarter forms one of the four periods into which the academic year is divided, being equal in grade of work required and facilities afforded to either of the other three periods.——During July and August regular class work is carried on at the Biological Laboratory of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. This work is conducted by experienced instructors from Wesleyan and Johns Hopkins Universities and other institutions.——Among the numerous "assembly" schools of the Chautauqua type, the original Chautauqua still holds the lead. Among the distinguished guests at that retreat this year will be the Rev. Charles Aked, of Liverpool, Professor George Adam Smith, of Glasgow, and Professor Joseph Agar Beet, of Wesleyan College, Richmond, England. In the programme of instruction special emphasis will be laid on pedagogy. President Hervey, of the Teachers' College; Professor Butler, of Columbia; Professor Dewey, of Chicago, and other well-known specialists will give lectures.——The Catholic Summer School of America will hold its fourth annual session on the shores of Lake Champlain, meeting this year, for the first time, on the new assembly grounds.——The Columbia Catholic Summer School, at Madison, Wis., announces its second session.——The Bay View, Michigan, and Colorado Summer Schools, on the Chautauqua plan, present attractive programmes of instruction and entertainment. The special features at Colorado Springs will be geology and botany. At other Western "Chautauquas," also, the lectures will be of a high order—many of them given by Eastern college and university professors.——The Plymouth School of Applied Ethics omits its session in 1896. The Greenacre Assembly will be held again at Eliot, Me. This annual conference has attracted many persons interested in the religious, social, and scientific problems of the day.

Schools for Bible Study Of the various institutes devoted exclusively to Bible study, Mr. Moody's Northfield schools are the most famous. Similar Conferences are held each year at Lake Geneva, Wis., for the benefit of workers in the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A.——The American Institute of Sacred Literature is firmly established at the parent Chautauqua and several other summer assemblies. It is under the direction of President Harper, of Chicago, Professor Sanders, of Yale, and a number of able coadjutors.——The Baptists will this summer open a training-school for Sunday-school teachers at Jackson, Tenn.——We may note in this connection that the triennial International Sunday-School Convention, the body which appoints the committee to select the International Lessons used throughout the world, is to meet in Tremont Temple, Boston, June 23–26.

Great Religious Meetings First in point of attendance among the religious meetings of the year will be the Washington Christian Endeavor rally, July 8–13, which will probably bring 50,000 visitors to the Capital City. Unusual provision has been made for the comfort of these guests. Prominent men of all professions and of all religious denominations will address the great audiences.——The Baptist Young People's Union of America will hold its sixth annual Convention at Milwaukee, July 16–19. Arrangements are being made for the seating of audiences numbering 12,000 people.——At Jersey City, during the week of the Christian Endeavor meeting in Washington, the Young People's Christian Union, composed of the young people of the Unitarian and Universalist Churches in the United States, will assemble. ——The eleventh annual Convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is called to meet at Pittsburg, October 10. The attendance will probably number about one thousand laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church. It is announced that Archbishop Boyd Carpenter, of Ripon, England, will preach the anniversary sermon.——The general secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. are to hold a Conference at Cleveland, June 5–9. Over 1,300 salaried officers of the Association in the United States and Canada will be represented.——The International Missionary Union, an organization composed exclusively of foreign missionaries belonging to evangelical denominations, will meet at Clifton Springs, N. Y., June 10–17.——The Quadrennial Conference of the Methodists, the General Assembly of the Presbyterians, and the anniversaries of the Baptists and Unitarians have been held during the month of May.——The General Convention of the Christian or Disciples' Church will be held at Springfield, Ill., October 18–23, and will represent nearly one million communicants.——The Congregationalists have no general denominational gathering this year; the Congregational Home Missionary Society is announced to meet at New Haven, June 2. General O. O. Howard will preside; the annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Merriman, of Worcester, Mass. The American Board will meet at Toledo this year, October 6–9, and the American Missionary Association in Tremont Temple, Boston, October 22; Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, will speak at this latter meeting.

Political Conventions The most interesting political gatherings of the summer, of course, will be the Republican and Democratic Nominating Conventions to be held at St. Louis and Chicago, respectively, in the months of June and July. In the latter part of July, also, there will occur at St. Louis the Conventions of the Populist and Silver parties, meeting on the same date, July 22. On August 25 the Republican League of the United States will hold its Convention at Milwaukee, the League of Democratic Clubs meeting at St. Louis in the same month. These are all of the strictly political meetings of importance announced to be held during the summer. There will, however, be several occasions of a patriotic character. The memories of the Civil War will be revived by the Grand Army of the Republic in its National Encampment at St. Paul, September 3, as well as by the grand reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Richmond, Va., on June 30. The Sons of Veterans also are to hold an encampment at Louisville, Ky., in September.——Several important anniversary celebrations will take place during the summer and autumn. On the 1st of June the State of Tennessee will celebrate its admission into the Union. The Governors of other States have been invited to participate, and everything will be done to make the occasion a dignified and memorable observance of Tennessee's natal day. The exposition planned for this year has been postponed till May, 1897.——Another important centennial celebration will be that of the city of Cleveland, the exercises of which will extend from July 19 to September 10, and will be of a highly interesting character. An oration by Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, and an ode by Colonel Piatt, the Ohio poet, will be prominent features of the programme. Historical pageants and musical festivals, together with various forms of entertainment, will serve to mark the summer of 1896 in Cleveland's municipal history.——An effort will be made to celebrate the anniversary of one of the most celebrated of the Lincoln and Douglas debates at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., on October 7 of this year. The oration of the day will be delivered by the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew

Philanthropy and Social Science The twenty-third National Conference of Charities and Correction is to be held at Grand Rapids, Mich., June 4 to 10. This will be a meeting of considerable importance, and will be attended by many of the leading penologists and workers in various forms of philanthropy from foreign countries as well as from the United States. Mr. A. O. Wright, of Wisconsin, is President of the Conference of 1896.——The American Social Science Association will meet at Saratoga in September. ——The annual Convention of the Commissioners of Labor Bureaus will be held at Albany, N. Y., June 23. The municipal ownership of water, gas, and electric light plants will be one of the principal topics of discussion.——The meeting of the American Bar Association this year will be at Saratoga Springs from August 19 to 21. The President of the Association is Mansfield Storey.

Scientific Societies The American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its forty-fifth annual session in Buffalo, beginning August 24. The President of the Association for 1896 is Professor Edward D. Cope, of Philadelphia. Most of the universities and colleges of the country, as well as various scientific societies and institutes, will be represented on the programme of the meeting through their officers.——The American Institute of Architects plans to hold its thirteenth annual meeting at Nashville, Tenn., October 20. The examination of the buildings erected for the coming Tennessee Centennial Exposition will be an important part of the business of the Convention.——The Society of Civil Engineers will meet this year in San Francisco, probably on June 30.——The American Philological Association will hold its annual session at Brown University, Providence, R. I., July 7. Professor Francis A. March, of Lafayette College, will preside. ——The International League of Press Clubs will meet in Buffalo, June 23, and remain in session one week. Many well-known newspaper men are members and officers of this organization, and women's press clubs are well represented on the governing boards and committees.——This year's meeting of the League of American Wheelmen will take place at Louisville, Ky., beginning on August 10 and lasting through the 15th. Reduced fares have been secured on the railroads, and a very large attendance is expected.

New Books

[Continued from page 1001]

fact that wages fell during our Civil War. War, as is well known, always reduces wages, just as it always increases interest. In Europe, where this disturbing element did not enter, the marvelous rise in wages during this general period was regarded by Cairnes as the one blessing to humanity coming from the exceptional expansion of the currency. ——*A History of Modern Banks of Issue*, by Charles A. Conant (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is by no means strong on its philosophical side, but is nevertheless a valuable book. The author has investigated with great care the banking systems of every important nation, and has presented the results in an octavo volume of 573 pages, well indexed. The author rejects the theory of the English Bank Act that the volume of bank-note currency should be limited, and would, apparently, allow every bank to issue as much currency as its own interest impelled it to. The objections to such a currency he does not present in such a way as to convince his readers that he understands them. No one, at least, could learn from this volume why enlightened governments have denied banks their old liberty to inflate the currency during periods of over-confidence, and contract it during periods of panic. Similarly unsatisfactory is his treatment of the commercial crises of the present century. In describing the commercial panic in England at the close of the Napoleonic wars, he does not even note the practical doubling of the value of money consequent upon the return to specie payments. Yet this increase in the value of money was the omnipresent cause of the fall in prices and the bankruptcies. Similarly, in describing the depression in this country from 1873 to 1879, he does not mention the change in the value of money, due either to the rise in the value of gold or the rise of our paper money to par with gold. These criticisms, however, relate to the philosophical side of the book. On its historical side it is full of interesting and valuable information.

Early Long Island, a colonial study by Martha Bockée Flint, is a very valuable contribution to the history of New York State. By carefully investigating the social, religious, and political developments within a small territory, it contributes far more to a knowledge of the period covered than if a wider field had been chosen. The work is well done. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Extraordinary Cases, by Henry L. Clinton, is primarily a book for lawyers, but may reach a wider audience, by reason of its humor. The cases described are from among those in which the author has been engaged during his long and successful practice at the New York bar. Many of them possessed public importance, and all of them elements of popular interest, which the author has developed as only a natural story-teller can. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

A Bad Penny, by John F. Wheelwright (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston). The story of a bad boy who by bravery partially redeems his life.

Cold Dishes for Hot Weather, by Ysaguerre and La Marca (Harper & Brothers, New York). A book of recipes for the summer season. Nothing remarkable or new is in the book.

Fairy Tales, by Mabel Fuller Blodgett, illustrated by Ethel Reed (Lamson, Wolffe & Co., New York), is a book of fairy tales that will charm away the deepest, darkest blues on a rainy day.

* * *

The project of erecting a monument to the late German novelist, Gustav Freytag, at Wiesbaden, has been practically abandoned for lack of sympathy with the subject.

For the Little People

Hilda and the Procession

By Mary Allaire

"I do want to go; I will not get lost," muttered Hilda. There was a scowl between her eyebrows and a pout on her lips deep enough to frighten the good fairy who was sheltered beneath the white canopy—that big people call a toadstool—under the big tree by the gate. The fairy looked at Hilda earnestly, and in a soft musical voice, which Hilda could not hear, because she was so cross she did not notice the musical murmur in the grass at her feet, said, "It must be very uncomfortable to feel like that. I don't believe it pays."

"I'm seven years old, and I know how to get home," muttered Hilda, and the pout pushed her lips out further and made the scowl deeper. The flags were flying from the town hall and the buildings on the main street were decorated; there was evidence that everybody was celebrating. It was the day on which the town library was to be dedicated; everybody was very happy, it seemed, except Hilda. The procession of soldiers and firemen and citizens of the town and of the neighboring towns would pass Hilda's house, and her papa and mamma had decided that she was a fortunate little girl to be able to see the parade without getting in a crowd. Her papa was so busy that he could not stay at home to watch the parade, and her mamma was one of the ladies who were to prepare the lunch at the town hall for the visiting soldiers and firemen. Mary, Hilda's nurse, was to take care of three little friends of Hilda's, who were to take lunch with her and see the parade from Hilda's piazza. Mamma had planned such a delightful lunch, with a surprise for Hilda, but the knowledge of this did not send the pout away nor iron out the ugly scowl on Hilda's face.

"You could not go alone, dear. Mary could not go with you, for you have invited Carrie and Alice and Margaret to come here, and Mary must be with them."

"I could go alone," said Hilda, not at all politely.

"You would get lost, and what would mamma do?" said the loving mamma of a little girl who felt very naughty.

"I know every place," persisted Hilda. "Every single place."

"Hilda! you are to stay at home. You cannot go on the street to-day. You asked your little friends to come here, and you are to be the hostess. Good-by, dear, and be a loving little girl. Mamma will be very tired when she comes home, and she hopes you will meet her with a happy smile." Hilda's mamma kissed her and hurried down the steps and drove away.

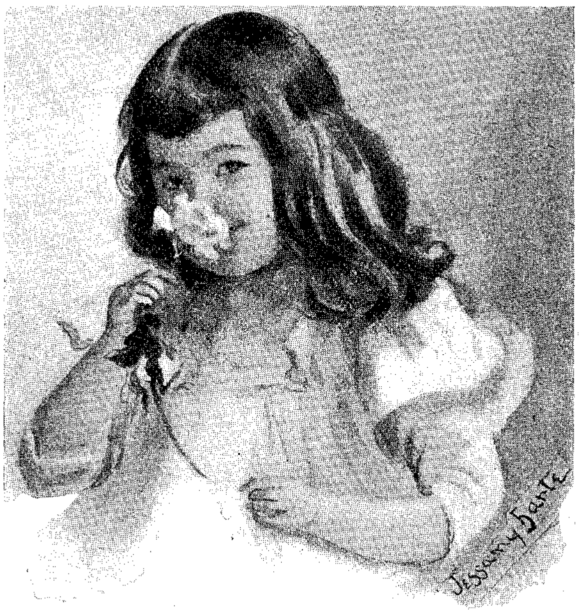
There was a rustling in the branches of the climbing roses, and the morning-glories seemed to ring their bells. It was the fairies telling each other how lovely it was to have such a pretty, sweet, gentle mother. In fairyland there are kings and queens, and lords and ladies in waiting, but there are no mothers. In the land of fairies mothers are thought to be worth more than everything else. This it is that puzzles the fairies so when little children are impolite or disobedient to their mothers. To them it seems to be a terrible thing to have so great a gift as a mother and yet not be loving and tender and true always.

The fairies looked out sadly from under the buds, the leaves, and the flowers at the cross, impolite little girl in the doorway. At last they stole quietly away, for the sight was too painful, and they could not change the feelings of the little girl. All but one stole away, making a faint murmuring sound as they went through the leaves and through the grass on the lawn—all but one fairy, and she sat down beneath the big canopy (people called it a toadstool) under the tree by the gate.

Hilda heard Mary coming, and she hurried away as fast as she could down the steps and to the gate, where she hid under the lilac-bushes. "I would not get lost. I want to see the soldiers." Mary called and called, but Hilda did not stir nor answer.

A carriage was heard on the road; it stopped, in a few minutes, at the gate. Carrie, Hilda's friend, with her big doll Elizabeth, was helped down, and James, the man, took them into the house. Mary met them, and Hilda knew she was telling Carrie that she could not be found. Voices came up the street, and Alice and Margaret, each with her best doll, came through the gate. Then Hilda came out from the bushes and met them. They kissed her, but she did not seem very happy, and somehow the voices of the two little visitors grew more subdued; the glad light in their eyes was not so bright.

Mary hurried down to meet Hilda, and whispered: "Your dress is not clean, and your hair is tumbled; where have you been?"



Hilda jerked away her hand, and when she met Carrie her frowns were so forbidding that Carrie's smiles all disappeared.

Mary looked at the little girls, and felt so sorry for them that she took Hilda by the hand and into the parlor.

"You are not polite to these little girls. I know if they could they would go home. How can you be so naughty?" Hilda jerked her arm away and went out on the piazza, where the little visitors sat in a solemn row on the settee. Alice, who was only four, looked as though she wanted her mamma.

Hilda felt ashamed, and she drove away the frowns and hurried after Mary. Soon Mary came back with Hilda's tea-dishes and doll and some crackers and milk, and a chocolate-cream, one for each little girl, on a plate. Such delightful visiting, and trying on of each doll's jackets and hats; such attempts at making tissue-paper hats and dresses, as would have delighted you, were made on that piazza. The fairy who stayed, almost wished she was a little girl; would have wished so, if she had not known that she must be a fairy to weave lacework on the grass and shrubbery in the early mornings. The lunch-table was so pretty. Not a big table, but mamma's low, pretty sewing-table, with the four low chairs that mamma kept for Hilda and her friends. There were cold chicken, and baked potatoes, and rice with chicken gravy, and ice-cream and strawberries. Then Mary brought in four little boxes tied with ribbon. The little girls hurried so fast to untie the ribbons that they pulled them into hard knots. At last they were untied, and there were four china dolls in tiny tin bath-tubs. They lifted out the tubs, and under each of them was a whole suit of clothes for a tiny baby—dresses and petticoats that hung below their feet, and last of all they found tiny lace caps with strings to tie under the chin. Such laughing and trying on and measuring you never saw, and right in the midst of it came the sound of the drums and bugles, and the little girls rushed to the piazza. Mary saw that they could see the parade better from a settee under the big tree on the lawn. She carried one there, and then stood each on the bench. The dolls were turned so that they could see the men and the flags and the soldiers. The fairy who was under the canopy looked at them and murmured, "How sweet they are!"

On came the drums and the bugles. At the head of the procession rode Alice's papa, and when he passed the house he raised his hat and bowed very low to the four little girls. Then all the other gentlemen raised their hats, and the little girls blushed with pleasure; they felt as if they were part of the procession. The band broke out into a gay march, and the procession passed gayly on.

"Let us go after them," whispered Hilda. There came a frightened look into the little girls' eyes, and Alice's cheeks grew pale at the thought. The fairy under the canopy wished she was a giant, that she could hold the gate tight. Hilda jumped down, and all but Alice followed her. Just then there was a loud call at the gate, and Uncle Harry, Hilda's dear Uncle Harry, drove up in his carryall. "I thought perhaps you would like to see them once more. We will drive through to the other street. Come, Mary, bundle them in; take Alice on your lap."

Hilda blushed; she could not look at the other little girls. "Come, hurry, little woman, or we will miss it," and Uncle Harry lifted her in before she could speak. The carriage was driven rapidly to a corner where the procession would pass again, and all the gay soldiers and the music and the crowd delighted the little friends once more. Their cheeks were so like roses and their eyes so bright that Uncle Harry said they must go and call on grandma—that is, Hilda's grandma.

When the little girls left, she gave them each a large bunch of roses, Uncle Harry said to match those in their cheeks. She invited them to lunch with her the next Saturday, with all their families of dolls. Such planning and planning as to what they would do the next Saturday! The very top of the mountain of joy was reached when Uncle Harry said he did not propose to be left out of any such plan. He could invite if he were not invited. Would the young ladies go driving with him after lunch to Buttermilk Falls, and crown him King of the May? There was a shout of "Yes, thank you, Uncle Harry."

Hilda stood in the doorway watching for her mamma. Her face was happy, but as she looked down the road you could see she was anxious. When her mamma did come home, she found a thoughtful little girl with a rose in her hand waiting for her. All the history of the day was given, even the naughty whisper. Her mamma listened, and held her so close in her arms that the little girl knew how frightened she was at the thought, and her brown eyes filled with tears. When Hilda told of Uncle Harry's invitation, her mamma smiled. "King of the May! I never heard of one."

"No, mamma, dear, Uncle Harry said it was entirely new—'a nineteenth-century idea.' I'll tell you about it after I come home."

The fairy under the canopy by the gate hurried away to spread the news of the strange May party, for even in fairyland new ideas are welcomed.

The Religious World

The General Assembly

The one hundred and eighth meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, North, was convened at Saratoga, May 21. A large number of the Commissioners appear to be new men, or men who have not been members of late years. Dr. J. L. Withrow, of Chicago, was chosen Moderator on the first ballot. We believe that Dr. Withrow lately voted with the majority of the Chicago Presbytery to admit Mr. Vrooman to membership, and in this column last week we reported the complaint to the Synod which ensued. Dr. Withrow was, however, nominated by Dr. Davies, of New York, in a very effective speech, full of assurances for the conservative interest, and it was understood that he had given ample pledges on that behalf. The liberals are said to have voted for him in large part, believing that he represents the great body of moderate men who are solicitous to compose the difficulties which have disturbed the Church since it met at Saratoga six years ago and initiated the ineffective movement for a revision of the standards. This note of reconciliation was also struck in the annual sermon by the retiring Moderator, Dr. Booth, of New York. His theme was "Christian Union and Denominational Loyalty," the latter being emphasized, at least, quite as strongly as the former. The feelings of the Assembly were evidently touched by the earnestness with which, while insisting on strictly orthodox positions, he urged such brotherly conferences as might remove misunderstandings and alienations that had become "inexpressibly painful." The most serious question that will have to be dealt with is the constitutional question, *i.e.*, whether the Assembly in its action at Pittsburg last May, enjoining the New York Presbytery (and by implication other Presbyteries) not to receive students coming from seminaries not approved by the Assembly, transcended its constitutional limits. This question has caused some division among those who on theological grounds had stood together against the teachings of Drs. Briggs and Smith. The Assembly was at once plunged into a warm discussion by the report of its special committee on the relation of the Church to the local Christian Endeavor Societies. Those who were disposed to break the solidarity of the Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor for the sake of a more denominational organization were quite outnumbered. The home rule principle triumphed in this matter, the Assembly adopting the view of the committee, that it rests with the session of the local church to see to it that their young people's society conforms to the usages and standards of the denomination. Next week we shall continue our account of the proceedings. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, South, is also in session at Memphis, and fraternal greetings have been exchanged between the two bodies.

Baptist Anniversaries

We are living in the midst of religious anniversaries. The Presbyterians are at Saratoga, the Methodists at Cleveland, the Congregationalists the first week in June will be in New Haven, and the Baptists for the last week or two have been celebrating at Asbury Park. Almost if not quite all their societies have been holding their anniversaries at that city by the sea. The women have vied with the men in the meetings. It is impossible for us at present to do more than mention one or two of the items which were of peculiar interest. We turn to the report of the Missionary Union, which is the Missionary Society of the Baptist Church. The Foreign Secretary is Rev. S. W. Duncan, D.D. His report shows that the debt of the society has been reduced about $26,000 during the year, but the debt still remaining is $163,828. The sum is an enormous one when considered by itself, but not when compared with the wealth of the denomination. The donations for the year were about $296,000. The legacies were about $189,000, but we are not informed by the reports whether that is in addition to the other donations. The President of the Union for the ensuing year is Dr. Henry F. Colby, of Ohio. Another meeting of much interest was that addressed by Dr. MacArthur and the Rev. F. A. Remley. Dr. MacArthur spoke on the needs of foreign mission work, and illustrated his address by his recent tour around the world. Mr. Remley spoke on the unique subject "Are Missions Needed in Germany?" He argued very strenuously that Germany is essentially a heathen country—we do not quote his words, but summarize the spirit of his address. The facts which he gave are surely significant, whatever may be thought of his conclusions. He held that the Church is losing its grip upon the people and that the "Social Democracy" is opposed to the Church and hostile to Christianity. Among the other addresses which have attracted much attention in the press were those of Dr. Faunce, of New York, and Dr. E. H. Johnson, of Crozier Theological Seminary. Altogether the meetings seem to have been a success and to have excited great enthusiasm throughout the denomination.

Congregational Churches of New York

The sixty-third annual meeting of the General Association of Congregational Churches of New York was held at Canandaigua, May 19–21. The Association passed temperance resolutions recommending the clergy to use their influence for the enforcement of temperance laws, especially those restricting the liquor traffic and those providing for temperance education in the public schools; they urged Congress and the President to guarantee protection to Christian missionaries in Armenia, and they approved the report of a committee recommending an alliance between the Congregationalists and free Baptists to increase the endowment of Keuka College in the State of New York, and bring it under the joint control of the two bodies. Of the papers and addresses presented, we speak here only of those which it was the pleasure of this writer to hear. Dr. Behrends's sermon on "Sowing and Reaping" was forceful, practical, and full of hope and inspiration to preachers and Christian workers; the Rev. S. E. Eastman's address on "The Errand of Jesus," which he defined to be bringing life into the world, was, especially in the latter half of it, one of great spiritual beauty; the Rev. H. N. Kinney, of Syracuse, showed by his paper on "The Training of Children" an expert's knowledge of recent investigations into child nature; the Rev. Lyman Abbott's address on "Christianity and Social Problems" was along the line of his sermons on this subject recently published in The Outlook; the Rev. W. B. Thorpe read a paper on "The Future of Congregationalism," notable for its clear-cut distinction between evangelistic missionary work and missionary work having for its purpose church extension—some of his practical suggestions are certainly well worth careful consideration by the Home Missionary Board; Dr. Griffis, of Ithaca, made a characteristically vigorous and dramatic address, broad in its comprehension of Congregationalism as something much larger than a mere ecclesiastical phase of Puritan life; President Booth, of Auburn Theological Seminary, spoke with a very different kind of eloquence, and with great simplicity and beauty, of Christian unity as distinguished from Church unity—the first he commended, the second not. Dr. Bradford's address on "Japan and its Religious Outlook" was delivered after the present writer had left the Convention.

Theology at Yale

The Theological Department of Yale University celebrated its anniversary last week. The services began with the usual address before the Seminary, which was delivered by the Rev. A. H. Bradford, D.D., on "The Unity of the Spirit: A World-Wide Necessity." One of the great attractions of the week was the presence of Professor George Adam Smith, the great Free Church scholar who is now visiting this country. A special reception was tendered to him by the Seminary. Yale numbers among its professors many of our strong men in the department of theology. The venerable Dr. George P. Fisher has no superior in the English-speaking world as a Church historian. Professor Samuel Harris has ceased his active service, but his books will long be read. His place has been taken by Professor George B. Stevens, who had already made a reputation in the field of New Testament Exegesis. His place in turn will be taken by the Rev. B. W. Bacon, D.D., of Oswego. Professors Curtis and F. H. Porter have proved their fitness for the departments respectively of Old Testament Exegesis and Biblical Theology. The department of Sociology is strongly filled by Dr. Blackman, while Dr. L. O. Brastow has the department of Sacred Rhetoric. No theological seminary in our country is better equipped or doing better service.

Open-Air Preaching

There is far more open-air preaching in the Old World than in the New. It is no uncommon thing to see a group of people gathered round a preacher in Hyde Park, or in different parts of London, or in the various cities and towns of the Kingdom. Such sights are not common in this country. An attempt is now being made here to organize a movement for open-air preaching. It is largely under the leadership of the Rev. Edwin H. Byington, of Pilgrim Chapel, Brooklyn. At a conference held in the Hanson Place Baptist Church in 1892, Mr. Byington spoke on this subject with so much effect that a committee was appointed to form a National Association of Open-Air Workers. The Association was organized, and its third report will soon appear. The aim of the Association is to bring together all who believe in the efficiency of this kind of work. Among those specially interested we notice the names of Commander Ballington Booth, the Rev. J. S. Stone, D.D., of New York, the Rev. E. H. Byington, of Brooklyn, and the Rev. T. S. Hamlin, D.D., of Washington. The reports indicate that the movement has been received with much favor. The London Open-Air Mission, which was established by "Rob Roy" Macgregor in 1853, has fifteen hundred members. The London Mission has one hundred and twenty-nine special agents and preachers who visit race-courses and fairs and public parks and hold religious services. Meetings of this kind are said to have been successful in many country districts, in Philadelphia, in Syracuse, in New London, in Washington, and elsewhere, The experiment is certainly worthy of being thoroughly tested. Under certain circumstances we can see no reason why it should not result in great good. The writer has often studied those who gathered round the open-air preachers in Great Britain, and have felt that little benefit could be accomplished, because the preaching was so poor, consisting usually of the idlest exhortation. If, instead, there could be strong words from strong men, we believe that many would be reached who now care neither for churches nor for religion. Our advice to the Association, therefore, would be, Do not try to go too fast; do not think any one is good enough for open-air work. Remember that street preaching ought to be of quite as high a quality, and, of course. more popular in character, than that in the churches.

Changes in the Doshisha

It is important that those who are interested in the cause of missions in Japan should have a true understanding of the changes which have recently taken place in the Doshisha. The great University was founded by the fidelity and ability of the late Joseph Neesima. As the result of the investigations of the recent Deputation of the American Board to Japan, it was judged that it would be best for all concerned if at the end of two years the appropriations should be discontinued. That judgment was reached without making any reflections on the management of the Doshisha. It was felt that the contributions of the Board were given for more distinctly evangelistic purposes. As a result of the condition in which the trustees found themselves, they have voted to declare their independence, and to receive no further aid, either in money or in men, from the American Board after the end of the year 1896. The trustees are rightly desirous of becoming independent as speedily as possible, and their efforts to do so have our hearty approval. Only one thing in their action we seriously regret. In the reorganization of their school they have placed at the head of the largest department Professor Utika; he is a man of unquestioned ability and an able instructor, but his writings, as they have been translated and circulated in this country, prove him to be anything but a clear thinker on religious subjects or a wise leader in religious affairs. We have no prejudice against Professor Utika; in many respects we admire him exceedingly, and believe that positions even higher than the one which he occupies he would greatly honor; but if the Doshisha ever expects to receive the co-operation of Christians in the United States, it must not have at its head men who feel called upon to denounce much of the faith for which Neesima lived and died, and to help to promote which the Doshisha itself was established. With the heartiest appreciation of all that Professor Utika has achieved in the field of scholarship, and with the fullest recognition of the fact that the Doshisha is an absolutely independent institution, we cannot forget that it owes its existence to evangelical Christians in the United States, and that the same class of people would be glad to assist it in the future. They will be willing to do so, however, only as they have assurance that it stands in Japan for a broad but reverent, a tolerant and yet positive type of Christian faith and life. We sincerely hope that it may yet so commend itself to the American churches that they will esteem it a privilege *to aid it in the future.*

A Tempest in a Teapot

We mean no disrespect to the city of Louisville, and what we are informed by the "Christian Evangelist" is the largest Baptist Divinity School in the world, when we refer to the trouble over the recent "discovery" of Dr. Whitsitt as "a tempest in a teapot." Dr. Whitsitt is the President of the Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, and the successor of the late Dr. Broadus. He is described as a man of singular earnestness and candor, and on many points a High Church Baptist, but he has ventured to express the opinion that Roger Williams was sprinkled, and that the Baptists of that early day did not insist on immersion. It is said that these statements have caused great excitement in his own denomination, and that there is prospect of a trial for heresy. We doubt very much whether the trial ever occurs. We had supposed that Baptists rested their faith on what they believed to be the teachings of Christ rather than on the regularity of the action of certain of their brethren two or three hundred years ago. It looks a little as if certain people about Louisville were inclined to make the mistake of interpreting history according to preconceived theory instead of making their theories conform to facts. Like all tempests in a teapot, however, this disturbance will probably prove to be more the result of fuss than of energy.

Atlanta University

Among the institutions which have been established in the South for the promotion of education among colored people none are more worthy of appreciation and support than Atlanta University, of which the Rev. Horace Bumstead, D.D., is the President. It is just closing its college year. The institution occupies a position of peculiar importance. It is situated in the midst of the old fortifications which surrounded the city; it has a noble equipment as to buildings, but, like many other educational institutions, is suffering much from the stringency of the times; and needs to be strengthened if its efficiency is to be continued. Colleges of this kind at the South are at a disadvantage. The colored people are not rich enough materially to aid them, while the majority of the white population does little if anything for their support. Institutions at the North have behind them usually a loyal and financially able constituency; not so with those for colored people at the South. And yet the work which they are doing is of surpassing importance to the country and the kingdom of God. Dr. Bumstead has not asked from The Outlook any recognition, but we are somewhat acquainted with the University and with the circumstances in which it is placed, and we believe that we are doing the cause of humanity a service by calling attention to its singular usefulness, and the great opportunity which it offers to those who are seeking for wise means of investing their money in the interests of their fellow-men.

The Methodist General Conference

From a Special Correspondent

The 530 delegates assembled in the General Conference represent every State and Territory in the United States; there are delegates from India, China, Japan, Mexico, South America, Italy, Germany, Norway, Switzerland, and Sweden. Thus the nations of the earth are assembled. All race distinctions are ignored, as white, black, and yellow are indiscriminately seated throughout the hall. The selection of General Conference officers has occupied the attention of the Conference for the past week. After the election of Bishops, the Book Concern agents for New York were chosen. Dr. Homer Eaton was re-elected by a practically unanimous vote. Dr. George P. Maines, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was elected as his associate. For the Western house at Cincinnati Dr. Lewis Curts was continued, and Dr. Henry C. Jennings, of Minnesota, was elected as second agent. A strong effort was made to put one layman in each of the New York and the Cincinnati houses. Mr. Charles R. Magee, of the Boston Methodist Book Store, polled a very large vote on the first ballot. Mr. George B. Johnson, for fifteen years the Secretary and Treasurer of the Cincinnati house, came near to being elected as agent.

Thus far the laymen have received nothing in the way of office from the Conference. These Book Concern offices being almost entirely secular, the laymen thought that only men of thorough business *training should be put in charge, particularly* as so large *financial* interests, reaching millions of dollars, are involved. The secular papers throughout the country seemed to get an erroneous impression of the purpose of Dr. Lannahan's recent book on "Frauds in the Book Concern." He refers to alleged frauds that occurred about twenty-five years ago, which were investigated and passed upon at the time. The affairs of the Book Concern are in good condition at the present time, and neither Dr. Lannahan nor any one else desires any investigation at this time.

Dr. McCabe being advanced to the Bishopric, Dr. A. B. Leonard was elected as the first Secretary of the Missionary Society. Dr. Leonard has been Secretary for eight years. Dr. A. J. Palmer, pastor of St. Paul's Church, New York, and Dr. W. T. Smith, of Des Moines, Iowa, were elected as the remaining Secretaries of the Missionary Society. The Secretaries for the Church Extension Society, Drs. Kynett and Spencer, were re-elected. The same was done with Dr. C. H. Payne, Secretary of the Board of Education, and also with Drs. J. W. Hamilton and J. C. Hartzell, Secretaries of the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society. Dr. Jesse L. Hurlbut was continued as editor of Sunday-School Literature. Dr. W. V. Kelly was elected editor of the "Review." Dr. J. M. Buckley was by an almost unanimous vote continued for the fifth time editor of the New York "Christian Advocate." While more than two-thirds of the members disagree with Dr. Buckley upon the woman question, his commanding ability is recognized by his opponents. There are few men who can wield influence in a large legislative body equal with Dr. Buckley. He is a genius in parliamentary affairs, and a master in debate and on the platform. He was accorded a grand ovation on the announcement of his election by the great audience of delegates and visitors.

Dr. David H. Moore, the brilliant editor of the "Western Advocate" at Cincinnati, was re-elected. Dr. Jesse Bowman Lowry was chosen editor of the "Central Advocate," of St. Louis. Dr. Arthur Edwards, who for over a quarter of a century has been the editor of the "Northwestern Advocate," of Chicago, was re-elected. Dr. J. E. C. Sawyer, editor of the "Northern Advocate," of Syracuse, N. Y., was re-elected. The editor of the Pittsburg "Advocate," Dr. C. W. Smith, was continued. Dr. W. S. Mathews was elected editor of the California "Advocate." The editor of the "Christian Apologist" (German), Dr. A. J. Nost, was re-elected without an opponent. The Rev. J. B. Scott was elected editor of the "Southern Advocate." Dr. J. F. Berry was continued editor of the "Epworth Herald." F. L. Nagler was re-elected editor of the "Haus and Herd."

Much of the time of the morning sessions of the Conference during last week has been used in electing Bishops and officers of the Boards, but the afternoons were used by the various committees in considering the many subjects before them. Most of the committees have indicated that they are nearly ready to make their final report.

B. F. D.

Notes and Queries

Some of my friends and myself are much interested in Mr. Alden's books, "God in His World" and "A Study of Death." We would like some of the facts of his life. We feel that such a position as his amounts to little so long as it remains in the form of intellectual propositions. Such propositions are valuable only as exemplified in a life. The value of these books will appear when they are accompanied by the commentary which his biography will afford. W. F. T.

The conviction here expressed is correct. It holds true not only of Mr. Alden's position, but of every creed. The valuable part of any creed is that which is operative on the life of him who holds the creed with incentives to religion in righteousness. Mr. Alden, a native of Vermont, was graduated at Williams College in 1857, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1860. While in the seminary he made a study of Greek literature, which led to his giving a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston, in 1863–4, on the "Structure of Paganism." Feeling himself unfitted to be a preacher by reason of an inadequate voice, he has devoted himself to a literary career, and has long been editor of "Harper's Magazine." Besides his recent books, "God in His World" and "A Study of Death" (the latter of which was lately reviewed by The Outlook), he is the author of a poem, "The Ancient Lady of Sorrow" (1872), and, in conjunction with Mr. A. H. Guernsey, of "Harper's Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion." Mr. Alden is a vestryman of the Episcopal church at Metuchen, N. J. One who could imagine his "Study of Death" to be the work of any but a truly Christian thinker would do well to revise his own conception of Christianity. Its dedication to his dying wife reveals, in a way unsurpassed in literature, both the idea of the book and the heart of the man.

1. Which of Professor Adolf Harnack's works would be the most helpful in (*a*) church history; (*b*) dogmatic history; (*c*) Biblical literature and interpretation? Are these fairly easy reading in the German? Where can I get them, and the price? 2. What do you regard the best single-volume German work on New Testament Introduction? Price, and where obtained? Is it translated into English? 3. What do you regard as the central thought and purpose of the Book of Jonah? Has it an essential place in the Scriptural canon? B. A. M.

1 and 2. Harnack's great work is his "History of Dogma," in three volumes. A translation of his "Outlines of the History of Dogma" is published in one volume, at $2.50, by Funk & Wagnalls (New York). We do not know any books of his on the other subjects, or any good single-volume German work on New Testament Introduction. Weiss's "Introduction to the New Testament" is the best, but is in two volumes; an English translation is published by Funk & Wagnalls at $4. Harnack is not very easy reading. For the price of German publications address B. Westermann, New York. 3. The wideness of God's mercy to the penitent—the essential lesson of the Gospel. Its right to be in the canon is incontestable.

What is the method of using the old style and new style in historical dates? I find in English history in the sixteenth and seventeenth century most modern authorities use the old style—*e. g.*, Harper's "Book of Facts"—but in some instances the modernized dates are used. Would the date of the destruction of the Spanish Armada be July 26 or August 6? Which would be more accurate? A. H.

The New Style, or Gregorian Calendar, was introduced in Roman Catholic countries in 1582; in Protestant Germany and Denmark, in 1700; in English lands in 1752. To reduce Old Style to New Style, unless it has been done for you by the book, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries drop ten days; in the eighteenth drop eleven. In Russian dates for the nineteenth century (the Old Style still prevailing in the Greek Church), drop twelve days. The Spanish Armada cast anchor in Calais Roads July 27, O. S., August 6, N. S. Two days later it suffered its decisive defeat. Its destruction was wrought by storms on its homeward voyage.

Please say (1) whether the Pope at the present time has a military or quasi-military "body-guard;" and (2) whether this body-guard exercises the functions of police in Rome outside the Vatican. G. E.

The Pope has such a guard, composed of Swiss, but its duties are limited to the Vatican, since the revolution, which incorporated Rome and the Papal Dominions with Italy in 1870, deprived the Pope of all political power.

Under the ordinary settlement (or hiring) of a pastor in the Congregational denomination, is it or is it not generally understood that the ministry of the pastor, in cases of sickness and death, at funerals of supporters of worship at the particular church, is included, or may the pastor ask for compensation in such ministries as for something outside his contract? X.

In all Protestant denominations, so far as we know, such services are regarded as part of the duty which the minister contracts to perform, and for the performance of which he receives a salary. Such services, however, are never thought of by any good minister as paid for. They are also very freely performed for a multitude of people outside of the church, who contribute nothing to the minister's support.

Please inform me what is the best chronology of the life of Christ, and where to get it. Would like simply the outline of the life in chronological order. W. R. C.

We prefer the one given in Andrews's "Life of Our Lord." Get the latest edition. For a mere chronological chart, we have recommended Kephart's, published by the Revell Company, Chicago, both on rollers and folded, $1.50, $1, and 75 cents.

The "Grave of Bonaparte" was sung many years ago by the Hutchinson family at their concerts, and the music was composed by L. Heath, and was published by Oliver Ditson, of Boston, at that time his music-store being at 135 Washington Street. I have a copy of the song myself, and should think one could now be obtained. C. E. W.

R. E. S.—In a cutting in my scrap-book, "Jesus the Carpenter" is credited to "C. C. Fraser Tytler." M. F. P.

F. H. N.—We may add to the helps already named for your Bible class Henry Ward Beecher's "Bible Studies," or Readings in the Early Books of the Old Testament. Though they are not studies in the higher criticism, they abound in suggestions of great value in ethical and other points.

In Notes and Queries for May 23, in the reply to J. M. E., "sacred" character should read *saved* character.

C. E. L.—Beside the "good books on pastoral work" recommended to you May 16, put Beecher's "Yale Lectures on Preaching," especially the second series. The three series are now published in one volume for $2 (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York).

—Steps are already being taken to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of Melancthon's birth on February 16, 1897, at his birthplace, Brettin, in Baden. The Grand Duke of Baden has consented to act as patron of the enterprise, which was started and is being actively promoted by Dr. Nicholas Müller, professor of theology in Berlin. The foundation of a Melancthon Museum on the site of the house in which he was born, which is now occupied by a building of modest pretensions, is proposed. The site belongs to the Protestant community of Brettin.

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The Home Club

Some Home Books

For Plain Women Only, by George Fleming (The Merriam Company, New York, $1.25). This book was picked up from the desk by a gentleman who glanced at the title. A look of sorrow settled over his face—he is that rare combination, a successful and sympathetic writer of books. As he laid the book down, he said, "Too bad; it will never be bought. No man would be interested, and no woman acknowledge her need of it." There is hardly a page in the book that has not something wise and true on the subject of dress. Listen: "If I had my way, I would make it penal for a woman to live in a house unprovided by a pier-glass. . . . Can you not ascertain what your general effect may be upon the passing sensitive eye before leaving the shelter of your house? . . . Theodore, in the merciful name of nature, there *are* no plain women. There are women who dress badly; women who are dull-natured; women who take too much medicine; women who take too little food. But given fresh air, exercise, and the sane, contented mind which follows—given enough looking-glasses, Theodore—above all, large looking-glasses—and the most rudimentary instruction in form and color"—and so Aunt Lavinia proves conclusively there are no plain women. Is Aunt Lavinia quite right about the large mirrors? Are there not times when ignorance is bliss for one's self, though it may not be bliss for one's neighbors? May we not make a mental picture with one's self as the center? Alas! sight would make this impossible to so many thousands!

If there is such a thing as heresy in cooking, then *The Spirit of Cookery*, by J. L. W. Thudichum, is a heretical book. It is a most valuable book in spite of, or more truly because of, its heresies. The book is "a history of the science, practice, and ethical and medical import of culinary art." As a specimen of its practical value to the housekeeper who looks well to the ways of her household, the author tells us that to reheat meat for the table the cold meat must be heated by pouring boiling water, or gravy heated to the boiling-point, over it, the meat having been placed in a pan or vessel heated to the degree of heat that cooked the meat the first time. This experiment was tried, hot water being poured over some cooked beef that was being made into a stew. The result was much better than when the meat was allowed to simmer slowly through an afternoon. The cooking heresy in the book which will arouse the most comment is that which decries the value of bones in soup-making. We are told, in commenting on a recipe for soup in which bones were to be boiled for seven hours: "We know exactly the result of boiling bones under such circumstances; they lose nothing in weight, yield nothing to water; the result is *nil*; all the trouble, time, space, fire, etc., are absolutely wasted." The book deserves success, for it deals with the principles of cookery, and the few recipes are so worded as to compel a recognition of the principles on which they are based. (Frederick Warne & Co., New York. $2.) *Food Products of the World*, by Mary E. Green, M.D. (The Hotel World, Chicago), is a companion book for "The Spirit of Cookery." Together they give the history of the discovery of foods and the evolution of their use in sustaining and increasing the enjoyment of man.

Health in the Home, by E. Marguerite Lindley, is a series of lectures based on the theory which has given Miss Lindley prominence as a teacher of physical culture. The book is published by the author, and sold on subscription only.

The Art of Cookery, by Emma P. Ewing, needs no introduction to the attendants of the Chautauqua summer school, where Mrs. Ewing has made so great a success of the domestic science department. The directions for cooking are simple, and prepared with a view to economy. There are several pages of bills of fare. The book is carefully indexed.

The author of *The Feast of Autolycus*, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, wonders in her preface at the daring of woman in claiming equality with man. She may equal him in politics, science, and industry, "but in the cultivation and practice of an art which concerns life more seriously, woman has hitherto proved an inferior creature. For centuries the kitchen has been her appointed sphere of action. And yet here, as in the studio and study, she has allowed man to carry off the laurels." The author blames woman's want of discrimination in foods, her indifference to the pleasures of the palate, for her lack of highest success in this her special realm. "The Feast of Autolycus," she tells us, "is rather a guide to the Beauty, the Poetry, that exists in the perfect dish, even as in the masterpiece of a Titian or a Swinburne." The success of marriage, this writer believes, rests largely on the uniformity of taste between husband and wife. "Let man and woman look to it that at table delicious sympathy makes them one, and marriage will cease to be a failure." A delicate taste in food, delicate in selecting, not ignorant in rejecting, this author believes is a preservative of beauty. But, alas! as one turns the pages of this beautiful book, the sad truth is forced upon the reader that to follow its suggestions, alluring, attractive, artistic, one must live in a land where work is unknown, for to live by its principles one must have that priceless treasure—a treasure to-day beyond the reach of wealth—Leisure. The book is valuable, for it presents the ideal, the quality sadly lacking in much of our American housekeeping. (The Merriam Company, New York, $1.25.)

Flowers on the table, and a dish that may be called "A Dish of Sunshine," or a "Study in Green and Red," are possibilities according to the writer of "The Feast of Autolycus." But the sanitary expert would have us remember that these may be served in a house the atmosphere of which is laden with death. The first essential of all housekeeping is a knowledge of sanitary conditions and the intelligence to demand them. *How to Drain a House*, by George E. Waring, Jr., Street-Cleaning Commissioner of New York, should be in every household library—and in every home where intelligence governs there is a household library. "How to Drain a House" (D. Van Nostrand & Co., New York, $1.25) is a book of practical information for householders. The author places the responsibility of knowledge of sanitary conditions on women. He says: "The drainage system is, however, a trustworthy ally *only so long as the woman of the house* holds it under close and careful supervision." The principle of healthful living is concisely stated by the author: "Look out well for the health-rate, and the death-rate will lose its significance." The book is illustrated with practical drawings. The text is in clear and forcible English. It is a valuable contribution to a science hidden too often in technicalities that confuse the lay mind.

This century will be known in the ages to come as the century when homes dominated the world's greatest minds. Science and art are the servants of the home. Life and beauty are the products of this age. *Beautiful Homes*, by Louis H. Gibson (Thomas Y. Crowell, New York, $3), is a study in house-building. The author says in his preface, "There is no good reason for ugliness; it costs no more to make an artistic detail than to make an ugly one. . . . It is a question of direction by a trained artist." The book presents plans for house-building, and details for completing an artistic home. The book is beautiful in itself.

The Marvels of Our Bodily Dwelling, by Mary Wood-Allen, author of "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," is designed for home reading and for schools. The last chapters of the book are devoted to pointing out the evil effects of tobacco, alcohol, opium, and condiments; these are designated as "The Foe of the Household," "The Spicy Visitor," "The Deceitful Friend," "Treacherous Companions."

There has been issued a new edition of *The Woman's Club*, a Practical Guide and Handbook, by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller. The book is indispensable to those who are about to form a woman's club. Even the club long established will find this handbook useful. (The United States Book Company, New York.)

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Foreign Bodies in the Throat

The difficulty of removing fish-bones and similar obstructions impacted at the lower end of the œsophagus is well known, and various mechanical measures and appliances have been invented to deal with the difficulty. One of the most simple, however, and, as reported, one of the most effectual, is to administer to the patient a pint of milk, and forty minutes afterwards an emetic of sulphate of zinc. The fluid easily passes the obstruction, and is, of course, rapidly coagulated in the stomach into a more or less solid mass, which, on being ejected, forces the obstruction before it and so effects its removal.—*Medical Times.*

Is It in the Air?

A little girl has given a new version of the creation, according to an exchange:

"A little girl in the Fourth (Dr. Hall's) Chicago Church has made a valuable contribution to the new woman literature. She told her mamma the story of Adam and Eve. 'Dod, He made Adam, and He put him in a big garden, an' Adam he was so, so lonesome; 'n' then He putted him to sleep, He did; 'n' then He took out his brains and made a woman of the brains, 'n' then Adam he wasn't lonesome no more.'"

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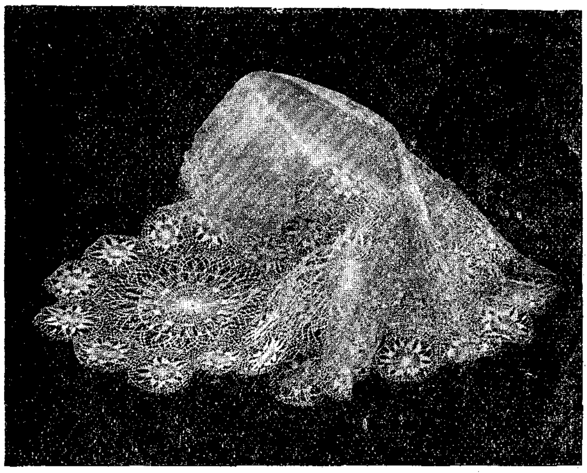
The Outlook Vacation Fund

The interest in The Outlook Vacation Fund is world-wide. The donations to it have been from all classes of society and from every civilized country. Last fall the following letter was received:

> *To the Editors of The Outlook:*
>
> It has long been my desire to contribute something to the Vacation Fund for working-girls, and reading in your paper of to-day that no one need be afraid that "the smallest contribution is too small," I feel encouraged to send my offering.
>
> The handkerchief inclosed with this letter shows one of the industries of Paraguay. It was brought from there by a friend who has recently made the journey of 1,200 miles to Asuncion, and is the work of the women of that country. I should like it to be sold for the benefit of Cherry Vale, and think it ought to bring double the price it is worth here—namely, five dollars gold—thus covering the expenses for the vacation of some working-girl.
>
> The Paraguay hammock accompanying it, besides being "a thing of beauty" and an ornament to Cherry Vale, is most restful to the tired, as we South Americans have proved by experience during our seven years' residence in a foreign land. As the missionary is herself, in every sense of the word, a working girl, she knows how an easy corner is appreciated for a few moments' rest; and certainly the joy of Cherry Vale must be its rest. H. M.
>
> 1875 Rodriguez Peña, Buenos Aires.

The handkerchief was photographed in order that our readers might get a faint idea—for it can be but faint—of its exquisite fineness. An offer of five dollars was made for it at once by one of the editors, but it was decided to offer it for sale through the columns of the paper.



The hammock is beautiful. It is made of fine cord tied in a pretty pattern, with a valance with knotted fringe ten inches deep. The hammock is beautiful enough to be hung in a large room and filled with cushions. It is altogether too dainty to be hung under trees. The hammocks at Cherry Vale must be able to withstand the usage of a lot of frolicsome girls, and the ravages of weather. It was decided that the intentions of the giver would best be carried out by selling the hammock. One of the officers of The Outlook Company at once offered fifteen dollars for the hammock. The price was accepted conditionally that no higher price was offered.

The readers of The Outlook are offered this opportunity to buy these two articles, the money received to go into the Fund. The articles will be assigned to the highest bidder on June 20. Announcement will be made of the sale. If no higher bids are received, the prices already offered will be accepted: five dollars for the handkerchief; fifteen dollars for the hammock.

The need for money is very great. This week a house that would accommodate fourteen was refused because the Working-Girls' Vacation Society did not have money enough to equip and maintain it.

The connections The Outlook has established with the Working-Girls' Vacation Society place it in a position where it could use for the benefit of working-girls ten thousand dollars a year. A house should be kept open all winter where sick girls and girls out of work would find a home. This house should be used to train girls who need it, in the arts of home-making.

The opportunities of this Fund are limitless, for it is used for those whose hearts and confidences are opened to tell the needs and point out the remedies for many of the unnecessary burdens borne by the working-girls of a great city.

WORKING-GIRLS' VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged	$650 14
W. R. H., Minneapolis, Minn.	4 00
S. A., Great Barrington, Mass.	5 00
S. S. C., Minneapolis, Minn.	2 00
The Asacog Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.	140 00
Anonymous, Brooklyn, N. Y.	5 00
Total	$806 14

For "Tribune" Fresh-Air Fund:	
S. A., Great Barrington, Mass.	$5 00

In Aid of Armenia

The latest reports from Miss Clara Barton show that the work of relief is being carried on with admirable efficiency. One cable dispatch to the National Armenian Relief Fund says:

> Reports received from four expeditions to-day. Harris, at Marash and Zeitoun, reports that epidemics are under control. Wood, in the Palon district, states that 1,000 cattle are needed for forty villages. Winter, at Carsonjak, has distributed 2,000 garments, 800 bushels of seed, grain, cattle, and tools. Hubbell, at Arabkir, is giving quantities of clothing, bedding, seeds, tools, cattle, and lumber. Fevers are abating, but needs are extreme.
>
> CLARA BARTON.

In a letter to Secretary of State Olney, Miss Barton absolutely denies the rumors that her work has been interfered with by the Turkish authorities. We quote at some length:

> Sir Philip Currie has done and is doing splendid work in facilitating the labors and distributions of the heroic missionaries, the Anglo-American operations through consuls and missionaries, and in a general way our own efforts. But our greatest successes are due to the untiring efforts and sound judgment of our own Legation officers, through whom we are working, and also for the reason that both Palace and Porte have confidence in the singleness of our purpose and the integrity of our personnel. As the Turkish Government is thoroughly convinced that there is no political significance attached to our visit, that we have no sectarian interests to serve, and certainly no racial prejudices, there have been no requests which they have not granted, no suggestions which they have not acted upon.
>
> We have three expeditions in the field, two for general relief work, the third medical. The first, under Dr. Hubbell, is working along a route marked and recognized by the cities of Aintab, Marash, Malatia, and to-day is at Harpoot. The second, under Mr. Wistar, took the course indicated by the cities of Aintab, Gorfa, Diarbekir, and is to-day at Harpoot also. The men of both expeditions have done most of their work outside of the cities, as the cities through which they passed were being cared for by others.
>
> Our medical relief, under Dr. Ira Harris, is now in control in Marash and Zeitoun, where four distinct epidemics are threatening the extermination of the people. A fourth expedition will start this week, ordered and equipped by us, for the interior. This will be a medical relief also, which will divide at Aintab, part of the number going to Marash to assist Dr. Harris, the other part going to the relief of Arabkir, where typhus and dysentery are killing many people.

THE ARMENIAN FUND

Previously acknowledged	$6,911 92
Armenia	100 00
E. S. S., Washington, D. C	2 00
A Friend, Vernon, N. Y.	2 00
Methodist Episcopal Church, Sidney, N. Y.	36 25
S. M. C. L.	5 00
Mrs. J. W. D., Colton, Cal.	10 00
W. H. B., Salem, Ia.	1 00
Anonymous, Pomona, Cal	10 00
R. A. B., New Castle, Pa.	15 00
Current Topics Club, North Greenfield, Wis.	5 00
Young People's Society Christian Endeavor, First Congregational Church, Santa Barbara, Cal.	4 00
Total	$7,102 17

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The seventieth anniversary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society will be held in the Center Church, New Haven, Conn., (the Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., pastor), opening Tuesday evening, June 2. Major-General O. O. Howard will preside, the Rev. Daniel Merriman, of Worcester, will preach the annual sermon Tuesday evening, and salutations will be offered by the pastor of the church and President Dwight, of Yale University, to which General Howard will respond.

Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to papers by the Secretaries; anniversary of the Woman's Department; reports from the Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, and Michigan Auxiliaries; anniversaries of the Church Building Society, Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Education Society; and to addresses from distinguished speakers from different parts of the country, including Doctors Fitch, of Buffalo; Beach, of Minneapolis; Fisher, of New Haven; Lyman, of Brooklyn; Patton, of Minnesota; Nutting, of Rhode Island; Cordley, of the Kansas Band; the Rev. Ephraim Adams, of the Iowa Band; President Penrose, of the Washington Band; Doctors Daniels and Board, of the American Board and the American Missionary Association; Dr. Whittlesey, of the Ministerial Relief Association; by the Superintendents of the Scandinavian Department, California, Indiana, Washington, Black Hills, Colorado, and Utah; also from Mrs. H. S. Caswell, Mrs. H. S. Heinzelman, of Indiana, Miss Caroline A. Potter, of California, the Rev. Dora-Read Barber, of Oregon, Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, of New York, and Field Secretaries Shelton and Puddefoot.

The New England Passenger Association and the Trunk Line Association will pass over their railroads for one-third fare in returning all certified attendants on the meeting who paid full fare in going. N. B.—Certificates are required in all cases to secure this reduction. They are not kept at all stations. If the ticket agent at a local station is not supplied with certificates, he can inform the delegate of the nearest important station where they can be obtained. In such case the delegate should purchase a local ticket to such station and there take up his certificate and through ticket to place of meeting. The certificates, duly filled in on both sides, are good within three days, Sunday excepted, after the adjournment of the meeting. Delegates and others availing of the reduction in fare should present themselves at the office for certificates and tickets at least thirty minutes before departure of trains.

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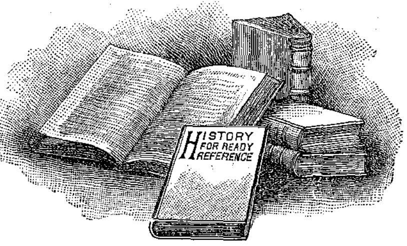

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The Business World

The Spanish Tobacco Edict

The prohibition of the export of tobacco from Cuba will have a serious effect on the business of American importers, and will particularly injure the Key West tobacco industry. Efforts are being made to procure an extension of the time at the end of which the order takes effect, but there is little reason to expect success. Only ten days were given to remove stock already purchased. General Weyler explains his action by stating that the destruction of tobacco-fields by the insurgents has so reduced the stock of leaf tobacco in Havana that the Cuban factories will soon have to shut down and drive 15,000 cigar-makers out of work, leaving their families helpless. Large quantities of the tobacco now in Havana belong to American manufacturers, and it is urged here that the edict practically confiscates this tobacco. Rumors as to the action of our State Department in the way of remonstrance are as yet unconfirmed. Some papers talk rather wildly of retaliation. It is feared that in time many American cigar-makers may be thrown out of work, though there are large stocks of Cuban tobacco now in this country, enough to supply the demand for the immediate present. Last year the United States imported over twenty million pounds of leaf tobacco from Cuba, valued at about $7,250,000.

Trade and Stocks

The dullness of the stock markets continues, though the fact that positive depression has not occurred is regarded as in itself a most favorable sign under the circumstances, and the end of the week showed a tendency to strength. In the general inactivity there was little of special moment to note in railway securities; in industrials Sugar and American Tobacco recorded rises in price. Gold shipments were smaller than in immediately previous weeks. It was made known that Mr. J. P. Morgan has partly concluded in London a large sale of Northern Pacific 4 per cent. bonds. The money market was as dull as the stock market; call money averaged about 2½ per cent. In trade reports the most favorable incident was the decided falling off in the number of business failures. "Bradstreet's" reports for the week only 216, as compared with 265 the previous week. The practical beginning of summer naturally leads to less activity in general trade; dealers also hold that the political situation has a deadening influence. Exports of wheat were about the same as the week before—1,906,000 bushels, as against 2,754,000 bushels a year ago at the same time. Prices of wheat, flour, oats, sugar, lard, petroleum, and pig iron are slightly lower. Crop reports are generally favorable; in the East the long drought has done some damage, but recent rain has fallen. Leather and shoes have been in active demand.

American and Foreign Bicycles

We have already mentioned some of the startling figures of the year's bicycle manufacture in this country. The business is one in which many millions of dollars of capital are engaged—one bicycle-maker says about $40,000,000 for bicycles alone, not counting in the manufacture of tubes, chains, bells, lamps, cyclometers, saddles, clothing, etc., etc. It is said that about 75,000 men are engaged in the actual manufacture, while a large army of agents, salesmen, teachers, and repairers are making a living out of the "bicycle craze." If the popularity of wheeling should suddenly decrease, something like a panic would follow; of this, however, there is certainly no sign at present. One interesting phase of the subject—that indicated by the title above—is pointed out in the New York "Herald," which says that "whereas a few years ago a great many bicycles were imported from England, and even from France and Germany, to-day at least one of the English manufacturing companies has announced its intention of abandoning the American field, and doubtless others will follow. More than this, and infinitely more important, American bicycles have been proved to be so immeasurably superior, in weight, perfection of mechanism, and general excellence, to the English, French, or German article, that they are being exported in large quantities to those countries, where they have a large sale, and are not only better but cheaper than the home-made article. As a result, or, better, a synchronous consequence, of this noteworthy condition of affairs, an immense new industry has been created in this country, which gives employment to hundreds of thousands of hands, mostly skilled artisans, in all parts of the country."

Growth of American Export Trade

The London "Iron and Coal Trades Review" says: "The growth of the American export trade is one of the factors with which Englishmen will have to reckon in the near future. The American trade and other journals are devoting a great deal more space to this subject than our own, although the issues involved are probably much more serious to our own country than to the United States. We cannot very well keep up our industrial and commercial supremacy without a large export trade, whereas the United States would still be great and prosperous and progressive even if they did not export a dollar's worth of produce, whether raw or manufactured, from year's end to year's end. But the growth of the American export trade of late years has been startling, and, in some directions, even portentous. The export of manufactured goods from the United States is now nearly one-third of the total exports of the country, which at one time, and that not so very long ago, consisted almost exclusively of food and agricultural products. A recent utterance by one of the largest exporting houses in the United States was to the effect that 'America will probably, in the near future, dominate all the markets of the world in the production of manufactured goods. The old-time supremacy of England is on the wane, and even in England itself many grades of American goods, particularly cotton goods, manufactured leather and iron, are sold more cheaply than the native products.' The Americans themselves argue, and not unnaturally, that they must continue to increase the export of their manufactured goods, since their exports of food and other raw products must inevitably decline. In the long run this is no doubt likely to be so, but it is a far cry to the exhaustion of the resources of the United States for the production of food supplies. The last half-dozen years alone have witnessed the bringing under cultivation of enormous tracts of virgin soil in Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and Texas, within a thousand miles of the greatest distributing center, after London, in the world—namely, the city of Chicago. It is not, therefore, because they are likely to cease to export wheat and maize and pork and other agricultural products that the Americans are increasing their exports of manufactured products, but because they are impelled thereto by their command of cheap raw materials and by highly effective if not nominally cheap labor, which enables them to produce a larger quantity of any given product with the same number of hands as compared with the older countries of Europe."

Canadian Exports and Imports

A bulletin put forth by the Secretary of Agriculture, embodying the reports of thirty of our consuls in the Dominion of Canada, shows that the total exports of that country increased during the past decade 33 per cent., and the imports 13 per cent. From 1888 to 1891 Canada's trade with us exceeded her trade with any other country, but since then Great Britain has taken first rank. An important fact to be noticed by citizens of this country is that much of the agricultural product going abroad from Canadian provinces consists of cereals and flour in transit from the United States. Last year the proportion was one-third.

New Canals

The great ship canal from Bordeaux to Narbonne is one of the coming public enterprises. The distance is 320 miles, and the cost is estimated at $150,000,000. Boats will be towed by fixed engines. The long and stormy stretch about the Spanish Peninsula will thus be saved. It is now proposed to connect Toronto on Lake Ontario and Collingwood on the Georgian Bay by a ship canal. The distance is sixty-six miles—a short route, indeed, in comparison with that around by Lakes Huron, St. Clair, and Erie to Lake Ontario.

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"Records and Pledges"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

"Great pressure is being brought to bear on Mr. McKinley to make some utterance on the currency question. We hope that he will resist the pressure and maintain his silence." "Silence is not dishonest, double-dealing is always so." From the foregoing remarks contained in the editorial entitled "Records and Pledges," in a recent number of The Outlook, I desire to express my absolute dissent.

To my mind, Mr. McKinley is guilty of moral cowardice in refusing to make some utterance on the currency question. He is, through the managers of his canvass, seeking to secure the support of two antagonistic forces. Two distinct statements, directly opposed one to the other, are made by these managers. Influenced by one or the other of them, gold and silver men alike have pledged themselves to his support. But now it has dawned upon these enthusiastic gentlemen that there is only one McKinley, and therefore either California or New Hampshire must have been deceived. Brushing past the faithful body-guard officered by one Hanna, they ask the Major himself for a plain statement of his financial views.

Your editorial says that his record is sufficient. But those claiming to be in his confidence—and, whether this claim be true or false, it is not contradicted—have undertaken to explain this record. They tell us, however Mr. McKinley may have spoken and voted from 1878 to 1890, he has recently undergone a change of heart. But it would seem to a candid observer that not only has his heart been changed, but broken—one half seeking its rest among the silver barons of Nevada, the other half its asylum with the gold bugs of Wall Street. Therefore, in order that we may correctly interpret this record, we are asking him, not to pledge himself in the interest of any coterie of politicians as your editorial infers, but simply to inform us, the plain people of this land, how he believes the Government may rightly solve the financial problem now confronting the Nation.

This policy of silence is in very truth dishonesty, in that, as I think I have shown, it involves double-dealing.

I would suggest that Mr. McKinley read Browning's "Lost Leader," and study well its meaning. And possibly, though I hesitate to say it, the editors of The Outlook might with advantage do likewise.

A Reformed Bourbon.

Catskill Station, N. Y.

Ought All to be Paid Alike?

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Three men go to pick berries in the field. Each is free to pick where he will, and to pick as many as he can. But one is stronger and quicker than the others. Besides, he judges better where berries are likely to be thickest. So he has thirty quarts at night, though the others have only fifteen and twenty. If the strongest says, "My brothers, I am more fortunate than you. But you also have worked faithfully, according to your strength and knowledge. We will share alike," that is love. But if the weaker ones say to the strongest, "You must divide with us," and if, when he refuses, they fall upon him, or compel him to yield by threats of violence, is there any love in that?

Two carpenters are laying shingles upon a village hall. One lays a thousand shingles in a day. The other is quicker of eye and hand, and lays fifteen hundred. The one gives as much to the community in two days as the other gives in three. If the community renders to him again as much in two days as in three days to the other, each man receives his own. If the more efficient says to the community, "It is true that I have produced more than my brother. But he also has worked faithfully, according to his ability. He also has a wife and children. He and I will share alike," that is love and it is beautiful. But if the community, without his will, returns to the more efficient only half the fair equivalent of the whole product of the two, it does not render his own to him, but robs him.

The question is not whether our present social machinery robs the many to enrich the few. To me, for one, it seems clear that it does. The question is not as to the validity of any assumption that one kind of work is superior to another, as Mr. Cleveland's or Dr. Lyman Abbott's to the carpenter's. It is not whether the product of Mr. Cleveland's work, or of Dr. Abbott's, is equivalent to the carpenter's who lays fifteen hundred shingles a day, or to his who lays a thousand, or is greater or less than either. My point is this: if the command, "Thou shalt not steal," has any meaning, the work of a man's hand is his own. Some men produce more than others, and wrong is done unless each man has liberty to retain what he has produced, or its equivalent. If each is permitted to retain his product, or its equivalent, the nation's store of riches, which your correspondent "S. A. R." speaks of, and which the nation should spread before its members to be enjoyed by all on equal terms, will contain just one class of things. They are the things the Creator has provided without men's work: the air and sunshine, the running streams, the surface of the earth where men must build, the fruitful soil, the minerals that lie beneath. To these things no man may claim a better title than any other.

I have no quarrel with my Socialist friends while they urge on each of us the high wisdom of working for others, and not for himself. But though I admit that I shall be a happier and a better man if I give my best to my brother men, it does not seem to me to follow that my brothers will do well to take from me forcibly some part of the berries I have picked or of the house I have built, because I have picked more than they, or built faster. Though it be admitted that the law of love is nobler than the law of justice, yet the law of love is beyond the jurisdiction of the State. The State is force. Force may do justice—it cannot compel love. Less than justice—injustice—will be done by him who shall try by the strong arm to accomplish more.

C. E. E.

Binghamton, N. Y.

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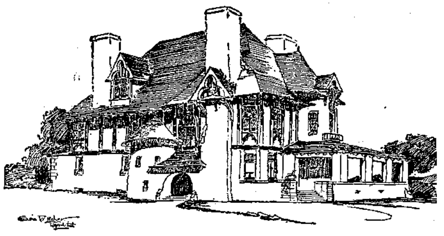

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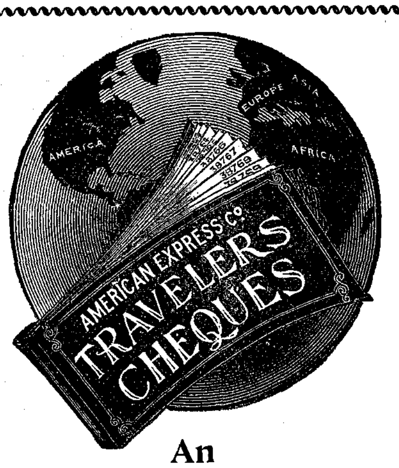
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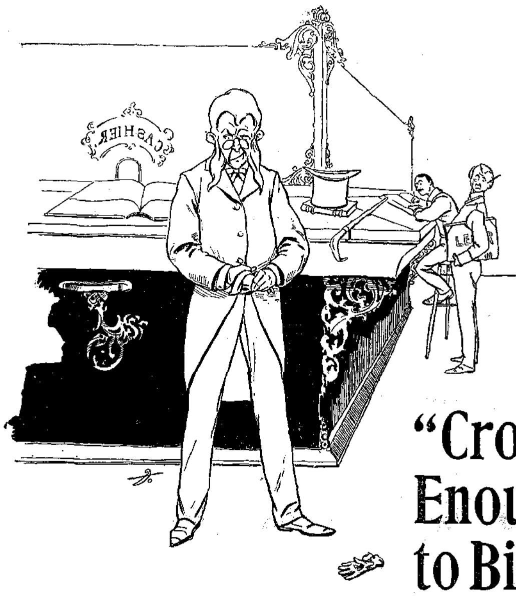

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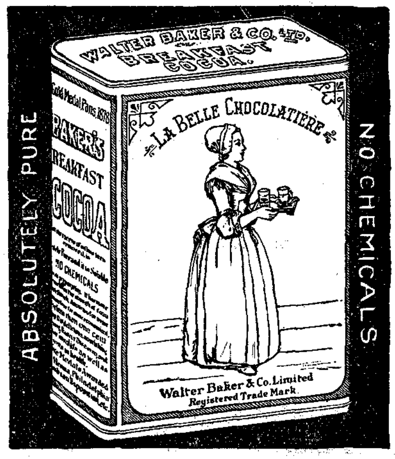
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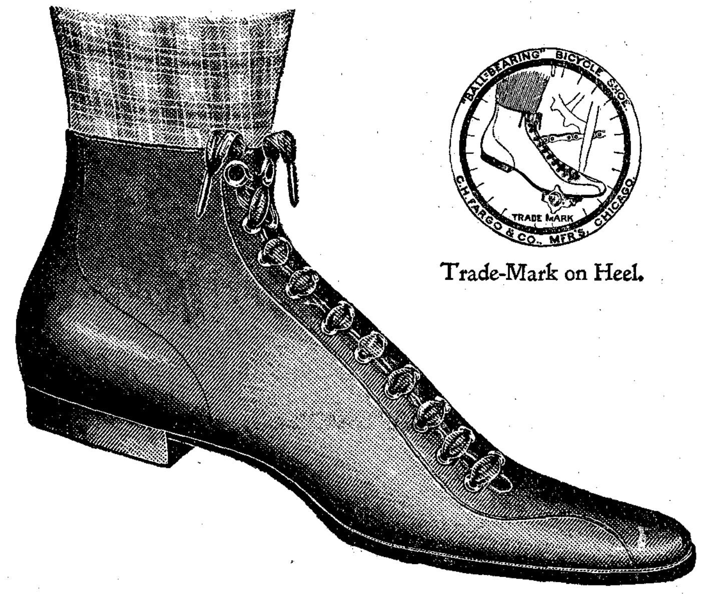

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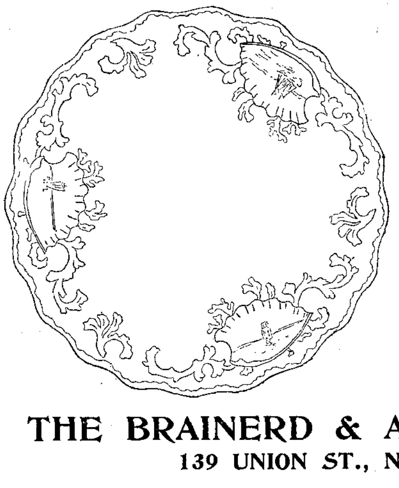

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Dr. HAYES, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bits of Fun

The charity which gives away that which it doesn't want is more inclined to vaunt itself than any other kind.—*Life.*

"Papa, what is a 'walk in life'?" "It is that profession, my boy, in which everybody has to run like mad, or get left."—*Chicago Record.*

Hoax—Does Sillicus know anything about music? Joax—No; he doesn't know the difference between a string orchestra and a rubber band.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mr. York—Don't you have trouble in keeping track of your city limits? Miss Chicago—Yes, but there is a strong movement on foot to abolish them altogether.—*Truth.*

"How did Swayzler came out in that little railroad deal he was working?" "It hasn't been settled yet. I don't see what else he can do but plead kleptomania."—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

Proprietor (to Editor)—Well, the first number of our new paper looks well, but here is one thing I don't like. "What?" "Why, this communication signed 'An Old Subscriber.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

The "Interior" boasts of a subscriber with a subscription paid up to 1930. That man has taken from his posterity the privilege of using the argument, so dear to minds of a certain caliber, "Stop my paper."—*The Congregationalist.*

"I'm going to tell my pa on you," said Johnny Smithers, as the blacksmith pared some of the bone away from the horse's hoof. "Why? what have I done?" asked the blacksmith. "You ain't got shoes to fit Dobbin, an' you're whittlin' off his feet to suit those you have got."—*London Telegraph.*

We are told that Prince Talleyrand was suddenly awakened one night by the discharge of a firearm. Seeing his valet in the apartment, he asked him what he was doing there. "Prince," the man replied, with stolidity, "there was a mouse in the room, and, fearing it might disturb you, I shot it dead with a pistol."—*Le Patriote Normand.*

Customer—That meat that I bought here last, Mr. Cleaver, was frightfully tough. Butcher—Do you know, marm, that one reason why there are so many poor teeth nowadays is because they do not have enough exercise? Customer—But that steak couldn't be cut with a knife. Butcher—Yes, there is some mighty poor cutlery in the market now. Did you say five pounds, marm?—*Boston Transcript.*

A Career Started.—"I have been thinking for a long time," she said, with a serious expression which contrasted strongly with her usual airiness, "that I ought to have some serious purpose in life. So I have decided to go into literature." "You intend to pursue it seriously, do you?" "Yes, indeed. I've bought a lovely Louis XVI. desk, and I've got some of the most exquisite stationery you ever saw. Mother gave me a gold pen and a mother-of-pearl penholder, and I have just the prettiest silver inkstand!—all covered with filigree work, you know." "You are certainly well equipped." "Yes," she replied, serenely, "I've got a splendid start. All I have to do now is to sit down sometime and think up a piece to write."—*Washington Star.*

Doctors who are in the habit of using long words when visiting patients may take a hint from the following story: An old woman, whose husband was not very well, sent for a doctor. The doctor came and saw the old man. When he was departing he said to the old woman: "I will send him some medicine, which must be taken in a recumbent position." After he had gone the old woman sat down, greatly puzzled. "A recumbent position—a recumbent position!" she kept repeating. "I haven't got one." At last she thought, "I will go and see if Nurse Lown has got one to lend me." Accordingly she went and said to the old nurse: "Have you got a recumbent position to lend me to take some medicine in?" The nurse, who was equally as ignorant as the old woman, replied, "I had one; but, to tell you the truth, I have lost it."—*Scottish-American.*

ARMSTRONG & McKELVY	Pittsburgh.
BEYMER-BAUMAN	Pittsburgh.
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JEWETT	
ULSTER	
UNION	
SOUTHERN	Chicago.
SHIPMAN	
COLLIER	St. Louis.
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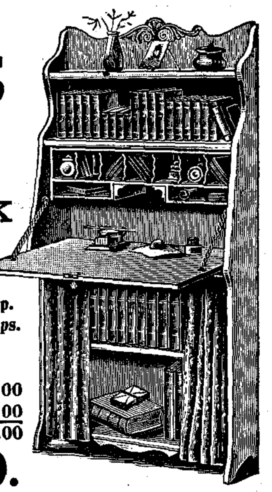
Reclining Easy Chair or Desk
ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL.



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Either Premium is worth . $10.00
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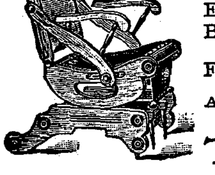
From factory to family, Both $10.



AND ON THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL. IF SATISFIED, YOU REMIT $10.00; IF DISAPPOINTED, HOLD GOODS SUBJECT TO OUR ORDER.

The Larkin Soap Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Our offer explained more fully in The Outlook Nov. 16th, 23d, and 30th.

NOTE.—We are personally acquainted with Mr. Larkin, of the Soap Manufacturing Company of Buffalo; have visited their factory; seen their goods and premiums offered, and we know that they are full value. The only wonder is that they are able to give so much for so little money. The Company are perfectly reliable.—*The Evangelist.*

From *The Churchman.*—We have investigated the propositions in above advertisement, and are satisfied that the goods offered are worth more than price charged, and that the Company will do all they agree to.

Not a Patent Medicine.

Old Age

is usually another name for debility. Too much food, and improper food is eaten, overtaxing the impaired digestive organs; the kidneys do not properly carry off the effete products; the brain is sluggish. All these troubles are overcome by the use of

Freligh's Tonic

A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinant

Digestion is improved; kidneys stimulated; brain brightened; new energy given. Absolutely harmless.

Prescribed by over forty thousand physicians for ten years past. Regular bottle, $1.00, 100 doses. All druggists, or by mail. Sample by mail, 25 cents. Concentrated, prompt, powerful. Descriptive pamphlet, formula, testimonials, etc., mailed to any address.

I. O. Woodruff & Co.,
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106-108 Fulton Street, New York City.

Formula on Every Bottle.

THE "GEYSER" HOT APPLIANCE

Saves Life and Suffering.
At Druggists or
THE HOT APPLIANCES CO.,
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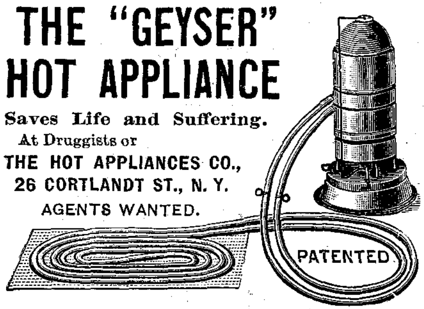
AGENTS WANTED.



Throw away the cold, clammy poultices, wet cloths, hot-water bags, etc. They commence to grow cold as soon as applied, and therefore do more harm than good.

The Geyser Hot Appliance automatically supplies heat to any degree, uniform or gradually increasing, to any part of the body, producing results never before attained. Giving immediate relief and effecting cures in the following ailments, where all former methods have failed, viz.: pneumonia, pleurisy, neuralgia, sore throat, grippe, cramps, rheumatism, inflammation of bowels or kidneys, backache, carbuncles, and all other ailments when heat (wet or dry) is required.

Adopted by the leading hospitals and sanitariums and indorsed by all the medical profession.

It's easy to feed

some people, but proper nourishment for the invalid, convalescent and dyspeptic is hard to obtain.

Somatose

is a perfect Food and Tonic for the pale, thin anæmic, dyspeptic and overworked.

Somatose strengthens and nourishes; restores the appetite and increases the weight.

Somatose is for sale by all druggists in 2-oz., ¼, ½ and 1-lb. tins.

Somatose-Biscuit, palatable and strengthening.

Runkel Bros.' Somatose-Cocoa, for nursing mothers, invalids and convalescents. A pleasant and strengthening beverage for table use. **Runkel Bros.' Somatose-Chocolate** for eating and drinking.

All druggists. Descriptive pamphlets free of
Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

Kiamensi Home for Epileptics

A quiet rural retreat under the constant personal care and professional supervision of experienced specialists.
A home—not an Asylum.
For particulars address
Horace Bradley, M.D., Box 262, Wilmington, Del.

Best Fifty Books of 1895

A list of 306 of the leading books of 1895 was recently submitted by the Public Libraries Division of the University of the State of New York to the librarians of the State and others to obtain an expression of opinion respecting the best fifty books of 1895 to be added to a village library. The Director, Mr. Melvil Dewey, says in a circular: "It was necessary to disregard some lists returned because more than fifty books were marked; a few others reached the office too late to be included. From 139 lists that met the conditions, the following choice is indicated:"

RANK		VOTES
1	Burnett, Mrs. F. H. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. Scribner, $1.50	96
2	Kipling, Rudyard. Second Jungle Book. Century, $1.50	95
3	Maclaren, Ian, *pseud.* Days of Auld Lang Syne. Dodd, $1.25	94
4	Atkinson, Philip. Electricity for Everybody. Century, $1.50	85
4	Brooks, Noah. How the Republic is Governed. Scribner, 75 cts	85
6	Coffin, C. C. Daughters of the Revolution and their Times. Houghton, $1.50	77
6	Stockton, F. R. Adventures of Captain Horn. Scribner, $1.50	77
8	Lodge, H. C., and Roosevelt, Theodore. Hero Tales from American History. Century, $1.50	72
9	Stedman, E. C. Victorian Anthology, 1837–1895. Houghton, $2.50	67
10	Crawford, F. M. Casa Braccio. 2 v. Macmillan, $2	64
11	Sherman, John. Recollections of Forty Years in the House, Senate, and Cabinet. 2 v. Werner Company, $7.50	63
12	Harris, J. C. Mr. Rabbit at Home. Houghton, $2	62
13	Mitchell, D. G. English Lands, Letters, and Kings. v. 3. Queen Anne and the Georges. Scribner, $1.50	59
14	Lippincott's Gazetteer of the World. New edition. Lippincott, $12	58
14	Walker, F. A. Making of the Nation, 1783–1817. (American Historical Series.) Scribner, $1.25	58
16	Zangwill, Israel. The Master. Harper, $1.75	56
17	Weyman, S. J. Red Cockade. Harper, $1.50	55
18	Clemens, S. L. Tragedy of Pudd'nhead Wilson. American Publishing Company, $2.50	54
18	Henty, G. A. Knight of the White Cross. Scribner, $1.50	54
20	Wiggin, Mrs. K. D. Village Watch-Tower. Houghton, $1	52
21	Porter, L. H. Cycling for Health and Pleasure. Dodd, $1	51
22	Lowell, J. R. Last Poems. Houghton, $1.25	50
22	Maartens, Maarten, *pseud.* My Lady Nobody. Harper, $1.50	50
24	Arnold, Matthew. Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848–1888. 2 v. Macmillan, $3	49
24	Butterworth, Hezekiah. Zigzag Journeys Around the World. Estes, $2	49
24	Davis, R. H. Princess Aline. Harper, $1.25	49
27	Ward, Mrs. E. S. P. A Singular Life. Houghton, $1.25	48
28	Balfour, A. J. Foundations of Belief. Longmans, $2	47
28	Crockett, S. R. Men of the Moss-Hags. Macmillan, $1.50	47
28	Lang, Andrew. Red True Story-Book. Longmans, $2	47
31	Guerber, H. A. Stories of the Wagner Operas. Dodd, $1.50	46
31	Lang, Andrew. My Own Fairy Book. Long mans, $2	46
33	Crawford, F. M. Constantinople. Scribner, $1.50	45
33	Leypoldt, Mrs. A. H., and Iles, George. List of Books for Girls and Women and their Clubs. Lib. Bur., $1	45
33	Oliphant, Mrs. M. O. W. Makers of Modern Rome. Macmillan, $3	45
33	Weyman, S. J. From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. Longmans, $1.25	45
37	Wright, C. D. Industrial Evolution of the United States. (Chautauqua.) Flood, $1.	44
38	Brooks, E. S. Boy of the First Empire. Century, $1.50	43
38	Earle, Mrs. A. M. Colonial Dames and Goodwives. Houghton, $1.50	43
40	Bolton, Mrs. S. K. Famous Leaders Among Women. Crowell, $1.50	42
40	Davis, R. H. About Paris. Harper, $1.25	42
40	Farrar, F. W., and Others. Westminster Abbey and the Cathedrals of England. Winston, $3.50	42
40	Mathews, F. S. Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. Appleton, $1.75	42
44	Greene, F. D. Armenian Crisis in Turkey. Putnam, $1	41
44	Jewett, S. O. Life of Nancy. Houghton, $1.25	41
44	Munroe, Kirk. At War with Pontiac. Scribner, $1.25	41
44	Willsey, J. H., *comp.* Harper's Book of Facts. Harper, $8	41
48	Shaw, Albert. Municipal Government in Continental Europe. Century, $2	40
48	Wiggin, Mrs. K. D., and Smith, N. A. Froebel's Gifts. (The Republic of Childhood, v. 1.) Houghton, $1	40
50	Scudder, S. H. Frail Children of the Air. Houghton, $1.50	39

The front wheel of a bicycle should be called "Pride," for often it goes before a fall.—*Philadelphia Press.*

3 Big Words

DIGESTIBLE
NUTRITIVE
PALATABLE

Rolled Into One

WHEATLET

A sensible breakfast food—supplies the right elements for nourishment and is delicious. Without the raw taste of oats and gritty foods.

Ask your GROCER for it to-day
THE FRANKLIN MILLS CO.
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Health Springs from the Cocoanut

Pure and Wholesome

describes the new article of food just being introduced and for your health's sake you should investigate our

Cocoanut Butter

it is a superior article of guaranteed purity to be used in place of butter, lard or compounds in cooking. Requires only one-half to two-thirds the quantity used of other shortening. Endorsed by physicians for purity and by bakers and chefs for its economic value. Sold by all grocers. Write for free book about it.

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CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN GERM-PROOF FILTER

An absolutely perfect sanitary filter. Filtering cylinder of porous rock, cleaned instantly by revolving against automatic rock cleaner—without opening filter. No other filter has or can have this device. Full description and prices of filters in a book that will be mailed free to you. Send postal for it. Also **Gravity Filters**—in which we use the Crystal Fountain Rock Tube.

The Geo. L. Squier Mfg. Co.,
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For the Promotion of Agriculture

The first society for the promotion of agriculture in the United States was established in Philadelphia in March, 1785. The men who were most interested in this committee were those who had no immediate connection with agriculture. Washington and Franklin were honorary members, but the larger proportion were men of mercantile pursuits. In 1894 the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor in New York City determined to make a careful study of agricultural conditions in New York State for the purpose of ascertaining the causes of agricultural depression, and the reasons for the abandonment of farms. This study was one of the most careful which had ever been made, and its results were published broadcast in a special leaflet. Among the recommendations of the committee was that of an Agricultural Conference, which was held in New York City December 9, 1895, the principal speaker being George T. Powell, who discussed agricultural needs and conditions.

As a result of this Conference a Committee for the Promotion of Agriculture was organized, under the chairmanship of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt. Among the other members of the Committee were R. Fulton Cutting, William E. Dodge, Jacob H. Schiff, Mrs. J. S. Lowell, and Howard Townsend. At its first meeting the Committee elected George T. Powell Director of the Department of Agricultural Education, which was organized along the lines of university extension. The campaign was opened at Mount Kisco, in Westchester County. The speakers who presented the various topics at these agricultural institutes were men thoroughly familiar with their subjects, as was evidenced by the attendance and interest at the sessions. The work included Purdys, South Salem, Yorktown, Purchase, Pleasantville, and Brewster, a total of seventy lectures being given. These meetings were held largely in the milk-producing districts, where the industry has been very greatly depressed—so much so that farmers in some instances were going out of the business. At Purdys one instance was found where a farmer kept careful record of the milk produced by his cows, with the result that he was fairly well satisfied. He knew what his income was; he knew the production of his animals; hence he could calculate the profits. This careful collation of accounts was urged upon the farmers.

The work among children was not neglected by the institutes. Mr. Powell had the valuable co-operation of Mrs. A. R. Comstock, of Cornell University. She treated plant life and insect life in a manner that helped to interest both young and old. There was a large attendance of children from the public schools, and the notes which were taken by the children served as a basis for educational work later.

The following instance shows a fact which is worth all the time and effort of this movement:

At the close of one conference a farmer came to Mr. Powell with the request that he would accompany him home and spend the night, because one son and two daughters were contemplating leaving the farm for the city. Mr. Powell talked with the children that evening, and in the morning went over the farm with them. He found the soil was admirably adapted for the production of fruits and vegetables, none of which had been attempted. Mr. Powell told them how the farm might be improved, and gave them an object-lesson in the pruning of peach-trees, and told them how they could raise a fine quality of fruit. He also suggested that the farm was admirably adapted for strawberry culture. At the close of next day's session the young people told Mr. Powell that they had decided to stay upon the farm and not go to the city.

The evening sessions were instructive as well as entertaining, the co-operation having been secured of Dr. Curtis, of Columbia College, who gave illustrated lectures showing how plants grow, how they obtain their food, the effect of fertilizers, and the manner in which these should be applied. By this means the farmers were able to get an insight of the underground work of the farm. Another lecturer presented certain phases of city life, showing how the people live in the thickly populated tenement districts, how the labor market was overstocked, and the conditions surrounding men and women, with the low wages which they must accept.

The fact that this work has been carried on in Westchester County has led twenty-one other counties to apply to Mr. Powell for the same kind of work. Perhaps the following statement by Mr. Powell to the Committee is the best résumé of what has been accomplished: "After several years of experience and special study of this kind of work, I may say to the Committee that this series of agricultural schools just closed has represented the best quality of work for the promotion of agriculture that I have ever seen done in this country."

Every Man His Own Poet

You build a sonnet on about this plan:
Your first line ground out, take the next one—so—
And make it rhyme with this one, just below.
Then, next, you match the first line, if you can.
Don't hurry the machine. The lines must scan.
With steady motion turn the crank. You know
'Tis not a sonnet if it limps. Go slow.
Now find the rhyme for "scan"—for instance, man.
As to the last six lines some latitude
May be allowed. Take any word, as "grove."
Now hunt a rhyme for "latitude." Try shrewd.
This line must end with dove, or love, or strove;
And this with mood, or prude, or crude, or dude.
And there's your sonnet. Throw it in the stove.

—Hartford Courant.

Findings—
"The best, of course," you tell your dressmaker, and trust to her using the
S·H·& M·
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
BIAS
VELVETEEN
SKIRT BINDING
Why don't you *tell* her to use it or, better still, buy it yourself?
If your dealer will not supply you we will.
Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.
"Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c., postage paid.
S. H, & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

Kitchen Furnishing
COOKING UTENSILS, MOULDS,
CUTLERY, CROCKERY, AND GLASS,
REFRIGERATORS,
HOUSE-CLEANING ARTICLES
LEWIS & CONGER
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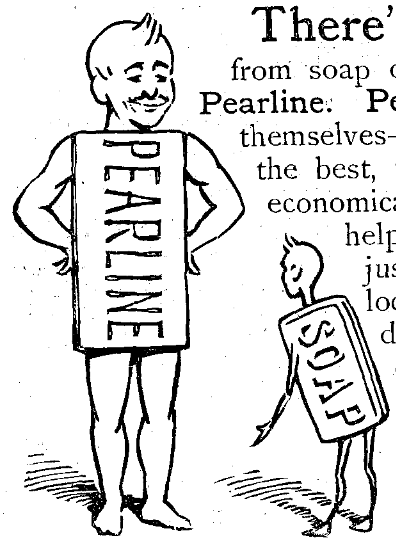

There's no help wanted
from soap or anything else, when you use **Pearline**. **Pearline** and water—all alone by themselves—that's everything you need for the best, the easiest, the safest, the most economical washing and cleaning. What help can soap add to it? You might just as well get a horse to help a locomotive. Anything that soap can do, **Pearline** can do better—and can do a great deal more besides.
Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 484

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER
Relieves Paralysis after a Failure of Hot Springs
The late Dr. P. S. Jones *of Virginia*: "Awaking from sleep in a current of cold air, I found that I had suffered **partial paralysis of my right leg**, which proved to be of a permanent nature, and affected my locomotion so far that **I walked with difficulty** with the aid of a cane. Afterwards I was attacked with hæmaturia. My appetite and digestion were impaired, and I was nervous and sleepless and greatly depressed in spirits. In this condition I made, without deriving benefit, two protracted visits to the Hot Springs of Arkansas. On returning from my last visit I determined upon an experiment with **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** Spring No. **2**, which proved most happy in result. **After its use for some weeks, I am so improved as to be able to walk readily without my cane.** The hæmaturia is entirely relieved. I can eat heartily; my digestion is good; nervous symptoms gone. I sleep soundly; am attending to my business pursuits, and hopeful of a complete recovery, from the continued use of the water. I do not undertake to account for the action of this water in paralysis, but simply state a fact."
This water is for sale by druggists and grocers generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles, $5.00, f. o. b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent **free** to any address. Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.
Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va. **On the Atlantic & Danville Railroad.**

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Like a Good Temper, "Sheds a Brightness Everywhere."

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SCHERMERHORN'S TEACHERS' AGENCY

Oldest and best known in U. S.
Established 1855. **3 East 14th St., N. Y.**

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Macy Manual Training High School

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Under supervision of Teachers College. Fits boys for Columbia College School of Mines in three years. Address
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Boarding and Day School for Girls, 15 West 86th Street, NEW YORK CITY. Thorough English from Kindergarten through College Preparatory. Miss Catherine Aiken's Method of Concentrated Attention in Mind Training a special feature; also conversational French and German. Home and Chaperonage for special students.

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POMONA COLLEGE, Claremont, Cal.—Full College courses leading to degrees of B.A., B.L., B.S. Degrees recognized by University of California and other similar graduate schools. Thirty-five miles from Los Angeles. An Academic course. Preparatory school preparing for all institutions connected with the College. Address C. G. BALDWIN, President.

Connecticut

Brookfield Center, Fairfield Co., Conn.

The Curtis School for Young Boys

A strong life in school and out, full of normal activities and healthy conditions. A clean moral atmosphere, a loyalty, a high purpose—full of help for your boy's manhood. Home life; single rooms. $500. 22d year. A book full of suggestion. FREDERICK S. CURTIS.

The Housatonic Valley Institute Cornwall Conn.

Among the Berkshire Hills of Northwestern Connecticut. Home School for boys. Classical, Scientific, Business, Preparatory Courses. Thirteenth year.
H. B. MacFarland, S. B., L. W. Arnold, A. B., Principals.

The Misses Stowe

Principals of the **HOMESTEAD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Greenwich, Ct.** A Family School for 12 Girls.

WOODSIDE SEMINARY

Reopens Sept. 24th, 1896. City advantages for culture and study. Rural surroundings.
Miss SARA J. SMITH, Principal, Hartford, Conn.

MISS AIKEN'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Daily drill in Miss Aiken's method. Prepares for college. For terms and circular apply to Principal, Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER SCOVILLE DEVAN, **Stamford, Conn.**

SCHOOL FOR BOYS—Summer Session

MARK PITMAN, A.M., Principal
Wallingford, Conn.

References:
Hon. WM. G. CHOATE, New York.
Rev. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., Boston.
Hon. NATHANIEL SHIPMAN, Hartford.
Dr. FRANCIS BACON, New Haven.

District of Columbia

Chevy Chase French and English Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies.—Half an hour from Washington, D. C., by electric cars. French the Language of the house. Reopens October 1, 1896. Address Mlle. Léa Bouligny, P. O. Station E, Washington, D. C.

France

FRANCE, Paris.—St. Margaret's Church School. A French and American School for Girls. French the language of the household. Autumn term opens October 1. Terms, $1,000 a year. Address Miss JULIA H. C. ACLY, 50 Avenue d'Jéna.

A teacher will conduct pupils from New York to Paris in September.

Illinois

Rockford College for Women

Fall Term Opens Wed., Sept. 16, 1896

Classical and Science Courses. Excellent Preparatory School. Specially organized departments of Music and Art. Well-equipped Laboratories. Fine Gymnasium. Resident physician. Memorial Hall enables students to reduce expenses. For catalogues address SARAH F. ANDERSON, Principal, Rockford, Illinois. Lock Box 9.

Massachusetts

OAK GROVE HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, Amherst, Mass. Reopens September 23d, 1896. Certificate admits to Smith and Wellesley.
Miss VRYLING WILDER BUFFUM, A.B., Principal.

AMHERST, MASS.

Mrs. W. F. Stearns's Home School

for Young Ladies. Reopens Sept. 22, 1896.

Massachusetts

Auburndale, Mass. (10 miles from Boston)

Lasell Seminary FOR Young Women

suggests to parents seeking a good school consideration of the following points in its methods:

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Common Sense for Bicyclers

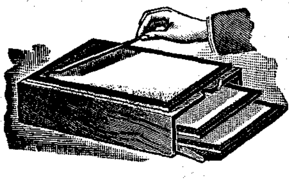
The advice given by the greatest of bicycle-riders, Zimmerman, is commended to the vain and silly people who prove that they don't know how to ride every time they get on a wheel.

Zimmerman says: "In riding, sit up straight. It is not necessary for you to stoop over." Every sensible man knew that before, but four-fifths of the boys and young men who ride use low handle-bars and stoop over. Why? Simply from childish vanity. They think it makes them look like "scorchers." That is the height of their ambition. Now, here is the prince of bicyclists, the most famous of wheelmen, who says: "Sit up straight." He means, of course, in ordinary riding. In racing a wheelman can sit on his spine, or on his stomach, or on his head, if he wants to. That is exceptional, and has nothing to do with street and road riding. Low handle-bars are the curse of the wheel. They are a menace to public safety. They deform the body. They injure the health. If they were essential to bicycling, the wheel itself should be abolished. But they are no more necessary than any other sporting device is on ordinary occasions. They belong to the race-track, and nowhere else. A man who would go to church with a pair of boxing-gloves on his hands would be escorted to the door by the sexton.

Another piece of good advice given by Zimmerman was not to rush up hill. The strain on the heart of a rapid gait up grade is tremendous, and in many cases dangerous.

Not one young person in a dozen of those who scorch along on bicycles really knows how to ride. A good rider must know something more than merely how to stick on and go at a three-minute gait. Gracefulness, health, consideration for the rights of others, and other points are essential to good riding, and a very large proportion of alleged bicyclists make no account of these things.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

—Mr. Charles H. Hackley, of Muskegon, Mich., has added $25,000 to his original gift for a manual training school in that town, making his total gift $155,000.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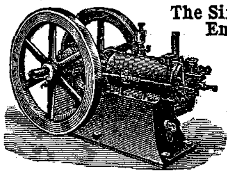
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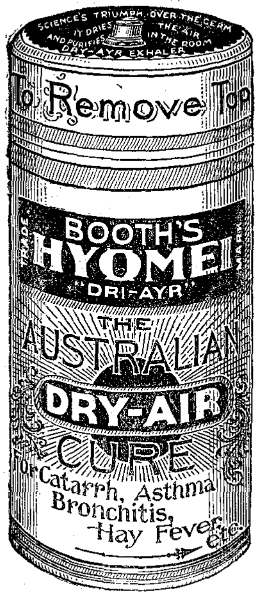

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87 Elm Street, Lawrence, Mass., May 6th, 1896.

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None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

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Want advertisements of thirty words or less will be published under this heading at one dollar a week. Four cents a week is charged for each word in excess of thirty.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A house of twelve rooms in the village of Salisbury, Connecticut, with about two and a half acres of land connected, a barn, and ice-house filled. Supplied with spring water and corporation water; five minutes' walk from R. R. Station. For particulars address DARWIN WARNER, Salisbury, Connecticut.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, desires position in Northern summer school, or as tutor during summer. Will teach grammar-school branches or prepare for college. English and Latin specialties. No objection to country. References. Address M. K. C., Columbian University, Washington, D. C.

HOME FOR AN INVALID.—An experienced nurse having an attractive home, half an hour from New York, will receive an aged person or invalid. Best references from New York physicians and families. Mrs. N., No. 1,190, care Outlook.

MASSAGE.—Experienced masseuse (Swedish system) would like position as attendant to ladies, individually or in parties, for the summer. Rheumatic and nerve troubles a specialty. Best of references. Address No. 1153, care of The Outlook.

VACATION IN THE CATSKILLS.—I should like to take charge of a few good boys during the summer vacation. Instruction if desired. Unexceptionable reference required. Martin Bähler, Prin., Boys' School, Orange Valley, N. J.

FOR RENT OR FOR SALE, at Delaware Water Gap, Pa., a ten-room cottage with bath-room, fine piazza, etc., located on high ground and near mountain paths, post-office, hotels, etc. Address H. W. BRODHEAD.

AT EAST ORANGE, N. J.—An attractive furnished room, closets, bath, gas, large shaded grounds, with board if preferred. Three minutes from Brick Church Station. References. Address No. 691, care Outlook.

WANTED—Position as tutor during the summer by a Wellesley graduate of experience. No objections to country, seashore, or traveling. Best of references furnished. Address A. W., No. 539, care The Outlook.

AT NORTHFIELD—A furnished flat; six rooms and bath-room, twenty windows and three piazzas, at fifty dollars per month, for July and August. Table board near by. Address Box 106, East Northfield, Mass,

AN AMHERST JUNIOR wants situation during July and August as private tutor to young man or men preparing for college. Terms reasonable. References furnished. Address Box 639, Amherst, Mass.

CHARMING HOME for young ladies on Massachusetts coast with lady of wide experience in chaperoning. Delightful climate: fine bathing; social advantages. For particulars address No. 738, care The Outlook.

A REFINED YOUNG LADY, familiar with French and German, desires for the summer a position as governess or as companion. No objections to travel. Address 742 So. Beech St., Syracuse, N. Y.

TUTORING wanted by a young man, a teacher of two years' experience. Has done private work and traveled with boys. Best of references. Address THEODORE F. COLLIER, Englewood, N. J.

SUBURBAN HOMES can be bought direct from owners at an advantage to the buyers; also first-class plots for investment. Address GRANDVIEW LAND COMPANY, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WANTED—Two or three boarders in a pleasant home in a quiet country village of Western Massachusetts. For particulars address QUIET HOME, No. 1,217, care of The Outlook.

POSITION during the summer, as tutor in college or college preparatory work, by an Amherst graduate, class of '95, who is now teaching. Address Box 66, Becket, Mass.

About People

—A survivor of the Grande Armée, Joseph Roze, has just died at Aubigny, near Bourges, at the age of 102 years. He entered the army at eighteen, became a corporal, and received the St. Helena medal.

—Mr. Andrew Lang was asked recently to answer the question as to what "hymns had helped him most." He wrote in reply that he had derived most benefit from the Homeric hymns, especially those to Demeter and Aphrodite.

—Leo XIII. is the doyen of the Catholic episcopate. He received his episcopal consecration in 1843, and there is no Bishop living whose consecration is so old. It has rarely happened that the Pope was the oldest Bishop in the Catholic world.

—The Archbishop of Canterbury's choice of a third English Bishop for Japan—to be called Bishop of Hokkaido—has fallen on a Cambridge scholar, the Rev. Philip Kemball Fyson, Principal of the Theological College at Osaka, who has been in Japan since 1873.

—Lieutenant-General George Digby Barker, the new Governor of the Bermudas, is sixty-four years of age. He served in the Persian campaign of 1857, was at the relief of Lucknow during the Indian Mutiny, and has commanded the British troops in China.

—Oliver Caswel, a blind and deaf mute, to whom Dickens devoted several pages of his "American Notes," died not long ago at Conanicut, R. I. When Dom Pedro visited Newport some years ago, he sent for Caswel and presented him with a gold souvenir.

—The Empress Frederick of Germany will spend a large part of the next two years in England. She will become, it is said, the tenant of Ditton Park, the late Duke of Buccleuch's beautiful old place near Windsor, now belonging to Lord Montagu, of Beaulieu.

—Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech to a gathering of his neighbors, said: "I am a Scotchman by blood. I am a Lancashireman by birth. I am a kind of Londoner by living so long there. I belong to most parts of the country, but my wife, as most of you know, is a good Welshwoman, and I think that to a great extent has infected me."

—The World's Proctor Memorial Association has announced that it will erect the largest observatory in the world on the summit of Mount San Miguel, near San Diego, Cal., as a memorial to the celebrated astronomer and author, Richard A. Proctor. The Association was organized some years ago in California, but it is proposed to make the observatory of an international character, and secure, if possible, the co-operation of the leading Governments of the world. The intention is to equip the institution with the largest telescopes ever constructed, the first one to have lenses five times the size of the Lick and four times that of the Yerkes telescope; if it proves a success, still more powerful instruments will be constructed on the sectional-lens principle, invented by Astronomer Gathman, of Chicago. Mount San Miguel comprises about 12,000 acres, and has an elevation of 3,600 feet.

—The "Christian World," of London, says:

> On Tuesday (April 21) Dr. James Martineau entered upon his ninety-second year. With physical powers hardly diminished, save for a growing difficulty of hearing, during the past decade, with undimmed spirits and intellect, and with unflagging interest in the questions which agitate his younger fellows, the venerable teacher becomes, perhaps, rather more averse than has been his wont to personal publicity; and his wishes on this head are, of course, implicitly obeyed by many friends and devoted admirers. He spent his birthday, as usual, quietly at home. During the day a quantity of beautiful flowers and many kind letters and messages of congratulation were delivered at 35 Gordon Square. Among the latter was a telegram sent, on the motion of Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, from a meeting of the Ministers' Institute, held at Manchester College, Oxford, on the same afternoon. Later in the day Principal Drummond received a reply from Dr. Martineau thanking the brethren for their "gracious remembrance and benediction."

False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Sent free by New York Condensed Milk Co., N. Y.

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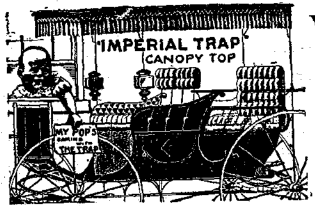

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THE KENWOOD MILLS, Albany, N. Y.

FREE Outing Clothing Book, beautifully illustrated. Shows 1896 Styles. Only book on fashionable Outing clothing issued. Send 2c. stamp for Book F. **WHITE DUCK TROUSERS** by mail, post prepaid, **$1.50.** Send leg and waist measure; allow for 2-inch roll at bottom. DESCRIPTION.—Our trousers are made of extra quality Duck in the best manner; side, watch, and hip pockets; taped seams; wide hem on bottom and straps on waistband for belt. All hand-finished. Buy direct and save retailers' big profits. H. S. LOMBARD, Outfitter, 22, 24, 26 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

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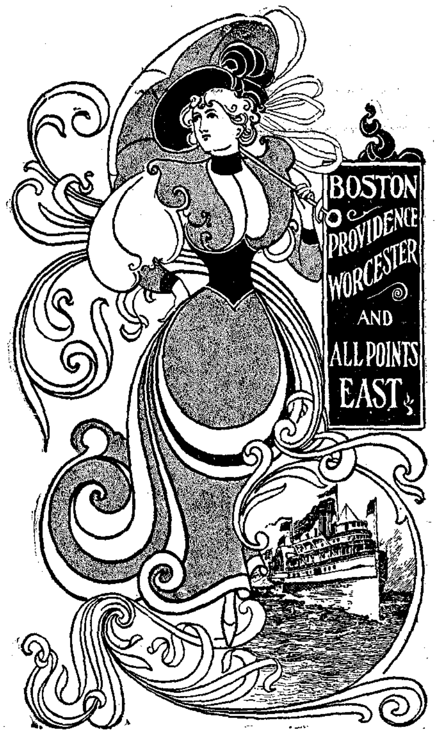

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A SELECT party of ladies and gentlemen can be accommodated with first-class board at a very pleasant farm-house. Facilities for driving, boating, and fishing; near church, post-office, and railroad; scenery and surroundings unsurpassed; pure spring water; invigorating air; large rooms. M. E. STEVENS, South Bridgton, Maine.

Hotel Sorrento
SORRENTO, MAINE
This Magnificent Hotel will open June 15 with first-class appointments throughout; electric lights, Tennis Courts, Bowling, Baseball, etc.; excellent livery and beautiful drives; Hay-Fever patients receive instant relief; boating and fishing unsurpassed. Special terms for the season. Ladies' orchestra. Also a lot of newly furnished cottages for rent. For terms, circulars, etc., address, until June 10th, 17 State St., Boston, Room 4; after which, Hotel Sorrento, Sorrento, Me.
CHARLES L. YORKE, Mgr.

"**OCEAN HOUSE.**" Leading Hotel at York Beach, Maine, directly opposite surf bathing. Send for circular, which give attractive features; terms liberal; fine playgrounds for children; good table; bathing fine.

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OPEN JUNE FIRST
GILLIS & MURRAY, MANAGERS
York Cliffs, Maine, and 71 Broadway, New York.

Maryland

Hotel Chautauqua
MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK
GARRETT CO., MD.
Summit of the Alleghenies, 2,800 feet above tide water. Hotel situate adjoining the Auditorium and Hall of Philosophy; newly painted, papered, and equipped, and under new management. For circulars and terms, address
JOHN DUNHILL, Business Manager.

Massachusetts

BERKSHIRE **Ashley Hill Cottage,** in town of Mt. Washington. Elevated, healthful, cool. Spring water. Good accommodations for 25. Mrs. L. MELIUS, Alandar, Berkshire Co., Mass.

BERKSHIRE HILLS.—Intervale Farm Large rooms, shade, daily mail, trout fishing; fresh vegetables, fruit, cream, and eggs; piano. $5 and $6 per week. (Miss) E. S. ROCKWELL, Alford, Mass.

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8 miles from Boston. **Arlington Heights, Mass.**
For **Change, Rest, Care,** and **Treatment**

Powder Point Hall
and Cottages, DUXBURY, MASS.
Good boating, bathing, and shade-trees. Illustrated circular. "The Pilgrim Town of Duxbury."

"A LODGE IN SOME VAST WILDERNESS!"

Not that—but—

A LOG CABIN AT THE RANGELEYS

Affording the perfection of rest, retirement, and recreation, and reached via

The Rumford Falls Line

standard gauge, all-rail route, just open, through the picturesque valleys of the Androscoggin and Swift Rivers into the heart of the "forest primeval" and to the very center of these far-famed fishing resorts of Maine.

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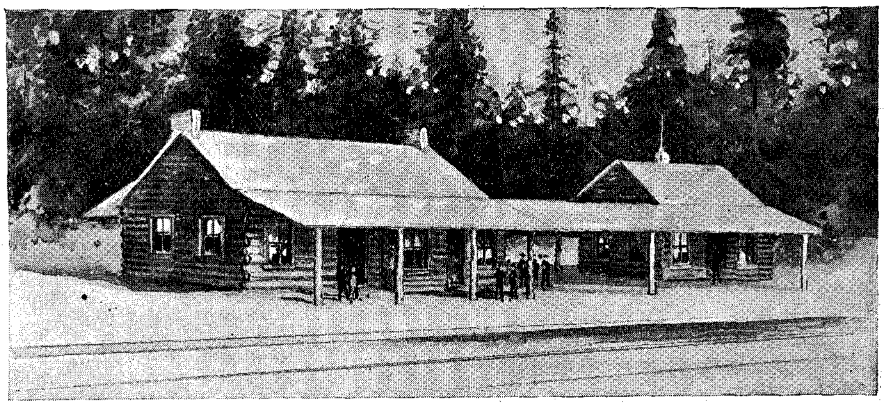
225 MILES IN 9 HOURS!



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RUMFORD FALLS & RANGELEY LAKES R.R.,
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Hill's Mansion House Easthampton Mass.
First-class in all its appointments. Send for descriptive circular to WILLIAM HILL, Manager.

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GLOUCESTER, MASS.
F. H. SAWYER, Proprietor

Situated on a beautiful beach; grand harbor and ocean view; picturesque scenery; good bathing, boating, fishing, and delightful drives; excellent cuisine; luxurious beds; perfect drainage; will reopen about June 1st. Everything new and clean. Send for circular.

BERKSHIRE HILLS

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VAN DEUSENVILLE STATION, N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R.,
BERKSHIRE DIVISION
SEASON, JUNE 1 TO NOV. 1. Address for terms, &c., **PECK'S INN**, Great Barrington, Mass.

The Nautilus Inn Hull, Mass.
Now open. Right on the ocean, 45 minutes from Boston by boat. Address E. WILLARD FROST, Prop.

THE PRESCOTT

Kings Beach, Mass.
GOOD ROADS FINE BATHING
and a comfortable summer resting-place near Boston. Address Mrs. F. H. GOULD, Lynn, Mass.

THE HESPERUS MAGNOLIA MASS.
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The Magnolia
Magnolia, Mass.

One hour from Boston on the North Shore. Sea and country pleasures. All improvements. Accommodates 300. Book and rates of

H. W. PRIEST, Proprietor.

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Will open Ninth Season. For health, pure air, fine views, unequaled. Prominent headland; grounds and beach for bathing, boating, and fishing *private for our guests*. Special rates for June. Address J. R. GILES.

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Massachusetts

HOTEL TUDOR Nahant, Mass.
OPEN JUNE TO OCTOBER
A hotel strictly of the First Class.
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Will open June 15th. High, healthful; fine ocean views. Pleasant, homelike house, accommodating about 100 guests. Mrs. S. G. DAVENPORT.

A Pleasant Summer Home at **Northampton, Mass.** Open for guests July 1, 1896. Broad verandas, open grates, gas, bath accommodations. For circulars address Mrs. R. E. ROBOTHAM, 24 Green St., Northampton, Mass.

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AWAY OUT TO SEA
Write to **Highland House**, North Truro, Mass.

LARGE, pleasant farmhouse, with piazzas, large rooms, good beds, excellent table, bath-room. (One mile from B. & A. Railroad.) Moderate prices. Address Box 155, North Wilbraham, Mass. References exchanged.

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Osterville, Mass. Cape Cod.
Write for descriptive pamphlet. N. H. BEARSE, Propr.

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Extreme point of Cape Ann, overlooking Thatcher's Island. Fine sea views and bathing beach. Will open for the season in June. For plans and circulars address J. F. HARVEY, The Ericson, 373 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

The Winne-egan Baker's Island, Salem, Mass.
The most charming summer resort on our New England coast. Opens June 13. Send for illustrated booklet.
NATHAN R. MORSE, M.D., Prop'r.

Massachusetts

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THE GREYLOCK

WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

The best hotel, and the most beautiful village, in the Berkshires. Open May 15th. For circulars or rates address SEISER AND VINING, Proprietors.

New Hampshire

BARTLETT, N. H.

CAVE MOUNTAIN HOUSE

Very pleasantly located, right in the heart of White Mountains; within 12 miles of the famous Willey Slide, 15 miles of the Notch, and an easy day's trip to Mt. Washington; all modern improvements; accommodates 75; $7 to $12 per week; reduced rates for families remaining the full season. E. A. STEVENS, Bartlett, N. H.

The GRAMERCY THE WHITE MTS. BETHLEHEM, N.H.
1,600 feet above sea-level. *Delightful summer home for families.* Send for booklet. E. STIMPSON.

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BETHLEHEM, N. H.

Turner House and Farm Long and favorably known to summer tourists. Unsurpassed views of White Mountain Scenery. Large, airy rooms. For circular address J. N. TURNER & SON.

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If you want the **Best Service** at **Lowest Rates**, send your orders for advertising to
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Vanderbilt Building, 132 Nassau St., N. Y.
Estimates furnished on application.

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The Picturesque Pen-Mar Route

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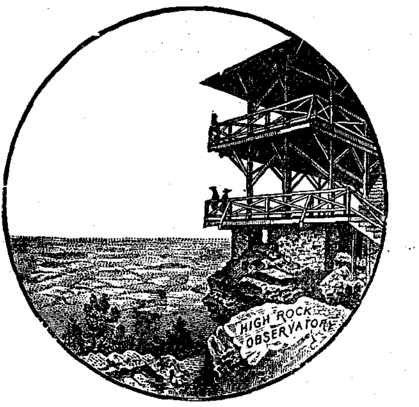
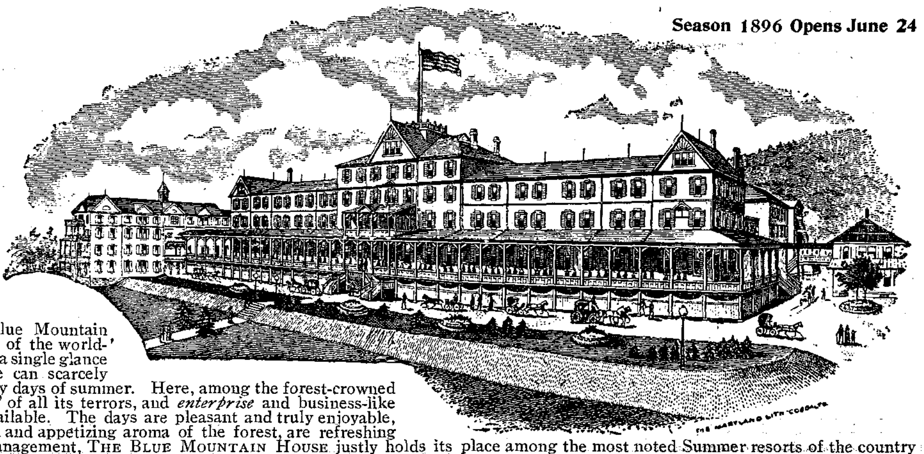
SUMMERING IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS

Season 1896 Opens June 24





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Amid the enchanting and inspiring scenery of the Blue Ridge Mountains, 72 miles west of Baltimore and 15 miles east of Hagerstown, and majestically located at an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet above tidewater. The Blue Mountain House commands a magnificent and unobstructed view of the world-famed Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys, covering at a single glance a peep into four States and twenty-two counties. One can scarcely conceive a more delightful spot to while away the sultry days of summer. Here, among the forest-crowned peaks of the Blue Ridge, Nature robs the "heated term" of all its terrors, and *enterprise* and business-like management render every comfort and luxury readily available. The days are pleasant and truly enjoyable, and the mountain breezes, impregnated with the healthful and appetizing aroma of the forest, are refreshing and invigorating. In construction, appointment, and management, The Blue Mountain House justly holds its place among the most noted Summer resorts of the country **Accommodations for 500 Guests. First-Class Appointments, Excellent Cuisine.**

Address J. P. SHANNON, Mgr., until June 20, Carrollton Hote , Baltimore, Md. After June 20, Blue Mountain, Md.

Write for Western Maryland R. R. descriptive publications, "Gettysburg in War and in Peace," "Summer Boarding on Panoramic W. M. R. R. and Sites for Homes," Mailed Free.

J. M. HOOD, General Manager. **BALTIMORE, MD.** **B. H. GRISWOLD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.**

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THE UPLANDS

AND COTTAGES, BETHLEHEM, N. H.

Located on the highest point in town; wide lawns thorough heating for late guests; accommodates 150. Send for guide to Bethlehem. F. H. ABBOTT, Prop.

BRADFORD SPRINGS HOTEL

BRADFORD, N. H.

Capacity 150. $2.00 per day; $7.00 to $12.00 per week. Send for circulars. HENRY McCOY, Proprietor.

The Moosilauke

SITUATED AT

BREEZY POINT, N. H.

On the southern spur of Mt. Moosilauke, at an elevation of 1,700 feet, accommodates 100 guests. The house is heated by steam and open fires, is lighted by gas, and has on three sides piazzas twelve feet broad. Post-office in the house; telephone connection with the telegraph office at Warren. Best sanitary condition is secured by scientific plumbing. Entire immunity from hay fever. The air is pure and bracing, and the water from mountain springs has, by analysis, been pronounced absolutely pure. *Prices very reasonable.* Send for souvenir circular.

EDWARD B. WOODWORTH.

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On beautiful Lake Winnipesaukee. A modern hotel, well equipped. Excellent cuisine. Location offers all advantages of both mountain and lake. Fine bass fishing. Pure water supply from Belknap Spring; temperature of water, 44°. **Write for illustrated booklet.**

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J. C. BLAIR & SON
P. O. Address, BLAIR, N. H.
Also Managers

ASQUAM HOUSE SHEPARD HILL

P. O. Address, HOLDERNESS, N. H.
Send for Circulars.

INTERVALE, N. H., BELLEVUE HOUSE

Open June 1. Fine views of the mountains. A pretty booklet is sent free. J. A. BARNES' SONS.

The Eagle Mt. House and Hall

JACKSON, N. H.

Opens for the season June 1st. The trout season in Jackson opens same date. This is a jolly house. Lots of young people, particularly young men. You can get an eight-page circular by addressing the Propr., C. E. GALE.

Are you going to the MOUNTAINS or SEASHORE? If so, take a **Camping-House** Perfect protection. Easily transported. See adv. on page 1042

New Hampshire

Jackson, White Mountains, N. H.

The Iron Mountain House

Will open June 1. Special rates until July 15. Send for illustrated circular. W. A. MESERVE.

PLINY RANGE HOUSE

WHITE MOUNTAINS

Geo. W. Crawford & Son, Jefferson Highland, N. H.

SOO-NIPI PARK LODGE Lake Sunapee, N. H.

Private hotel; 1,200 ft. above sea; modern improvements; home comforts and quiet; grounds, 400 acres; two miles lake shore; promenade pier; bracing climate; pine and balsam; safe boating; beach bathing; mountain drives; N. Y. physician. Rooms for May, June and July (height of salmon, trout, and bass fishing season). Address Theo. R. Shear, 29 Wall St., N. Y.

Chiswick Inn

White Mountains, Littleton, N. H.

Opens June 25th, 1896. Under new management. Delightful location, beautiful scenery. Prices reduced from last year, but house kept up to a high standard. For terms, etc., write B. BUTLER, Prop., Belchertown, Mass., until June 1st: after that date, Littleton, N. H.

MOUNT PLEASANT HOUSE

in the White Mountains, N. H.

OPENS JULY 1st

The new cottage opens June 15th, with single an double rooms at low rates. Parlor-cars from New York through by daylight. ANDERSON & PRICE, Mgrs. also of Hotel Ormond, Florida.

The Grand Mont Vernon, N. H.

1,100 feet above the sea. **Season June 25 to Oct. 1**
HARRY A. EDGERLY, Proprietor
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North Conway N. H. EDGEWOOD COTTAGE

On a large farm a little out of the village; good views of the mountains, shade trees, large rooms, excellent table. Special rates by the season. GEO. F. WOLCOTT.

Sunset Hill House

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

OPENS JUNE FIRST

To give those who wish to go to the country early an opportunity to spend the most delightful month of the season in the midst of the finest scenery of the White Mountain region. Descriptive booklet sent on application to

BOWLES & HOSKINS,
Sugar Hill, N. H.

New Hampshire

PROFILE HOUSE AND COTTAGES

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.

OPENS JUNE 29. CLOSES OCTOBER 1.

Address Hotel Vendôme, Boston, or Profile House N. H. TAFT & GREENLEAF.

New Jersey

THE CHALFONTE

OCEAN FRONT, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Sea-water baths in house. Elevator and every modern convenience. Send for illustrated booklet. E. ROBERTS' SONS.

THE IRVINGTON

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

A cheerful, homelike hotel **on the Beach**; excellent table; reasonable terms. CHAMBERS & HOOPES.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

THE SHELBURNE

On the Ocean Beach

Open throughout the year. Every convenience, including hot and cold sea-water baths, passenger elevator, etc. J. D. SOUTHWICK, Manager.

BERNARDSVILLE, N. J.

SOMERSET INN

AND COTTAGES **Open June 3d**

35 miles from New York, on the D., L. and W. R. R., in the Highlands of New Jersey, via Barclay or Christopher St. Ferry. GEO. W. TUTTLE, Manager.

Long Branch

West End Hotel and Cottages

Cottages open Thursday, June 11.
Hotel opens Thursday, June 25.

New and improved toilet and bath arrangements on every floor of the hotel. Plans can be seen and engagements made at the NEW YORK OFFICE, 52 BROADWAY (ROOM 39).

D. M. & W. E. HILDRETH, Proprietors.

OCEAN REST, Ocean City, New Jersey.—Directly on the beach; large porches; excellent bathing and good table. Terms, $5.00 to $7.00 per week; $1.00 to $1.50 per day. Mrs. S. E. SCHERER.
Phila. Add., 3643 Locust St.

ON THE OCEAN FRONT!
"The Paradise of Watering Places"
SEVEN MILES BELOW LONG BRANCH

MONMOUTH HOUSE

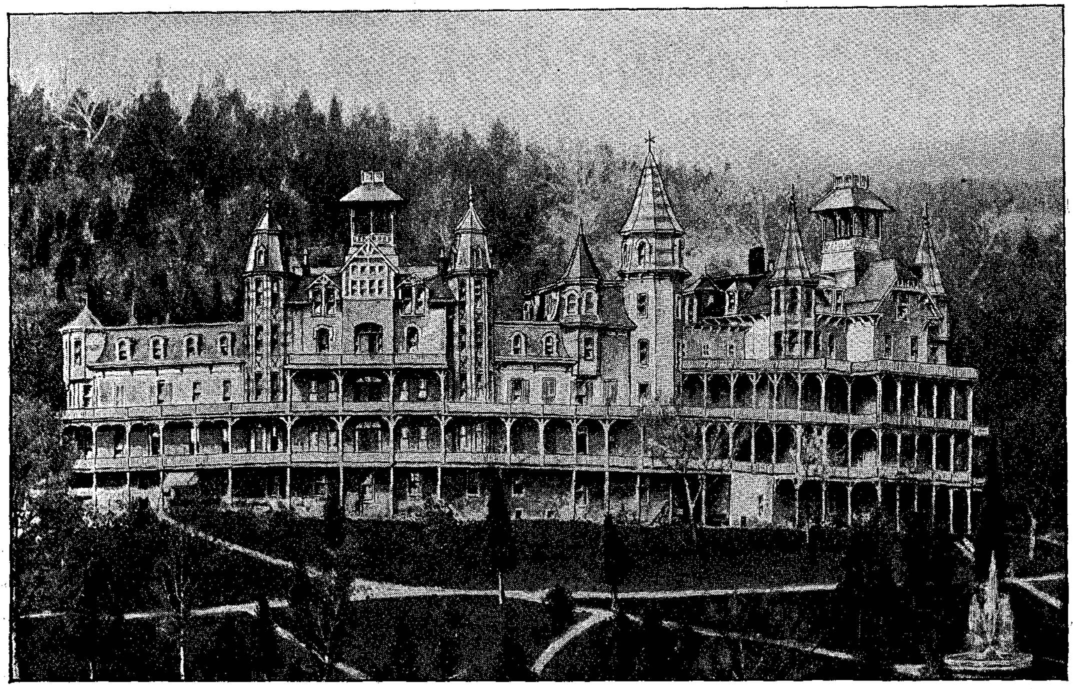
Spring Lake Beach, N. J.

Open from June 20 to September 20.
BENJAMIN H. YARD, Proprietor.

Write for descriptive pamphlet, containing terms and information, New York Office, "Scofield's," Metropolitan Building.

WALTER'S SANITARIUM

WALTER'S PARK (Wernersville), Pa.



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Walter's Sanitarium is its central thought, the product of 20 years of earnest work. It offers, in addition to the most comprehensive system of treatment, the largest range of appliances, with the largest experience in applying them (25 years).

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BATHS, MASSAGE, SWEDISH MOVEMENTS (both mechanical and manual)

ELECTRICITY (Static, Galvanic, Faradic), OXYGEN, VACUUM.

Terms moderate. New illustrated catalogue. Be careful to address correctly, always **Walter's Sanitarium,** or ROBT. WALTER, M.D., Walter's Park, Pa.

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Good Living—
good beds—good service—scrupulous cleanliness—quiet—central location. These are a few of the good points of the
Westminster Hotel
cor. 16th Street and Irving Place, one block east of Union Square, **New York**
American Plan; $3.50 per day and up
4th ave. cars to and from Grand Central Depot, one block away; Broadway cable, two blocks.

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THE DOWIE HOUSE (WESTERN CATSKILLS)
Altitude 1,840 ft.; large communicating rooms; modern conveniences; excellent table; beautiful scenery. For particulars and city reference apply to CHAS. MOORE, Andes, Del. Co., N. Y. Season from May 15th to Nov. 1st.

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Adirondacks, Blue Mountain Lake (Ham. Co.), N. Y.
2,000 feet above the sea. Finest views in Adirondacks. Write for circulars. TYLER M. MERWIN, Prop.

The Algonquin and Cottages
ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS
Situation commands magnificent scenery on Lower Saranac Lake. Recent improvements include electric lighting. Open June 1st. Pamphlet and terms on application. JOHN HARDING, Algonquin, N. Y.

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THE NIAGARA HOTEL,
Cor. Porter Avenue and Seventh St.
Now is the time for tourists, families and business men to stop at this charmingly located hotel. It is homelike and comfortable. Table unsurpassed. Large, cool rooms, with or without baths. Free from noise and smoke. Beautiful palm house and conservatory. **Rates Low.** Take Niagara Street Trolley Line. **C. J. SPAULDING, Manager.**

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Open June 20. 3½ Hours from New York.
CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE Co., Catskill, N. Y.

New York

HOTEL CHILDWOLD
Adirondacks
CHILDWOLD PARK, N. Y.
Facing beautiful Lake Massawepie, right in the heart of the Adirondacks, yet reached in **9** hours from New York. Every facility for boating, driving, hunting, camping, etc. **Cottages to rent.** Mr. GRISWOLD, Room Clerk, 626 Tract Bldg, 150 Nassau St., New York. Will call on request. Pamphlet mailed on application. Address N. Y. office.
WM. F. INGOLD, Mgr.

BOARD in private family, **Suburbs of Catskill.** Magnificent views. Tennis grounds extensive. Terms moderate. Address C., P. O. Box 237, Catskill, N. Y.

WOODMERE HEIGHTS **CATSKILL N. Y.**
Every home comfort; fine drives; shade, boating, bathing; river, mountain, intervale scenery. Circular. A. PARSONS.

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CHATEAUGAY, N. Y.—Rates, $8 to $15. Open June 1. For pamphlet address GEO. H. CRAPON.

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Chateaugay Lake, N.Y. J. S. KIRBY, Prop'r.

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New York

Gleason Sanitarium
ELMIRA, N. Y.
1852 (Formerly Elmira Water Cure) 1896

A comfortable winter home for invalids of both sexes. All modern improvements. All forms of aths, massage, electricity, etc.; pure spring-water; under care of regular medical graduates of long experience. Send for illustrated booklet.

MT. MEENAHGA
OPENS JUNE 2d
A Summer Home, with SIX COTTAGES CONNECTING. 100 miles from New York. 1,500 ft. above sea-level. In the midst of great natural beauty. Pure water; dry, exhilarating air; electric bells; gas; steam heat and wood fires. Peculiarly attractive in June. For circulars and rates address U. E. TERWILLIGER, Ellenville, N. Y.

GREYLOCK HALL
FAR ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.
Information on application. Mrs. R. MOTT, Propr.

THE CARL MYERS BALLOON FARM, Frankfort, N. Y. Elegant country mansion; city conveniences; gas, best plumbing, 7 baths, spacious grounds, airy verandas, fine views; no home similarly equipped open to the public. Circulars.

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AMONG THE MOUNTAINS ON THE NEW YORK ONTARIO & WESTERN RY.

Are you looking for some place which combines

HEALTH, PLEASURE, ECONOMY?

If so, send 6 cents for postage, or call and get **free** at offices named below the illustrated book, "**Summer Homes.**" It gives list of hotels, farm and boarding houses, with

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2,000 feet above the sea; location, prices, fares, &c., all in it.

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containing half-tone reproductions from photographs of 535 of the hotels, farm and boarding houses advertised in "Summer Homes," can be purchased of any ticket agent; price, 25c.

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New York

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GARRISON-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

Directly opposite West Point, 50 miles, 1¼ hours from New York City. A select family hotel. *Pure mountain air; purest spring water; sanitary arrangements modern and perfect.* Excellent table a specialty. Tennis, croquet, bowling, beautiful drives, fine wheeling. Open in May. Write for booklet. J. W. & G. W. GARRISON.

GLEN LAKE HOUSE

FAMILY HOTEL TERMS REASONABLE

Dry mountain air; beautiful scenery; fishing; boating; all amusements.

E. BIRDSALL, Mgr. S. T. BIRDSALL, Prop.
Glen Lake, Warren Co., N. Y.

SAN CARLOS ON THE LAKE

(Formerly CLUB HOUSE)
GREENWOOD LAKE, NEW YORK

OPENS JUNE FIRST. For particulars and terms apply to "THE SAN CARLOS," 69 South Oxford Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or at Greenwood Lake, after May 15th.

Catskill Mountains

Hotel St. Charles

OPENS JUNE 1st

Delightful month in the mountains. Hotel complete with every modern convenience, including passenger elevator. For booklets, rates, etc., apply to F. H. SCOFIELD, Metropolitan Building, Madison Square, New York; or to J. H. BURTIS, JR., Propr., Hunter, N. Y.

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LAKE CHAMPLAIN, Port Kent, N. Y. Open June first. 'Bus meets all boats and trains. Write for illustrated booklet. FARRELL & ADGATE.

THE GEM OF THE ADIRONDACKS

LAKE DUANE

Beautiful scenery; good fishing and boating; pure running spring water throughout the house; bath-rooms, steam heat, old-time fireplace, and all conveniences. Fine drives. A quiet and restful retreat in the woods and mountains. Terms moderate. For full particulars and circulars write to W. J. AYERS & SON,
Hotel Ayers, Lake Duane, Franklin Co., N. Y.

LAKE GEORGE—Hulett's

The most picturesque part of the Lake. Good table; boating, bathing, fishing; country attractions. Rates are moderate and there is plenty to do. For illustrated book address H. W. BUCKELL, Hulett's Landing, N. Y.

Marion House

West Side, LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

All modern improvements; electric lights, gas, elevator, fine orchestra, billiards, bowling, lawn tennis, first-class livery; steam yachts, rowboats, good fishing and sailing; special inducements to families. Plans and full particulars at 256 5th Ave. (Rupert A. Ryley Co.). Opens June 24.

JAMES STUART LEE,
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New York

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KEENE VALLEY, N. Y.

S. KELLEY, Prop'r. Illustrated Booklet on application.

ESTES HOUSE, Adirondacks

Booklet sent on application to J. H. ESTES, Prop., Keene Valley, Essex Co., N. Y.

Lake Kushaqua in the Adirondacks

Beautiful Resting Place

Direct Vestibule Limited. Opens June 20.

**Our booklet tells all about it.
Send for it.**

C. A. WOOD & CO., Mgrs., 51 East 44th St., N. Y. City.

ADIRONDACKS

The RUISSEAUMONT

At Lake Placid, N. Y.

WILL OPEN, JUNE 1st. Special Rates for June.
Address T. EDMUND KRUMBHOLZ.

Sullivan County, N. Y.

Kiamesha Lake HOUSE

New hotel, accommodates 250; newly furnished throughout; gas and electric bells, Welsbach burners; closets and bath on each floor; our own orchestra; bicycle room; photographic dark room; bathing, boating, bowling, fishing, tennis, etc.; more amusements, both indoor and outdoor, than any other house in the county. **Terms to suit the times.** Write for elegantly illustrated circular.
C. M. BARTLETT, Monticello, N. Y.

FENTON HOUSE

Best location in the Adirondacks. Rooms in cottages. Thirty thousand acres of game preserve exclusively for guests. More deer than in any other section. Address CHAS. FENTON, Number Four, N. Y.

PLEASANT PROSPECT, SUMMER HOME. Near station: accommodates 25. Photograph at Outlook Office. For particulars address Mrs. FLORA T. HOWELL, Pine Bush, Orange Co., N. Y.

MIZZEN TOP HOTEL

QUAKER HILL, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.

Opens for the season June 20

N. S. HOWE, - - - - - Proprietor

Post Office address, PAWLING, NEW YORK

Mr. HOWE will be at the Windsor Hotel, New York City, until June 1, mornings.

FERNWOOD HALL
LAKE OZONIA

One of the most healthful and beautiful Homes in the Adirondacks. Send for Booklet.
FREDERIC M. HEATH, Owner, Potsdam, N. Y.

New York

Twenty-third Season of

Chautauqua

center of the Chautauqua Reading Circle, and the original of fifty Chautauquas in the United States and Great Britain, was founded in 1874, and has become an important factor in our national life.

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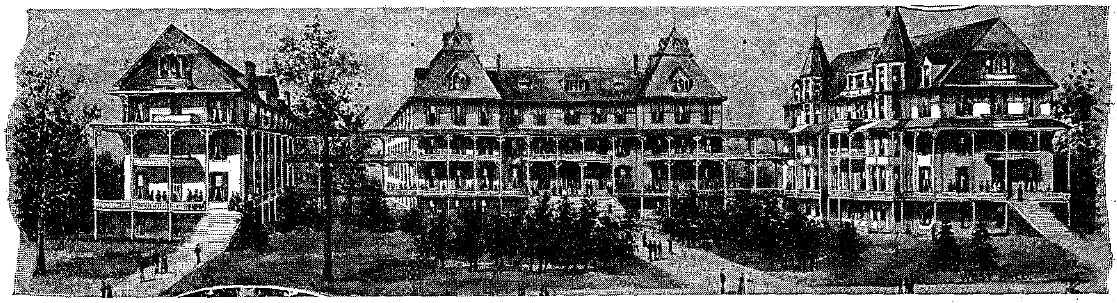

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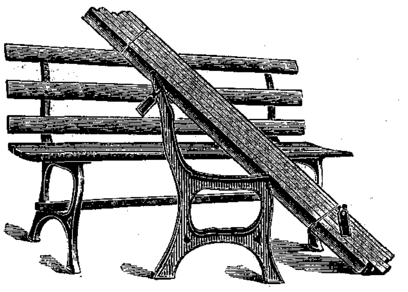

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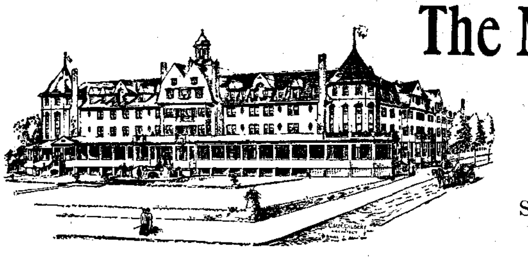

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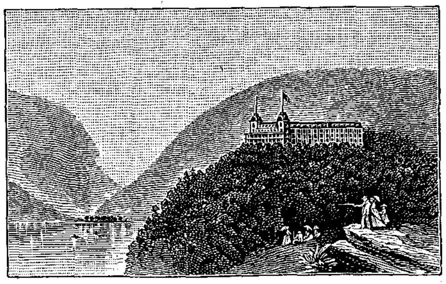

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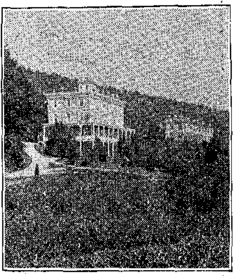

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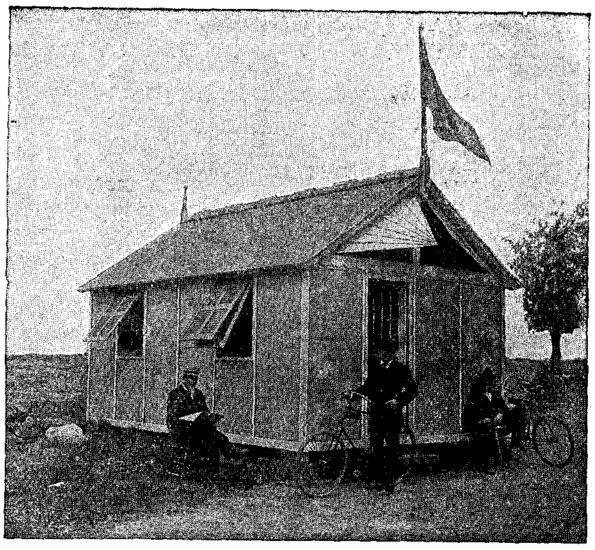

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THE

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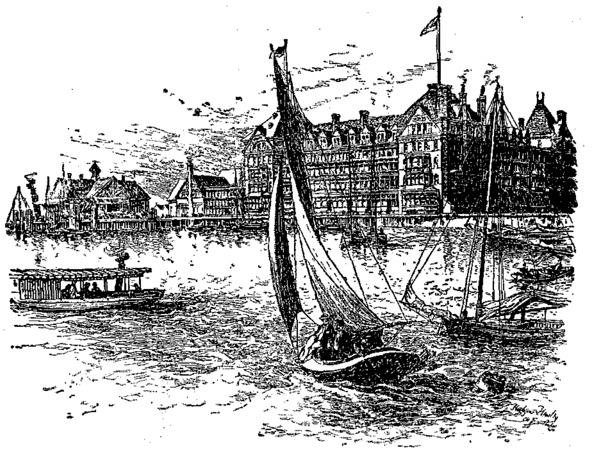

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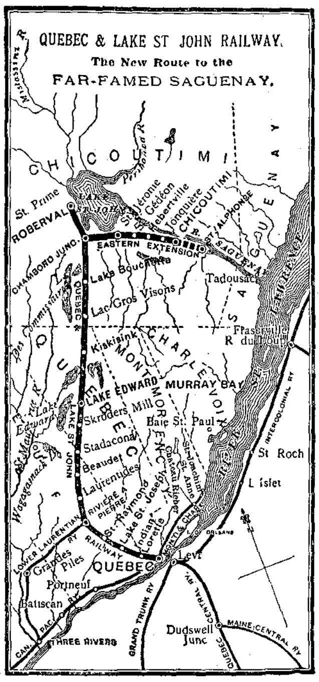
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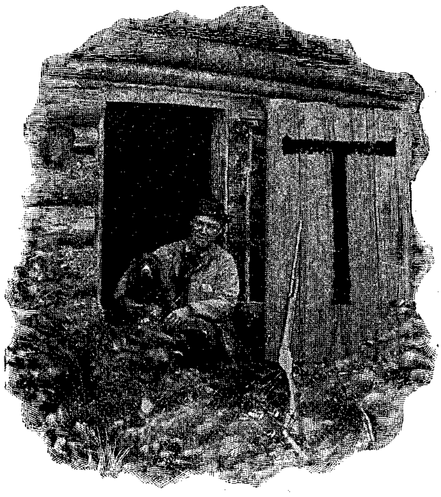

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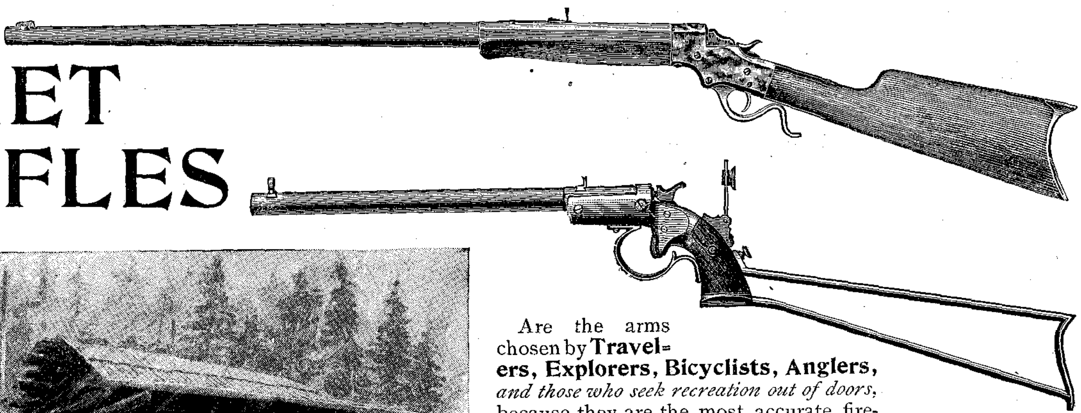

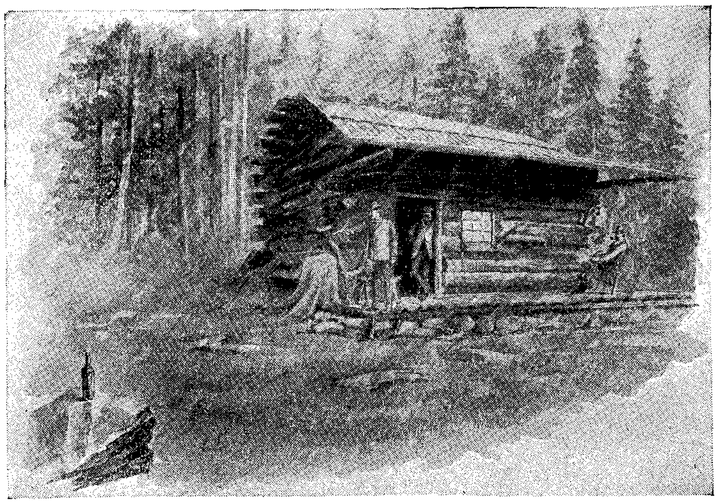

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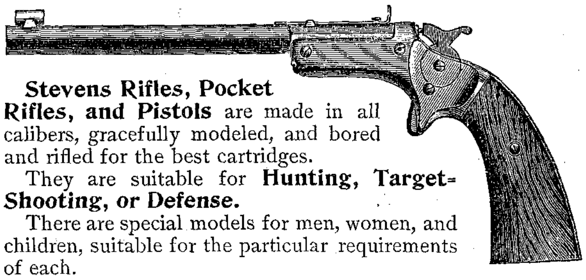

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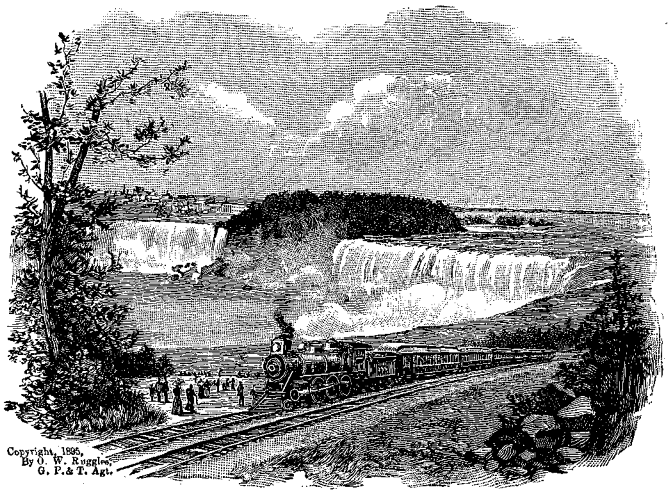

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Would you listen to the birds amid the trees?
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Take another lease of life,
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Would you hunt and fish and row,
With your heart and cheeks aglow,
Would you dwell 'mid vernal beauty bright and rare?
Then come, O come away,
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Upon you ere you climb the golden stair.

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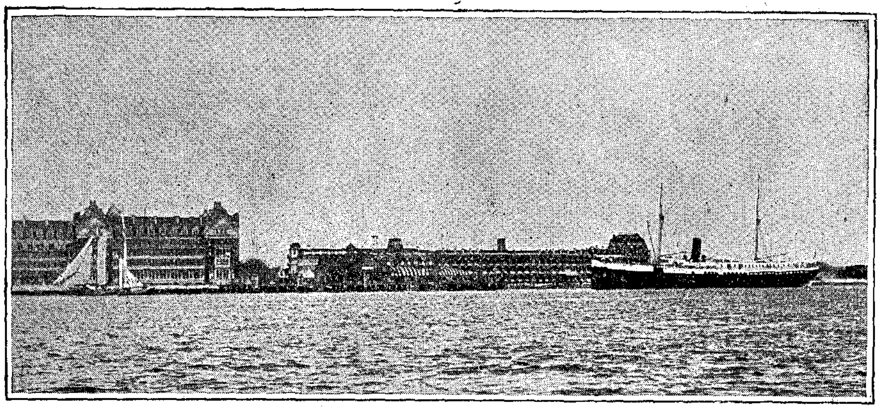

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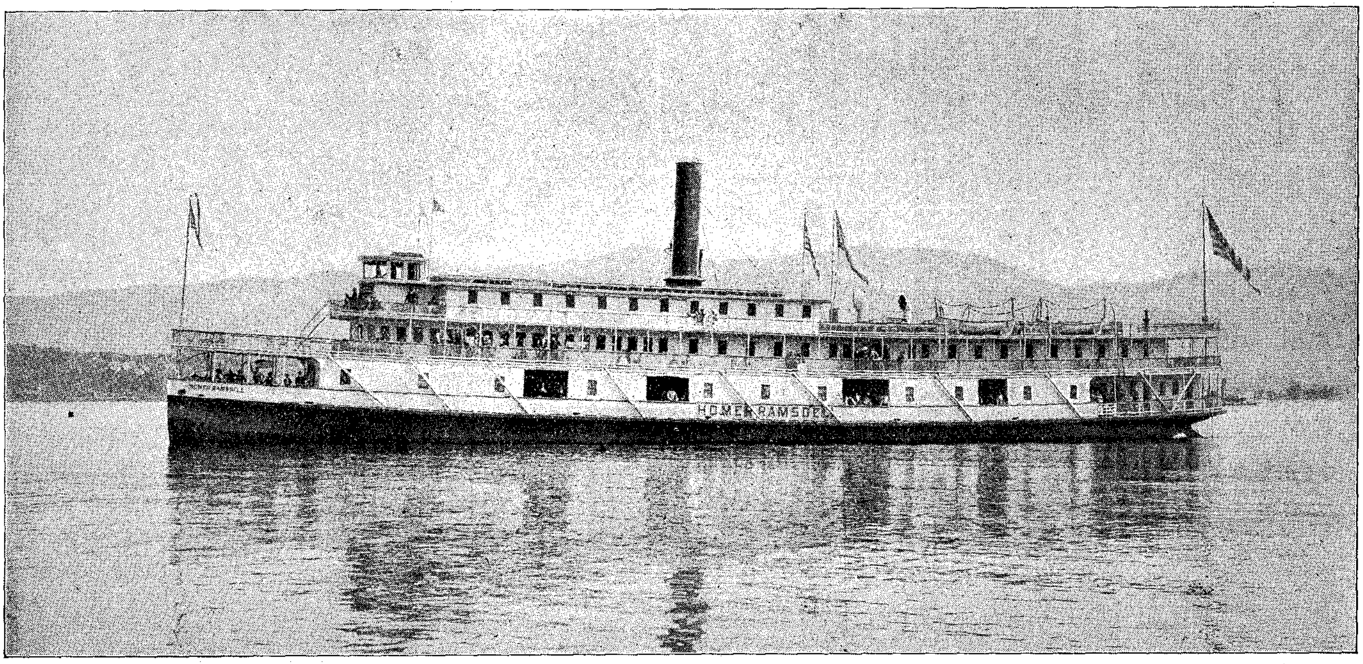

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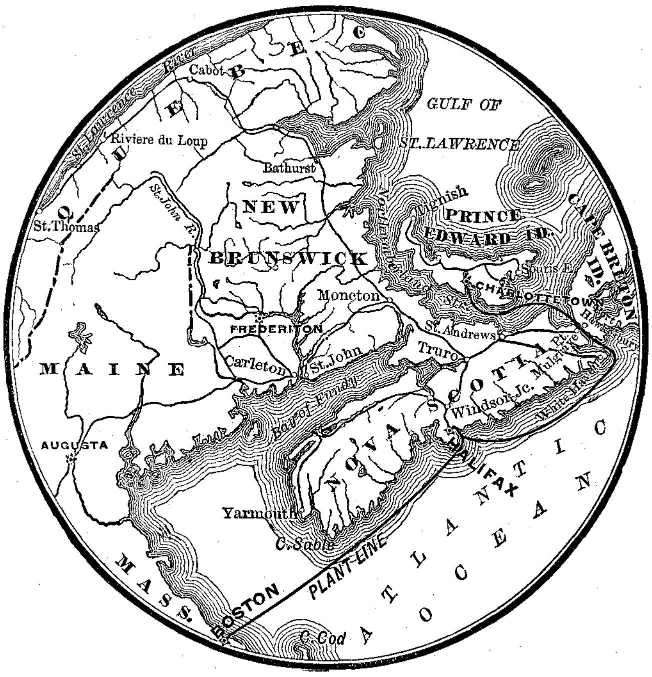
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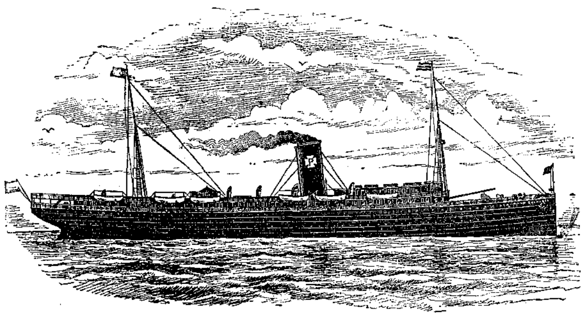

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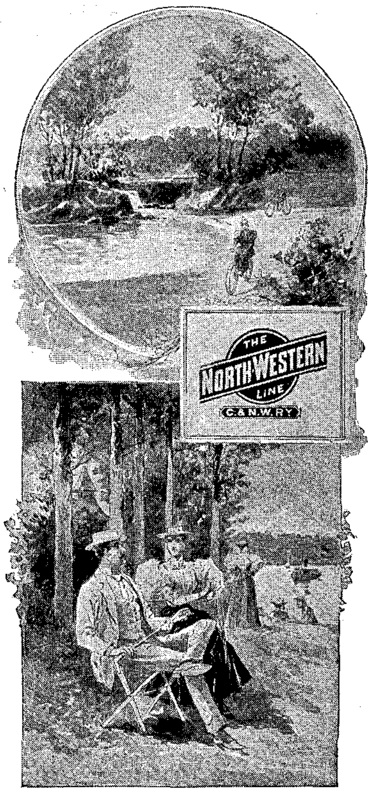
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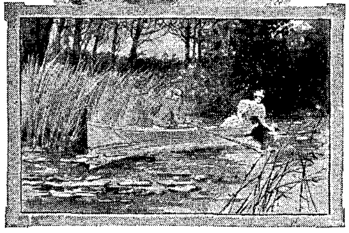

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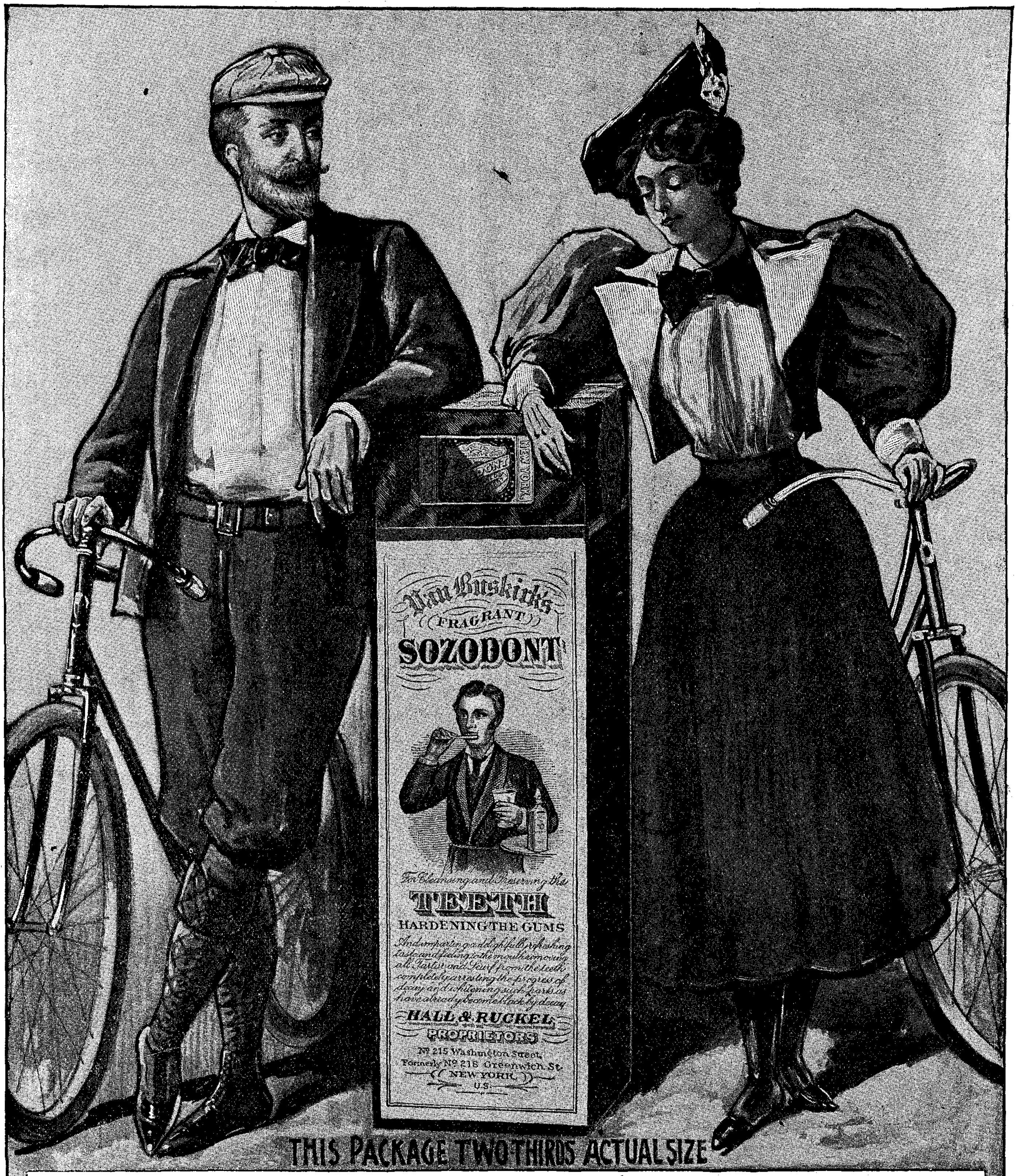
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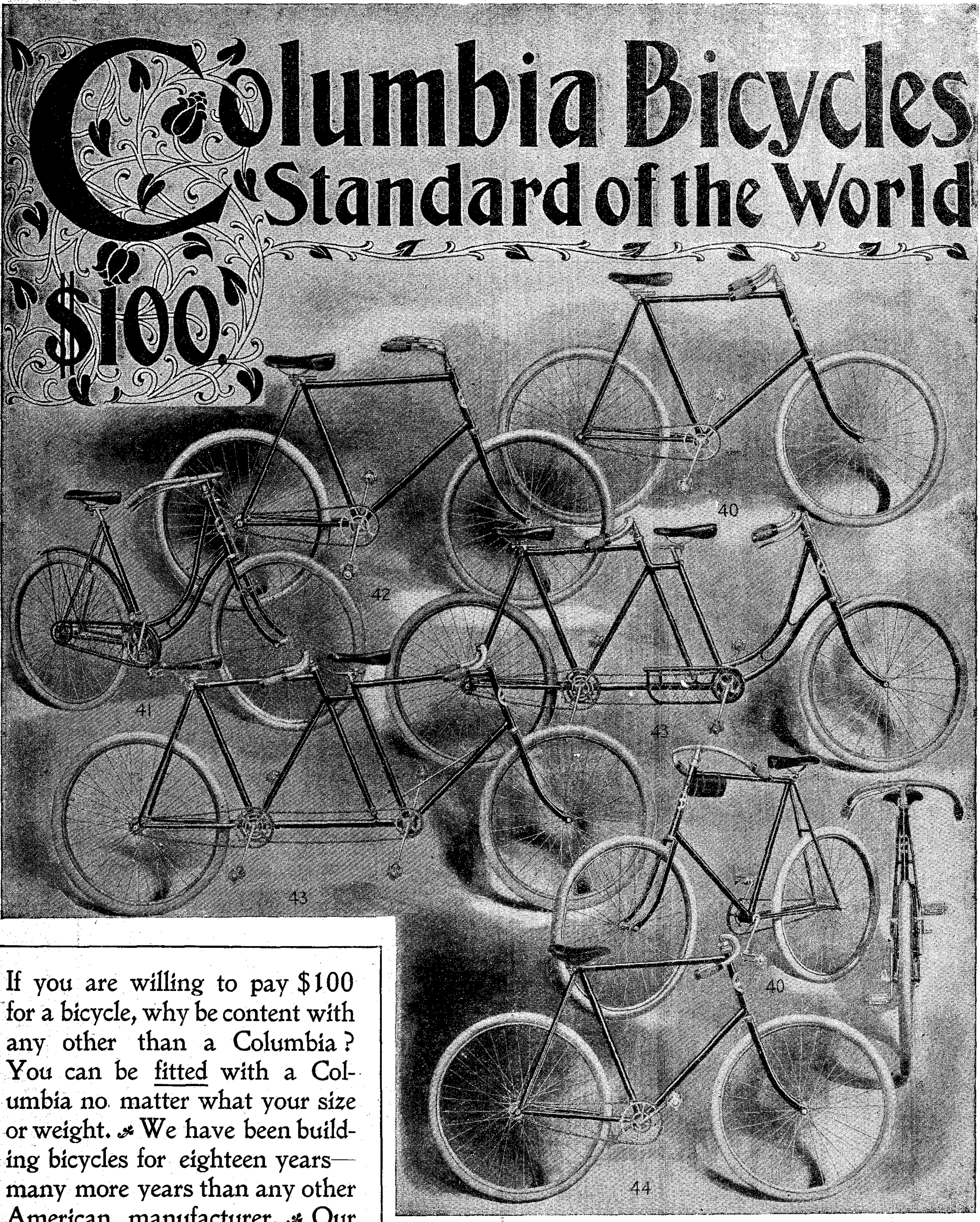

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